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ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS.

IN a remarkable and famous passage in *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne says, "There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the 'music of the spheres': for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which disclaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my obedience but from my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God, — such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding." (Sec. IX. Part II.)

Of this passage, De Quincey declared that it was the only thing he recollected "said adequately on the subject of music in all literature," "with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night." Yet in some way, heroically or vulgarly, politely or awkwardly, every epoch and every nation, after their manner, have celebrated the praise of song and yielded themselves to its winsome thraldom. The Yankee, especially the elder type of him, goes practically to work to estimate its value, and cannot get himself out of the habit of regarding it in connection with that village church around which centre his supreme interests, whether of religion, politics, trade, gossip, or love. William Godwin, in his life of Chaucer, quotes from an historian of Danish literature the song of a Runic bard commemorative of his art: "I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect. I know a song which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds; for the moment I sing it, my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons

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of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue that, if I be caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm." * And these raptures of the bard are not altogether hyperboles, "conjured up to serve occasions of poetic pomp"; for in Diodorus Siculus we read concerning the British bards that "sometimes when two armies are standing in order of battle, with their swords drawn, and their lances extended, upon the point of engaging in a most furious conflict, the poets have stepped in between them, and by their soft and fascinating songs calmed the fury of the warriors and prevented the bloodshed. Thus even among barbarians, rage gave way to wisdom, and Mars submitted to the Muses." (Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.) Nor does this incident, or any sacredness attached to the office of bard which may serve to give the story some probability, suggest too high an opinion of musical sensibility and culture in England. If I pronounce that England, particularly in its peasantry of the olden time, is assuredly one of the foremost musical countries in the world, visions of beef-eaters and of ale-swiggers at fairs come up before the mind, and the assertion is likely to be considered merely an instance of a writer's partiality for his subject. But the affirmation is true nevertheless, albeit the beef and ale do certainly foam and drip in a manner through all the music, as well as in the songs which eulogize the national viands. It is true that England has no high art, no great composer; but Scotland is still more barren in this respect, though her store of folk-songs is incomparably more beautiful than England's, being surpassed, if at all, only by the German *Volkslieder.* It is true, also, that there is a sad falling off in English music, not only as to production but as to cultivation; the music belongs, like the unequalled ballads of the same tongue, to an heroic age which has passed long ago, and great artists have succeeded to the mantle of the popular vigor in poetry alone; but England was renowned for music before German genius suspected its own riches, and her musical annals contain the first example of secular music in parts yet found in any country. From the time of the Saxons, who brought with them both memories and followers of the northern scalds and bards, music flows in a clear and hearty, if not a very ideal or imaginative, stream through English life and manners, till it is lost in the matted growth of modern industries and politics; though we may believe that it still flows on underneath all these, betraying itself by the subdued clamor, like

> "Rills that slip
> Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
> Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
> In matted grass, that with a livelier green
> Betrays the secret of their silent course."

The Saxons not only had different musical instruments, — among which they specially delighted in the harp, — and their "gleemen," or professed poets and musicians, venerated and courted by all ranks and conditions, but they enjoyed also some generally diffused musical culture, as we learn from the venerable Bede, to whom Strutt refers as stating "that, as early as the seventh century, it was customary at convivial meetings to hand a harp from one person to another, and every one who partook of the festivity played upon it in his turn, singing a song to the music for merriment's sake." Bede relates that, on one occasion, the poet Cædmon, when he saw the harp passing round, arose and went home; and King Alfred adds that the poet departed for shame that he was not able to sing and play with the others. The Saxons have left illustrations of their fondness for music in certain curious illuminations used as frontispieces to copies of the Psalms, in which David — his dignity intimated by a stature much larger than that of the other figures — is depicted seated upon his throne playing on a harp, and surrounded by indubitable Saxon "gleemen" performing on

* "This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air." *The Tempest.*

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various instruments, and even dancing and executing feats of agility or magic. The honest illuminators were no more conscious of incongruity than the old preachers who delighted to riot in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and to depict the splendors that celebrated his return, when his father "fitted him with boots or *Venetian slippers* and provided music of *violins* and *English cornets*." Saxon England was by no means a stranger to minstrelsy and its wandering votaries. But after the Conquest, under the rule of the Normans, many minstrels came over from France, where especially they abounded; their example and the favor extended to them probably excited the emulation of the English, and the kingdom swarmed with itinerant musicians and singers. They were favored with many immunities and privileges, were sacred in time of war, were welcomed in crowds at the houses of the great, and could enter even the royal presence without leave or introduction. Not only monarchs but the great barons and earls supported minstrels munificently, both as to numbers and as to pay and clothing, and took them in their train when they travelled. Minstrels were distinguished by a peculiar dress, and seem in some places to have been united into guilds or similar organizations. Their ample rewards made them prosperous, and some were even distinguished for their wealth. But as it is with nations, so with trades, professions, and individuals; there is nothing so hard to turn to good account as prosperity, and it becomes shortly the most invincible of all ills. The minstrels became greedy, and ready with many tricks and cunning devices. They displayed their rich presents wherever they performed, so as to excite the generosity of others; and they artfully celebrated in their songs the rewards given to minstrels, which they knew well how to invent munificently. Strutt quotes from the metrical romance of Ipomedon, where the poet speaks of the knight's marriage,—

> "Ipomydon gaff, in that stound,
> To minstrelles five hundred pound."

Finally, they became so inflated and outrageous that, uninvited, they beset opulent houses in great numbers and claimed to fix for themselves the amount of their pay, which they did according to their notions of the wealth and good-nature of their patron. They became flatterers and parasites; their success attracted large numbers to the profession, and among them many of the idle and dissolute; the more as the minstrels unhappily had always united the offices of dancing-master, jester, mountebank, and sorcerer to their instrumental or vocal music, and these tricks could be assumed by pretenders and knaves.

This grievous abuse of minstrelsy at last attracted the attention of the law; in the reign of Edward II. a law was passed to restrain vagrants from intruding, under pretence of minstrelsy, into the houses of the wealthy and exacting, not only meat and drink, but clothes or other gifts; and it was enacted that none but true professed minstrels should resort to the great houses, nor of these more than three or four in a day; and that they should not go unasked to the dwelling of any person below the rank of a baron, nor, when invited, presume to ask for anything, but simply take what might be offered them. After another century, similar abuses again excited complaint, and from this time minstrelsy rapidly declined both in favor and character. The invention of printing hastened its downfall, not merely because of the greater diffusion of knowledge and the more scientific cultivation of music and poetry by the learned, but because of the competition of the ballad-singers, a new order of men, who sang their songs gratuitously and sold printed copies for a penny. The minstrels sank into utter contempt. By way of contrast to their former wealth and prosperity, Chappell mentions the case of Richard Sheale. This minstrel, to whom we owe the preservation of the heroic ballad of "Chevy Chace,"—which Ben

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Jonson declared he would rather have written than all his works, and of which Sir Philip Sydney said that he never heard it without finding his "heart moved more than with a trumpet," — was robbed on Dunsmore Heath of sixty pounds; but he could get no sympathy because he could not persuade the incredulous people that he had ever possessed sixty pounds. He thus bewails his calamity: —

"I may well say that I had but evil hap,
For to lose about threescore pounds at a clap.
The loss of my money did not grieve me so sore,
But the talk of the people did grieve me much more.
Some said I was not robbed, I was but a lying knave,
It was not possible for a minstrel so much money to have."

In the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth an act was passed to restrain vagrants; and among these, "minstrels wandering abroad" were enumerated, were held to be "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were to be apprehended and punished as such. This decree seems to have given the final blow to minstrelsy. Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie," A. D. 1589, writes concerning both ballad-singers and minstrels contemptuously: "The over-busy and too speedy return of one manner of tune doth too much annoy and, as it were, glut the ear, unless it be in small and popular musicks sung by these *cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels' heads, when they have none other audience than boys or country fellows that pass by them in the street; or else by blind harpers or such like tavern minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Topas, Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rhymes, made purposely for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and bride-ales, and in taverns and alehouses, and such other places of base resort." Ritson cites the following lines by one Dr. Bull, probably the same whose fame as a musician preceded him all over Europe: —

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house,
(Whose daughter was about to die.)
He turned the minstrels out of doors
Among the rascal company:
Beggars they are with one consent, —
And rogues *by act of Parliament.*"

The melancholy end of minstrelsy, however, does not count at all against the love of music and proficiency in the art, which, as I have said, distinguished England from the Saxon period until recent times. St. Aldhelm, who died in 709, gained the attention of his semi-barbarous countrymen to his serious teachings by mingling these with minstrel ballads which he sung and recited on the bridges and highways; and a harp, which was the common and favorite instrument with the Saxons and other Northern nations, was held in high esteem and was even a sign of rank. "By the laws of Wales," says Chappell, "a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman or a freeman; and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favorite instruments or could not play upon it. To prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt; because the want of it would have reduced him from his rank to that of a slave." In 1185 Giraldus Cambrensis writes of the part-singing among the Welsh and Northern Britons, as performed with much ease and grace, and practised even by the children. King Alfred, who, as writes Sir John Spelman (quoted by Chappell), "provided himself of musicians, not common, or such as knew but the practic part, but men skilful in the art itself," according to many testimonies, established a school of music at Oxford. Down to a comparatively late period, music was the only science for the study of which degrees were conferred, and, till very

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lately, if not now, they were conferred in England alone. The old poets of the English tongue surpass all others in their constant and enthusiastic mention of music, and Chappell remarks that Chaucer's poems form almost a complete treatise upon the English music of his day. His "yonge squier," who was "A lover, and a lusty bacheler, ... Of twenty yere of age, ... And grete of strengthe, ... Singing he was or floyting (fluting) alle the day," and "He coude songes make and well indite." His nun, "Ful wel she sange the service divine, Entuned in her nose ful swetely." The Frere, who understood the virtue of wealthy acquaintance and was an "esy man to give penance, ... Certainly he hadde a merry note, ... Well coude he singe and plaien on a rote";

> "And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
> His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
> As don the sterres in a frosty night."

The five-times-married wife of Bath, who certainly may be supposed to know how, chiefly, a woman might be attractive, says that she is often valued, "for she can other sing or dance," and mentions, among her own charms, "coude I dance to an harpe small, And sing yevis as any nightingale": and of the carpenter's wife it is said, "hire song, it was as loud and yerne (fresh), As any Swalow sitting on a berne." The "gentil Pardonere," —

> "Full loude he sang, 'Come hither, love, to me.'
> The Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun
> Was never trompe of half so great a soun":

which stentorian "burdoun," or drone-bass, probably, after the manner of a bagpipe, calls to mind the testimony of Hentzner, writing near the end of the sixteenth century, that "the English excell in dancing and music," and "are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringing of bells" (Strutt),* and reminds us of a certain hale, hearty, bluff character and strongly marked rhythm pervading the old English music. We learn from Chaucer, says Chappell, "that country squires in the fourteenth century could pass the day in singing or playing the flute, and that some could 'songes well make and indite'; that the most attractive accomplishment in a young lady was to be able to sing well, and that it afforded the best chance of her obtaining an eligible husband [perhaps a little too strongly stated for Chaucer's language]; also that the cultivation of music extended to every class." According to Goodwin's "Life of Chaucer," "Church music was one of the studies most assiduously pursued in the colleges of this period; .... and no accomplishment led with greater certainty to the most eminent stations in the church. The Gospels, the Epistles, and almost every part of the service, were, in these times, set to music, and performed by rules of art. Dancing, as well as music, appears also to have constituted a part of the service of the church." To this may be appended the close of Chaucer's description of the before-mentioned seller of indulgences, the "gentil Pardonere," who knew how to estimate his song from a business point of view, —

> "Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
> But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
> For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
> He muste preche, and wel afile his tonge,
> To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
> Therfore he sang the merier and loude."

The following is a charming picture, from the "Knight's Tale," of English life, as ruddy and buxom as the "morwe" when "Arcite had romed all his fill, And songen all the roundel lustily," with a dash of a hale love of nature in his lay; for the delight in natural beauties of meadow, hill, and grove which warbles deliciously through German popular song is not altogether absent from English folk-lore: —

> "The besy larke, the messager of day
> Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray;
> And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
> That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
> And with his stremes drieth in the greves

* *Sir Toby.* .... But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch. — *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3.

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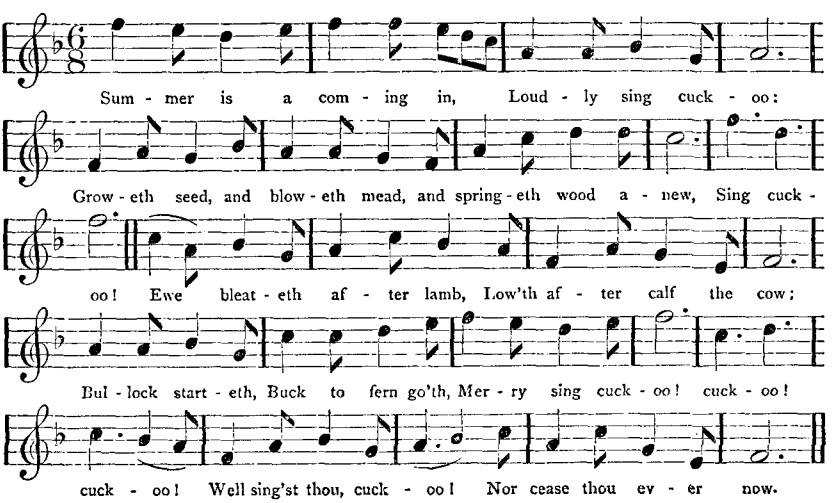
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves,
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen and looketh on the mery day.
And for to don his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey.
And to the grove of which that I you told,
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbine or of hawthorn leves,
And loud he song agen the sonne shene.
O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May ;
I hope that I some grene here getten may."

As it is my purpose to give specimens of the English folk-music, that their quality may speak to the reader for itself, it will be well from this point to take up in order the periods into which the history of English song naturally divides itself. For this arrangement, as well as for all the melodies presented, I am obliged to Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time." These valuable and learned volumes constitute, so far as I am aware, the only ample work upon her folk-songs which England can boast ; unlike Germany, whose scholars have dwelt with most loving attention upon their rich store of beautiful melodies binding together for many generations the common sympathies of the people, and have celebrated them in countless collections and editions. The English music cannot, indeed, be compared for beauty with the German ; but it has a beauty and strength of its own, which we ought to love as the Germans do theirs ; and it would be well for us if England (and this country) rang now with a people's music as good, and merry, and hale withal, and as well-beloved, as of yore.

Before the time of Henry VIII., Chappell has found but four pieces of music preserved, three songs and a dance-tune, bridging over about two hundred years from the middle of the thirteenth century. The earliest of these, which here follows, I have previously referred to, as being the earliest example of secular music in parts which has been found in any country. The words form one of the most antique examples of English song to be met with ; and the music precedes by one century, if not two, any similar composition found elsewhere. Chappell is of opinion that there is a notable "airy and pastoral correspondence between the words and music," and believes this "superiority to be owing to its having been a national song and tune, according to the custom of the time, as a basis of harmony, and that it is not entirely a scholastic composition." The most eminent authorities concur in referring this song, which I give in modern spelling and melody, to about 1250 : —



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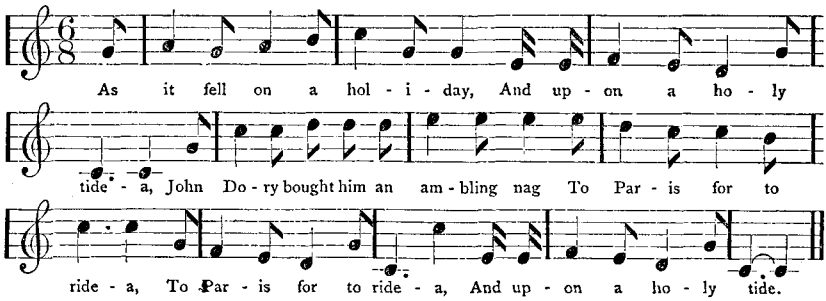
From Henry VII. to Elizabeth, between thirty and forty melodies have been preserved. This interval was very far from inactive in musical cultivation. Henry VIII. was himself no mean composer for the day, and, according to Hollinshed, "exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads." Erasmus writes of the English that they can claim, as their peculiar distinctions, beauty, *music*, and *well-furnished tables:* "and it is certain," says Chappell, "that the beginning of the sixteenth century produced in England a race of musicians equal to the best in foreign countries, and in point of *secular* music decidedly in advance of them." "To *sing at sight* was so usual an accomplishment of gentlemen in those days, that to be deficient in that respect was considered a serious drawback to success in life. Skelton, in his 'Bowge at Court,' introduces Harvey Hafter as one who cannot sing 'on the booke,' but he thus expresses his desire to learn, —

> 'Wolde to God it wolde please you some day,
> A balade boke before me for to laye,
> And lerne me for to synge *re, mi, fa, sol*,
> And when I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.'"

I subjoin two of the songs in favor at this period. The first is the famous "John Dory," which, without any especial merit to recommend it, held its place in popular esteem for nearly or quite two centuries. It is mentioned in a play printed in 1575, and Dryden refers to it as hackneyed in his time: —

> "To be repeated like *John Dory*,
> When fiddlers sing at feasts."

Ritson says "'John Dory' was the constant companion of the minstrels; he stuck to them to the last, and may be said indeed to have died in their service." As the words have no particular interest, I give only one stanza: —



The other song referred to is the equally celebrated and much more beautiful "Hunt's-up." This is a matin song, intended to arouse and cheer in the morning. Any song with this purpose was formerly called a "hunt's-up." In the exquisite parting between Romeo and Juliet (Act III. sc. 5), Juliet figures the lark as having changed voices with the toad, and "hunting" her love "hence, with *hunt's-up* to the day." In old English weddings, which were much gayer than now, the rite was begun with a hunt's-up in the morning to awake the bride; and the same compliment was very commonly paid also to young girls on their birthdays. This was one of the many songs parodied by the Puritans for their own purposes. The following is the first of the seventeen stanzas of one of these parodies: —

> "The hunt ys up, the hunt ys up,
> Loe! it is allmost daye;
> For Christ our Kyng is cum a huntyng,
> And browght his deare to stay."

Ritson cites the first stanza of a similar Scotch parody, —

> "With hunts up, with hunts up,
> It is now perfite day;
> Jesus our king is gane 'a' hunting,
> Quha likes to speed they may."

The following is the melody with words which Chappell thinks may be those written by one Gray, — mentioned by Puttenham as growing into

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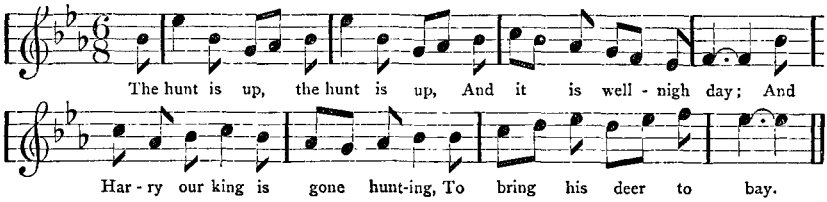
good estimation with "King Henry (VIII.) and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset, Protectour, for making certain merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, 'The hunte is up, the hunte is up'": —



"The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merie horne wakes up the morne
To leave his idle bed.

"Behold the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around,
The grasse is greene, and so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.

"The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are running free,
The woodes rejoyce at the mery noise
Of hey tantara tee ree!

"The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye,
To see and to be seene.

"Awake, all men, I say agen,
Be mery as you maye,
For Harry our Kinge is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye."

I subjoin, as being chaste and pretty, an example of the morning greeting of the hunt's-up used as a love-song, taken from the same manuscript with the preceeding: —

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free,
The sun hath risen, from out his prison,
Beneath the glistering sea.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright,
The morning lark is high, to mark
The coming of daylight.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair,
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,
Browse in the morning air.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady gay,
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
And it is now broad day.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sheen,
The hills look out, and the woods about
Are drest in lovely green.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady dear,
A morn in spring is the sweetest thing,
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bower, at this loved hour,
My own true love to greet."

I pass to the reign of Elizabeth, which, though exhibiting no marked division or break in the stream of song flowing from the preceding reigns, deserves to be counted a special era, as it were, because of the universal esteem in which music was held and the cultivation of it by all classes. "Not only," says Chappell, "was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. In Deloney's 'History of the Gentle Craft,' 1598, one who tried to pass for a shoemaker was detected as an imposter, because he could neither 'sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme.' Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade and even the beggars had their special songs; the bass-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors [and it was not an uncommon instrument for women to play upon during or near this period]: and the lute, cittern, and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. ["Now," remarks Strutt, and it is emblematic of the change which has come over society, "the newspaper is substituted for the instrument of music."] They had

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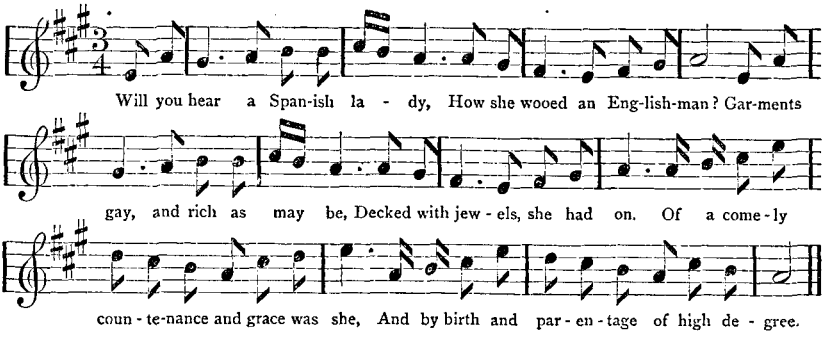
music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play." Morley, in his dialogue entitled "Introduction to Practical Musick," 1597, makes the pupil say, "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I *could not*, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I go now to seek out mine old friend, Master Gnorinus, to make myself his scholar." Peacham requires his "Compleat Gentleman" (1622) to be able "to sing his part *sure and at first sight*, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute"; and declares, "I am verily persuaded that they [who love not music] are by nature very ill-disposed, and of such a brutish stupidity that scarce anything else that is good and savoureth of virtue is to be found in them." It was essential to a gentlewoman's education that she should play and read music at sight; and lute-strings were very commonly offered as gifts to ladies at the New-Year's season. England not only overflowed with musicians, but supplied other countries and foreign courts with many of their best, in high repute and demand. "We are indebted," says Chappell, "to foreign countries for the preservation of many of the works of our best musicians of this age. Dr. Bull's music is chiefly to be found in foreign manuscripts." Concerning this Dr. Bull, the same probably who wrote the lampoon on the vagrant minstrels before quoted, the story is told that while travelling *incognito*, a continental musician showed him a vocal work in forty parts, and boasted that it would be found impossible to add so much as one more part; whereupon the English composer, taking the score, speedily added forty more parts, eliciting from the astonished musician the opinion that "he that added those forty parts must either be the Devil or Dr. John Bull." In the reign of Elizabeth, indeed, scholastic vocal compositions, madrigals, motets, etc., reached their height in England, and thereafter began their decline, while instrumental music took their place. Of the popular or folk songs of the day, I will give two specimens, omitting the melodies which specially illustrate Shakespeare as not being, on the whole, so attractive, although there are some beautiful and plaintive minor melodies among them. Minor keys are very common throughout English folk-music, and there is much of it that is exceedingly tender and plaintive, although the bold, courageous, and hearty predominates. The following delicate little melody is set to the ballad of the "Spanish Lady." I give but one stanza, the beautiful and well-known poem being easily accessible in Percy's "Reliques": —



The "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," a simple and pretty ballad also to be found in Percy, is set to the following pleasing melody: —

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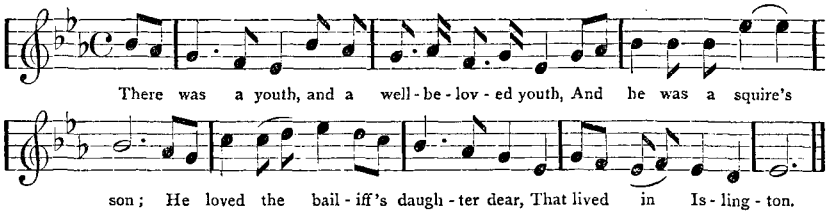
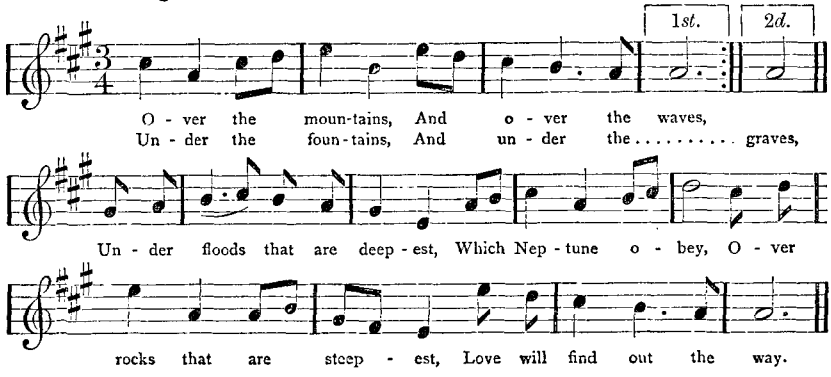


From Elizabeth to the Commonwealth, instrumental music, as I have said, obtained the ascendency; but music in general was still in very high esteem and cultivation. Early in this period "ballads were first collected into little miscellanies, called Garlands, whose names, e. g., 'Garland of Good-Will,' 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' etc., remind us of the painful ingenuity in the matter of titles displayed by the makers of our Sunday-school music-books; and it may be said in passing that the excellent reform which we are now witnessing in the style of pictures made for children, should be forthwith extended to the music they are made to sing, which is at present, for the most part, the laborious patch-work of 'lack-lustre' composers, and vapid beyond what, otherwise, it had entered into the mind of man to conceive. I might safely engage to compile the best two or three books of music for children that ever were made; because the fruitful sources of English and German folk-songs, and those of other countries, replete with the warmth and color of the fresh national genius, and simple as they are beautiful through absence of all scholastic interference, have been neglected to make room for spiritless and dilute effusions with little inspiration save the need of making a living.

"Musicians in the service of noblemen and gentlemen seem to have held a prescriptive right to go and perform to the friends and acquaintances of their masters, whenever they wanted money: such visits were received as compliments, and the musicians were rewarded in proportion to the rank of their masters. Innumerable instances of this will be found in early books of household expenses." But in course of time, this privilege was abused, like the corresponding concessions to the old minstrels, and in the reign of King James I. the unwarrantable intrusion of musicians into all companies became a constant subject of rebuke.

I give three examples of the popular songs of this period. The following melody was very popular in its early days, and is "still current," says Chappell; "for in the summer of 1855, Mr. Jennings, organist of All Saints' Church, Maidstone, noted it down from the wandering hop-pickers singing a song to it, on their entrance into that town": —



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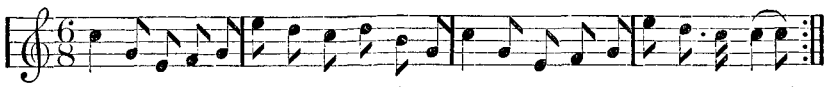
"Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

"You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she, whom Love doth honor,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

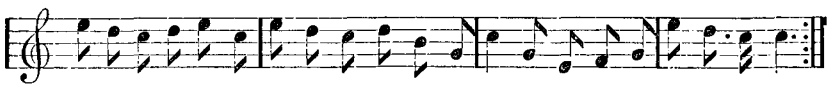
"Some think to lose him,
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out his way.

"You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the East;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover;
He will find out his way."

The following is a lively and graceful melody which was sung to many different ballads: —

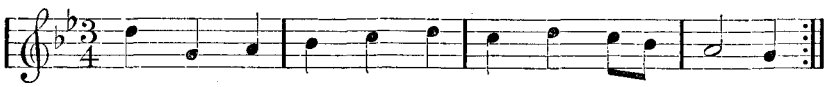


Pan, leave pip-ing, The gods have done feast-ing, There 's nev-er a god-dess a hunt-ing to-day; The Mor-tals marvel at Cor-i-don's jest-ing, That gives them assistance to en-ter-tain May.



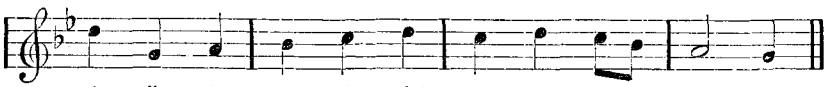
lads and the lasses, With scarves on their faces, So live-ly time pass-es, Trip over the downs; Much mirth and sport they make, Running at Barley-break, Good lack, what pains they take For a green gown.

One of the most delightful melodies I have ever met in any folk-music, and indeed worthy of any country or any composer, is the following minor piece, entitled "Cupid's Courtesie; or, The young Gallant foiled at his own Weapon. To a most pleasant *Northern Tune*." The words, save the first stanza, have not much claim to merit; they are in Collier's "Roxburghe Ballads": —



Through the cool shad-y woods As I was rang-ing,
I heard the pret-ty birds Notes sweet-ly chang-ing.

Down by the mead-ow's side There runs a riv-er;



A lit-tle boy I spied With bow and quiv-er.

The following, called "The Country Lass," is comely and vigorous, both in words and melody. It is the melody to which "Sally in our Alley" is now sung with slight variation, the old ballad-tune having entirely superseded the melody which the author of the latter song composed for it and which was used in the ballad-operas. The burden, "derry, derry down," is very common in old English song.

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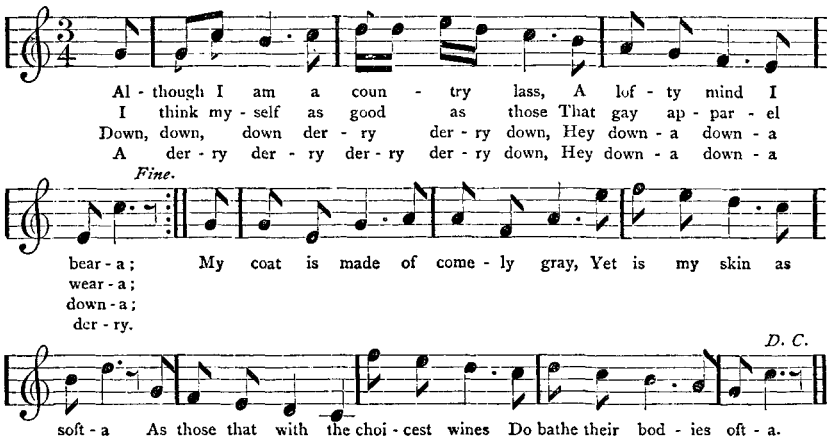

"What though I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
Shall shroud me from the sun-a;
And when I see them feeding by,
Where grass and flowers spring-a,
Close by a crystal fountain side
I sit me down and sing-a.

"Dame Nature crowns us with delight
Surpassing court or city,
We pleasures take from morn to night,
In sports and pastimes pretty:
Your city dames in coaches ride
Abroad for recreation,
We country lasses hate their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

"I care not for the fan or mask,
When Titan's heat reflecteth;
A homely hat is all I ask
Which well my face protecteth;
Yet am I, in my country guise,
Esteemed a lass as pretty,
As those that every day devise
New shapes in court or city.

"Then do not scorn the country lass,
Though she go plain and meanly;
Who takes a country wench to wife
(That goeth neat and cleanly)
Is better sped than if he wed
A fine one from the city,
For there they are so nicely bred,
They must not work for pity."

The history of English music under the Commonwealth, and as affected by the influence which culminated in the Puritan uprising, would require almost an ample monograph for its adequate treatment. It is most certain that for a long time the Puritan element exercised a most pernicious and depressing effect upon music; and the hostility of the zealots finally concentrated itself in a virulent fanaticism, which treated music, and especially church-music, as an invention of the Devil. In a "Declaration and Petition to the House of Commons," 1644, Sir Edward Dering averred that "one single groan in the spirit is worth the diapason of all the church-music in the world." In 1648, an officer was appointed "with power to seize upon all ballad-singers," from which Chappell thinks "we may safely assume that no more ballads were written in their (the Puritans') favor, and that the majority, at least, had long been against them." But the honest zealots in general detested music for its own sake, as by its very nature savoring of popery and all other uncleanness. They exercised themselves in destroying the church-organs in many towns, which they "brake down," and "taking two or three hundred pipes with them, in a most scornful and contemptuous manner went up and down the street piping with them." Chappell quotes from Philip Stubbes, who printed an "Anatomy of Abuses" in 1583, which went through four editions in twelve years; in the chapter devoted to music, the author says that by reason of "a certain kind of smooth sweetness in it, it is like unto honey, alluring the auditory to effeminacy, pusillanimity, and loathsomeness of life. . . . . And right as good edges are not sharpened, but obtused, by being whetted upon soft stones, so good wits, by hearing of

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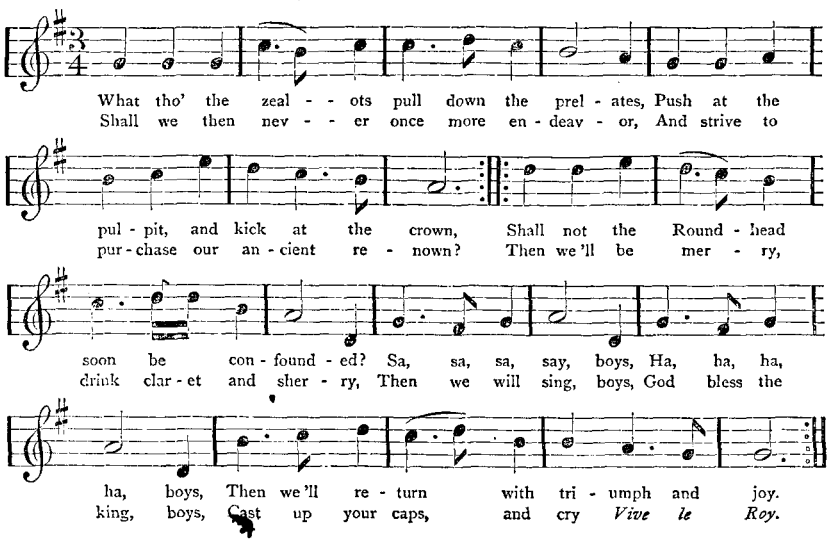
soft music, are rather dulled than sharpened, and made apt to all wantonness and sin"; and "through the sweet harmony and smooth melody thereof, it estrangeth the mind, stirreth up lust, womanisheth the mind, and ravisheth the heart." In a pamphlet entitled "A Request of all true Christians to the Honorable House of Parliament," 1586, it is requested "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of Psalms, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antechrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other Rabble of Miscreants and Shavelings." This choice and handsome language was so effective, that in 1644 were published two ordinances of Parliament "for the speedy demolishing of all organs, etc." But alas! there were no organs to demolish; they were already destroyed; and "as said by a writer of the time, —

'No organ-idols with pure ears agree,
Nor anthems, — why? nay, ask of them, not me;
There 's new church-music found instead of those,
The women's sighs tuned to the preacher's nose.'"

But, on the other hand, there must have been often a savor, not merely of fanaticism, but of rudeness and vulgarity in all this tirade; for Cromwell himself was exceedingly fond of music, attracted musicians about him, and had his daughters instructed in the art. Oxford "seems to have been a place of almost peaceable retirement for musicians during the Protectorate," rejoicing even in weekly music parties. Though church-music seemed to bereave a Puritan of his senses, yet Shakespeare speaks of them as singing Psalms to hornpipes; and "in 1642, ballads respecting 'the great deeds of Oliver Cromwell at Worcester and Edgehill' were gravely proposed to Parliament to be sung at Christmas in place of Christmas-carols." I append two specimens of the popular songs of this period. All the pieces recorded by Chappell are either of a general character or are cavalier ballads. If the Puritans had any music besides their Psalms sung to hornpipes, it has not survived. The following, says the historian, "may be termed the 'God save the King'" of the period: —



The "Devil's Progress" is the name of the following. "It was no doubt this ballad which suggested to Southey his 'Devil's Walk'": —

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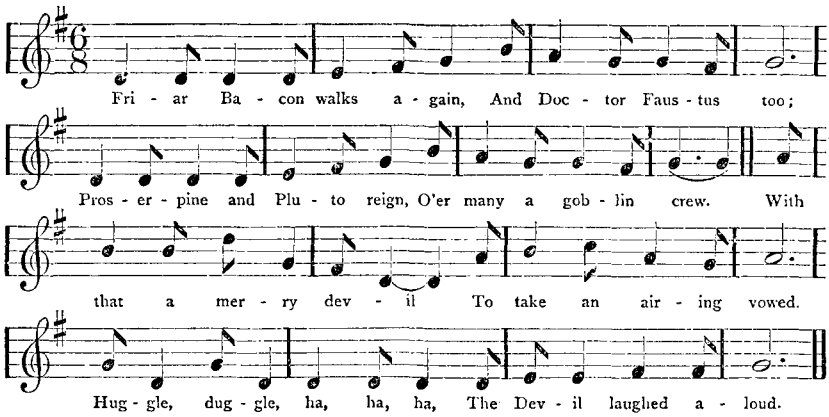

"What think you that he laughed?
Forsooth he came from court;
And there, amongst the gallants,
Had spied such pretty sport:
There was such cunning juggling.
And ladies grown so proud, —
Huggle, duggle, etc.

"With that into the City
Away the Devil went,
To view the merchants' dealings
It was his full intent;
And there, along the brave Exchange,
He crept into the crowd, —
Huggle, duggle, etc.

"He went into the City,
To see all there was well;
Their scales were false, their weights were light,
Their conscience fit for hell;
And 'bad men' chosen Magistrates,
And Puritans allowed, —
Huggle, duggle, etc.

"With that into the country
Away the Devil goeth,
For there is all plain-dealing,
And that the Devil knoweth:
But the rich man reaps the gains,
For which the poor man ploughed, —
Huggle, duggle, etc.

"With that the Devil in haste
Took post away to hell,
And told his fellow-furies
That all on earth was well;
That falsehood there did flourish,
Plain-dealing was in a cloud, —
Huggle, duggle, ha, ha, ha,
The devils laughed aloud."

According to one authority, "from the restoration of Charles II. may be dated an entire change in the style of music till then cultivated in England." The "learned counterpoint" and elaborate working-up which distinguished English composition, both vocal and instrumental, gave way to a more flowing and melodious style, and to a concurrent taste for foreign songs, which had become fashionable even in the reign of Charles I. After the invention of recitative, English musicians were willing to concede the superiority of the Italians in vocal music; but it seems to have been as generally conceded that the English bore the palm in instrumental composition. There were not wanting some protests against the prevailing taste for Italian songs among cultivated people. "This present generation is so sated with what 's native," wrote Henry Lawes, in 1653 (the friend of Milton and composer of the music to *Comus*), "that nothing takes the ear but what 's sung in a language which, commonly, they understand as little as they do the music. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humor, I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index, which read together made a strange medley of nonsense, I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it passed for a rare Italian song. This very song have I here printed." Pepys, who could sing at sight, play on the lute, the viol, the violin, and the flageolet, and compose music, wrote in his diary, on hearing a celebrated Italian piece, "Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of"; and again, of a lady's singing, "Indeed, she sings mightily well and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knipp's songs, to

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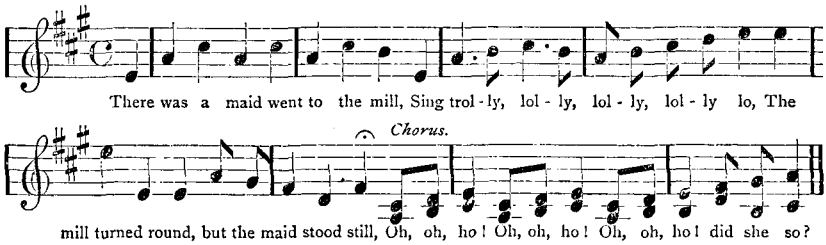
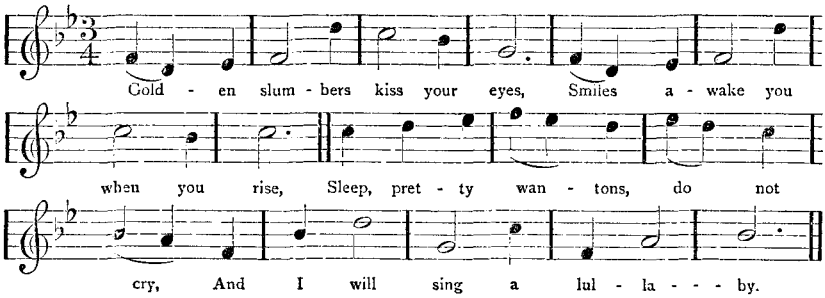
a good English tune, the manner of their ayre not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural." The dramatists of the day "commonly attribute to the servants in their plays the ability to sing at 'first sight'"; and Pepys with his wife and her maid and his own waiting-boy used to sit in his garden "singing and fiddling" till midnight, "with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbors by their casements opening," and "a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house." Of the many popular songs of this period, the following is a sprightly and original melody; the words are from a ballad-opera called "The Jovial Crew": —



"The miller he kissed her; away she went,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo;
The maid was well pleased, and the miller content,
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! was it so?
"He danced and he sung, while the mill went clack,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo;
And he cherished his heart with a cup of old sack,
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! did he so?"

The following beautiful melody was a favorite with the makers of the ballad-operas; but as the songs in these productions have little interest apart from the dramas, Chappell has "adapted an old lullaby" to the music: —



"Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep;
Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby."

From the time of Charles II., music has steadily declined in cultivation. The decline began in Charles's reign, among gentlemen; among ladies it declined more slowly, and they still frequently performed upon the bass-viol. But the old melodies enjoyed a revival after 1727, through the success of the ballad-operas, incorporating the folk-music of "the olden time." "The Beggars' Opera" was the first, produced at the Theatre Royal in January, 1728. It was received with great applause two successive seasons in London, and spread into all the great towns of England, and into Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; it banished for the time the Italian opera, which had been the height of fashion for ten years; and it was followed by a host of similar works, ballad-operas being written even for "booths in Bartholomew Fair." Chappell records a story of Rich, the manager, "who, when the customary music [before the play] was called for by the audience at the first performance of 'The Beggars' Opera,' came forward and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is no *music* to an opera,' (setting the house

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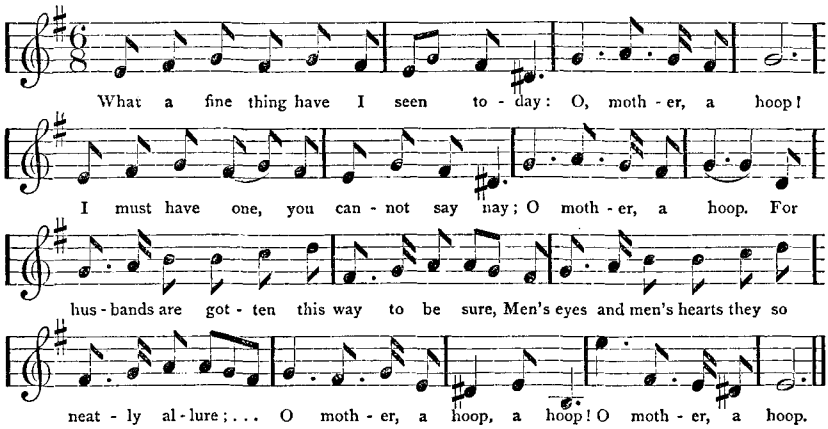
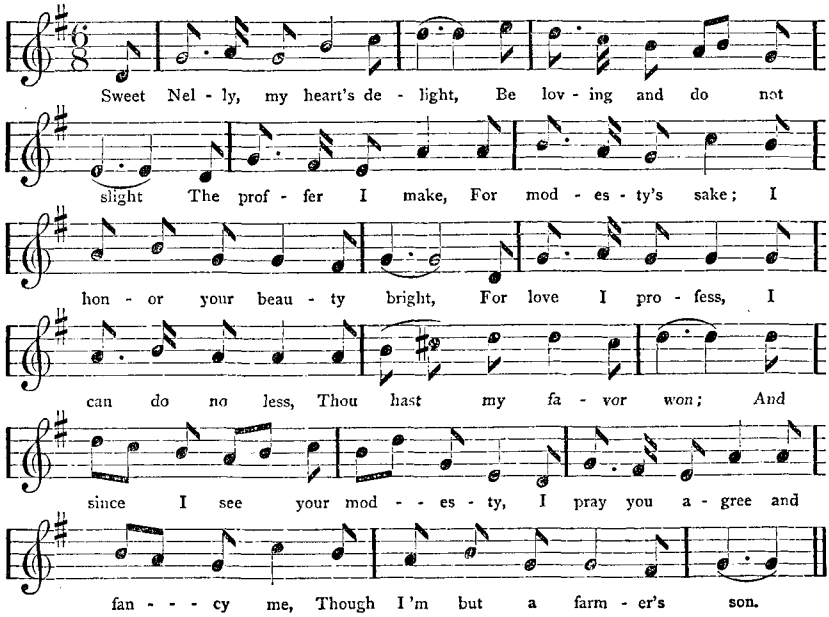
in a roar of laughter), 'I mean, ladies and gentlemen, an opera is all music.' " I will end this article with two selections from popular songs since A. D. 1700. The following excellent minor melody, of the beginning of the last century, celebrates an article of dress then as now apparently much in esteem: —



The following stanza from another song on the same subject has a view of the matter not unfamiliar to our own ears: —

"Pray hear me, dear mother, what I have been taught, —
Nine men and nine women o'erset in a boat,
The men were all drowned, but the women did float,
And by help of their hoops they all safely got out;
O mother, a hoop!"

The following song of "The Farmer's Son," which was exceedingly popular at the beginning of the last century, is still held in high esteem. It is "regularly printed in Yorkshire," and "no song is more in favor with the small farmers and the peasantry." The melody is original, pleasing, and exceedingly well adapted to the words: —



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"*She.* No! I am a lady gay,
It is very well known I may
Have men of renown
In country or town;
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget or Sue,
Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their loves will soon be won;
But don't you dare
To speak me fair
As if I were
At my last prayer
To marry a farmer's son.

"*He.* My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year, and more;
Besides sheep and cows,
Carts, harrows, and ploughs;
His age is above threescore;
And when he does die,
Then merrily I
Shall have what he has won.
Both land and kine,
All shall be thine,
If thou 'lt incline
And wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

"*She.* A fig for your cattle and corn!
Your proffered love I scorn.
'T is known very well
My name it is Nell,
And you 're but a bumpkin born.

He. Well, since it is so,
Away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done.
Farewell! Adieu!
I hope to woo
As good as you
And win her too,
Though I 'm but a farmer's son.

"*She.* Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree;
For, man, I protest
I was but in jest:
Come, prythee, sit down by me:
For thou art the man
That verily can
Win me, if e'er I 'm won.
Therefore I shall
Be at your call,
To marry a farmer's son."

J. V. Blake.

BEYOND.

I HAVE a friend, I cannot tell just where,
For out of sight and hearing he has gone;
Yet now, as once, I breathe for him a prayer,
Although his name is carved upon a stone.

O blessed habit of the lips and heart!
Not to be broken by the might of Death.
A soul beyond seems how less far apart,
If daily named to God with fervid breath.

If one doth rest in God, we well may think
He overhears the prayer we pray for him:
Our Father, let us keep the sacred link;
The hand of Prayer Love's holy lamp doth trim.

Were the dear dead once heedless of God's will,
Needing our prayer that he might be forgiven;
Against all creeds, that prayer uprises still,
With the dim trust of pardon and of heaven.

Charlotte F. Bates.

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BOY-LIFE IN A SCOTTISH COUNTRY-SEAT.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I MUST have been, from my earliest years, a very self-willed youngster, I recollect my mother telling me of some of her troubles, dating from the time when I was still unable to walk; the old story of the baby screaming persistently, if refused anything he had set his little heart on. Very gentle though she was, the doctrine of innate depravity, in which she had been bred, urged her to slap me into quiet. But my father — an advocate of system, and an undoubting believer in his favorite tenet that "man's character is formed for him, not by him" — stoutly opposed that. Yet the screams, whenever my mother objected to having her lace collar torn. or a teacup, of some old china-set, snatched from the table and flung to the floor, remained a stubborn reality which no theory could get over; and it seriously disturbed my father as well as the rest of the house. Something must be done.

"When the child screams from temper, my dear Caroline" (my father thought my mother's middle name more romantic than the plain Ann; but I think I should have called her *Annie*), — "when the child screams, set him in the middle of the nursery floor, and be sure you don't take him up till he stops crying."

"But, my dear, he 'll go on crying by the hour."

"Then let him cry."

"It may hurt his little lungs, and perhaps throw him into spasms."

"I think not. At all events it will hurt him more if he grows up an ungovernable boy. Man is the creature of circumstances."

My mother, who had been a dutiful daughter, was also an obedient wife, and she had a great respect for my father's judgment — in temporal matters. So the next time I insisted on trying innocent experiments on teacup or collar, I was carried off to the nursery and set down, screaming lustily, on mid-floor.

My mother must have suffered dreadfully for the next hour; but soon after that the fury of disappointment wore itself out, and I dropped asleep on the pillow behind me.

This punishment had to be repeated five or six times. My mother was beginning to despair when she found, one day, to her great relief, that baby could be crossed in his wishes and made to give up, with just a little fretting. After a time even the fretting ceased. The infant culprit had learned a great lesson in life, — submission to the inevitable.

This was all very well; but the temper remained, and culminated, six or seven years after the nursery experiments, in a fit of indignant rage, after this wise.

Braxfield House was situated about half-way between the village of New Lanark and the ancient shire-town of Lanark. The latter is famed in Scottish history; and on "the Moor" near to it *wappin-schaws* used to be held in the olden time. There was no post-office in the village, and one of the supplementary workmen there, a certain James Dunn, an old spinner who had lost an arm by an accident in the mills, was our letter-carrier, — the bearer of a handsome leather bag with gay brass padlock, which gave him a sort of official dignity in the eyes of the rising generation; and by this time there were some three or four young vine-shoots growing up around the Owen family table.

If James Dunn had lost one arm, he made excellent use of the other; constructing bows and arrows and fifty other nice things, for our delectation,

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and thus coming into distinguished favor. One day he gave me a clay pipe, showed me how to mix soap-water in due proportion, and then, for the first time in our lives, we children witnessed the marvellous rise, from the pipe-bowl, of the brightly variegated bubble; its slow, graceful ascent into upper air; and, alas! its sudden disappearance, at the very climax of our wonder. My delight was beyond all bounds; and so was my gratitude to the one-armed magician. I take credit for this last sentiment, in extenuation of the crime which was to follow.

We had in the house a sort of odd-job boy, who ran errands, helped occasionally in the stables, carried coals to the fires, and whose early-morning duty it was to clean the boots and shoes of the household. His parents had named him, at the fount, after the Macedonian conqueror; but their son, unlike King Philip's, suffered nicknaming, or at least contraction of his baptismal title into Sandy.

Sandy, according to my recollection of him, was the worst of bad boys. His chief pleasure seemed to consist in inventing modes of vexing and enraging us; and he was quite ingenious in his tricks of petty torture. Add to this that he was most unreasonably jealous of James Dunn's popularity; especially when we told him, as we often did, that we hated *him*.

One day my brother William, a year younger than myself, and I had been out blowing soap-bubbles ("all by ourselves," as we were wont to boast, in proof of our proficiency), and had returned triumphant. In the court-yard we met Sandy, to whom, forgetting, for the moment, by-gone squabbles, we joyfully related our exploits, and broke out into praises of the pipe-giver as the nicest man that ever was. That nettled the young scamp, and he began to abuse our well-beloved post-carrier as a "lazy loun that hadna' but yin arm, and could do naething with the tither but cowp letters into the post-office and mak up bairns' trashtrie."

This incensed me, and I suppose I must have made some bitter reply; whereupon Sandy snatched the richly prized pipe from my hand, deliberately broke off its stem close to the bowl, and threw the fragments into what we used to call the "shoe-hole"; that contemptuous appellation designating a small outhouse, hard by, where our tormentor discharged his duties as shoeblack.

Unwilling to be set down as telltales, we said not a word about this to father or mother. But when, an hour later, I burst into tears at the sight of James Dunn, I had to tell him our story. He made light of it, wisely remarking that there were more pipes in the world; and, shouldering his post-bag, went off to the "auld town." If my readers can look back far enough into their early years, they may imagine my joyful surprise when, on his return, he presented me with another pipe.

I took it up to an attic room of which I had the run when I wished to be alone; locked the door, with a vague feeling as if Sandy were at my heels; sat down and gazed on the regenerated treasure. The very ditto of the pipe I had tearfully mourned! brand new, just from the shop. But the delight its first sight had given me faded when I thought of the sacrifices that dear, good man had been making for my sake. It was so generous of him to give me the first pipe! I had no idea whatever of its money value; to me it was beyond price. Then here his generosity had been taxed a second time. Again he had been spending for me out of his wages, which I supposed must be small, since he had only one arm to work with. And who had been the cause of all this woful self-immolation? That vile, cruel, rascally Sandy! To him it was due that James Dunn had felt compelled to make a second purchase, — to the stinting, perhaps, of his poor wife and children! And — who could tell? — the same malignant ill-turn might be repeated again and again. Ah! then my indignation rose, till I could hear the heart-beats.

I remember distinctly that no plans

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of revenge had arisen in my mind caused by the destruction of my first pipe, however enraged I was at the perpetrator of that outrage. It was only when I found one of my dearest friends thus plundered, on my account, that my wrath, roused to white heat, gave forth vapors of vengeance.

I brooded over the matter all day, so that I must needs plead guilty to malice aforethought. Toward evening my plans took shape; and, ere I slept, which was long after I went to bed, every detail had been arranged. My adversary was a large, stout, lubberly fellow, more than twice my age; and I had to make up in stratagem for my great inferiority in strength.

Next morning, before the nursery-maid awoke, I crept furtively from bed, dressed in silence, descended to the court-yard, and armed myself with a broom: not one of your light, modern, broom-corn affairs, but a downright heavy implement, with a stout handle and heavy wooden cross-head attached, set with bristles. It was as much as I could do to wield it.

Then I reconnoitred the enemy's camp. No Sandy yet in the "shoe-hole"! I went in, set the door ajar, and took post, with uplifted weapon, behind it.

I had long to wait, Sandy being late that morning; but my wrath only boiled the more hotly for the delay. At last there was a step, and the door moved. Down with all the might of concentrated rage came the broom — the hard end of the cross-piece foremost — on the devoted head that entered. The foe sank on the ground. I sprang forward — but what was this? The head I had struck had on a faultlessly white lace cap! It flashed on me in a moment. Not the abhorred Sandy, but our worthy housekeeper, Miss Wilson!

Miss Wilson was one of a class common in Great Britain, but rare in this country, — a notable, orderly, painstaking, neatly dressed maiden of thirty-five or forty summers; deeply read in all the mysteries of household-craft; but kindly withal, and much disposed to make pets of the children around her. With the exception of James Dunn, she was one of our greatest favorites. I am afraid one element in our affection for this good woman was of a selfish nature. She had obtained from my mother permission to have us all to tea with her every Sunday evening, on condition of a two thirds dilution with warm water, but without any sumptuary regulation as to the contingent of sugar.

Now, in that country and in those days, young folks, both gentle and simple, were restricted to very frugal fare. For breakfast, porridge * and milk; for supper, bread and milk only. At dinner we were helped once sparingly to animal food and once only to pie or pudding; but we had vegetables and oatmeal cake *ad libitum*. Scottish children under the age of fourteen were rarely allowed either tea or coffee; and such was the rule in our house. Till we were eight or ten years old we were not admitted to the evening meal in the parlor. Miss Wilson's tea-table furnished the only peep we had of the Chinese luxury.

Thus the Sunday evening in the housekeeper's parlor (for Miss Wilson had her own nicely appointed parlor between the kitchen and the servants' dining-hall) was something to which we looked eagerly forward. On that occasion we had toast as well as tea; and the banquet sometimes culminated with a well-filled plate of sugar-biscuit, a luxury doubly prized because its visits were rare as those of angels.

* It may or may not be necessary here to say that porridge is a sort of mush, or hasty-pudding, made by gradually dropping oatmeal into boiling water, seasoned with salt. The cake spoken of was composed of oatmeal and water, rolled out thin, and browned before the fire.

In the Scottish dialect oatmeal porridge is called *parritch*; and there is a story illustrating the ridiculous extent to which early promotion, even of mere children, in the British army is, or was, obtained by family influence; and marking also the customary breakfast-fare in the nursery. A gent'eman, visiting a family of distinction in the Highlands and coming down stairs in the morning, heard a loud bawling. Meeting a servant, he asked him what was the matter. "O sir," said the man, "it 's naething but the Major, greetin' for his parritch."

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These hebdomadal symposia gave rise, among us, to a peculiar definition of the first day of the week. We took this, not from the sermons we heard, or the catechism we learned, on that day, but from the delicacies on Miss Wilson's table, somewhat irreverently calling Sunday the *toast-biscuit-tea-day*. I am not certain whether this juvenile paraphase ever reached my mother's ears; for Miss Wilson was too discreet to retail the confidential jokes which we permitted ourselves in the privacy of her *petits soupers*.

Under the circumstances one may judge of my horror when I saw on whom the broom-head had fallen. The sight stunned me almost as much as my blow had stunned the poor woman who lay before me. I have a dim recollection of people, called in by my screams, raising Miss Wilson and helping her to her room; and then I remember nothing more till I found myself, many hours later, in the library; my mother standing by with her eyes red, and my father looking at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Would n't you be very sorry, Robert," he said at last, "if you were blind?"

I assented, as well as my sobs would allow.

"Well, when a boy or man is in such a rage as you were, he is little better than blind, or half mad. He does n't stop to think, or to look at anything. You did n't know Miss Wilson from Sandy."

My conscience told me that was true. I had struck without waiting to look.

"You may be very thankful," my father went on, "that it was n't Sandy. You might have killed the boy."

I thought it would have been no great harm if I had, but I did n't say so.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

I said that I was very, *very* sorry that I had hurt Miss Wilson; and that I wanted to tell her so. My father rang the bell and sent to inquire how she was.

"I am going to take you to ask her pardon. But it 's of no use to be sorry, unless you do better. Remember this! *I have never struck you. You must never strike anybody.*"

It was true. I cannot call to mind that I ever, either before or since that time, received a blow from any human being; most thankful am I that I have been spared the knowledge of how one feels under such an insult. Nor, from that day forth, so far as I remember, did I ever myself give a blow in anger again.

The servant returned. "She has a sair head yet, sir; but she 's muckle better. She 's sittin' up in her chair, and would be fain to see the bairn." Then, in an undertone, looking at me: "It was a fell crunt,* yon. I didna think the bit callan could hit sae snell."

When I saw Miss Wilson in her arm-chair, with pale cheeks and bandaged head, I could not say a single word. She held out her arms; I flung mine round her neck, kissed her again and again, and then fell to crying, long and bitterly. The good soul's eyes were wet as she took me on her knee and soothed me. When my father offered to take me away, I clung to her so closely that she begged to have me stay.

I think the next half-hour, in her arms, had crowded into it more sincere repentance and more good resolves for the future than any other in my life. Then, at last, my sobs subsided, so that I could pour into her patient ear the whole story of my grievous wrongs: Sandy's unexampled wickedness in breaking the first pipe; James Dunn's unheard-of generosity in buying the second; the little chance I had if I did n't take the broom to such a big boy; and then —

"But, Miss Wilson," I said when I came to that point, "what made *you* come to the shoe-hole, and not Sandy?"

* *Crunt*, to be interpreted in English, must be paraphased. It means a blow on the head with a cudgel.

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"I wanted to see if the boy was attending to his work."

I then told her I would love her as long as she lived, and that she must n't be angry with me; and when she had promised to love me too, we parted.

It only remains to be said, that about a month afterwards, Sandy was quietly dismissed. We all breathed more freely when he was gone.

If I deserved more punishment for this outbreak than my father's reproof and the sight of Miss Wilson's sufferings, I came very near receiving it, in a fatal shape, a few months afterwards.

The estate of Braxfield is beautifully situated on the banks of the Clyde. The house stands on a bit of undulating table-land, then set in blue-grass, containing some thirty or forty acres; and the slope thence to the river was covered with thick woods through which gravel-paths wound back and forth till they reached the Clyde, a quarter of a mile below the mills. What charming nutting we used to have there!

At low-water there was a foot-path, under the rocks, by which these woods could be reached from the village; and, of course, there was great temptation, on Sundays, for the young people — pairs of lovers especially — to encroach on this forbidden ground; to say nothing of the hazelnut temptation, when autumn came. Nothing could be more romantic and inviting.

Of course it would not have done to give two thousand people the range of the woods: so trespassing therein was strictly forbidden. Yet I remember, one Sunday afternoon when my father had taken me out to walk, seeing, through the underwood in a path below us and to which our road led, a lad and lass evidently so intent in conversation that they were not alive to anything else: if they had known who was near, they would have taken to flight at once. My father stopped and looked at them, calling to mind, I daresay, his own walks in the Green with Miss Ann Caroline. "They don't see us," he said to me; "let us turn back. If I meet them, I must order them off the place; and they have so few pleasures and so much work! It 's hard." So we took another path; and the lovers pursued their way, unconscious of the danger that had approached them.

Besides this wooded "brae" in front of the mansion, there was, on one side, a steep declivity into a deep, bushy dingle, with large, old trees interspersed, and, rising on the other side, a precipitous bank of similar character, on the summit of which was perched the house of our next neighbor. This could not be reached, by vehicle, without making a circuit of a mile and a half; but a slanting foot-path led, from our stable-yard, down into the glen, and a rough, scrambling way ascended thence the opposite bank, conducting the pedestrian, by a short cut, to the old town. This rude pass was known, far and near, by the euphonious name of *Gullietoodelum*.

All this afforded good cover for foxes; and one of these midnight prowlers had carried off certain fowls and ducks belonging to James Shaw, a burly farmer who tilled the arable portion of the Braxfield estate, and whose cottage we were wont to frequent, attracted by the excellent mashed potatoes, prepared with milk, with which Mrs. Shaw secretly treated us. They turned a penny by supplying our family, from time to time, with poultry; and now the "gudeman" took arms in defence of his live stock. Having loaded a fowling-piece heavily with slugs, he deposited it in a dark corner of the coach-house, which, with stables attached, stood on the edge of the wooded dingle where Reynard had been seen.

There, during a morning ramble, my brother William and I came upon the gun. It was a flint-lock, of course; for the days of percussion-caps were yet afar off. Having brought it out to the light, for inspection, my brother amused himself by pointing it at me and attempting to draw the trigger. I reminded him that our mother had for-

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bidden us ever to point guns at one another.

"But it 's not loaded," remonstrated William.

"I know that," was my reply (though how I came to that hasty conclusion I am quite unable to explain), "I know it is n't loaded, but mamma said we were never to pretend to shoot one another, whether the gun was loaded or not."

Whereupon he submitted, and I further informed him that the flint of a gun could not be snapped without drawing back the cock, which I showed him how to do, having once snapped a gun before. With my aid he then hugged the stock of the weapon under his right arm, pointing the barrel in the air, and pulled the trigger; this time so effectually that the recoil threw him flat on his back.

He struggled to his feet and we looked at each other. Not a word was spoken. I seized the gun, flung it back into the coach-house, not quite certain whether that was the end of the explosion, and, by a common impulse, we both took to our heels, fled down the glen-path, nor stopped till at the foot of Gullietoodelum. There we paused to take breath.

"I do believe, Robert," my brother ejaculated at last, — "I do believe that gun was loaded!"

I had gradually been coming to the same conclusion; so I did not dispute the point. Slowly and silently we re-ascended from that dark glen to the upper world again, sadder and wiser boys.

I have often thought since how Young America would have laughed us to scorn as Molly-caudles, for our green ignorance, at seven or eight, touching fire-arms and their use. Half a year later, however, I obtained leave to go on a shooting expedition with a young man who had a salary from the New Lanark Company as surgeon of the village, and who attended the sick there gratuitously. We proceeded to a neighboring rookery where sportsmen were admitted on certain conditions. I carried a light fowling-piece, and was then and there initiated into the mysteries of loading and firing. Though at heart mortally afraid, I stood stoutly to my gun, and brought down two confiding young crows who were yet inexperienced in the wiles and murderous propensities of men and boys.

As we were returning home in the dusk I overheard a brief conversation, not intended for my ears, between the surgeon and a comrade of his who had accompanied us. They had been pleased, it seems, with the spirit I had shown; and the mention of my name attracted me.

"He 's a fine, manly boy, that," said the comrade.

"He 's a noble little fellow," rejoined the surgeon.

Most children, I think, accustomed to hear themselves commended, would have forgotten the words within twenty-four hours; but they sunk into my heart, and I could swear, to-day, that I have textually repeated them here. This wineglass full of praise intoxicated me; for I think it was the first I had ever tasted. My father's creed was that "man is not the proper subject of praise or blame"; being but what circumstances, acting on his original organization, make him. So his approval, when I deserved approval, was testified only by a pleased smile or a caress.

The words haunted me all the way home and for days afterwards. Their effect was similar to that sometimes produced during the excitement of such camp-meetings as I have witnessed in our Western forests. They woke in me what, in revival-language, is called "a change of heart." I solemnly resolved that I would *be* what these men had said I was.

Next morning, accordingly, I not only myself submitted, with exemplary forbearance, to the various matutinal inflictions of cold bathing, scrubbing, hair-combing, and the like, but I exhorted my younger brother and sisters to similar good conduct. The nursery-

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maid was amazed, not knowing what to make of it; no doubt I had been rebellious enough in the past.

"What 's come over the bairn?" she exclaimed. "Where has he been? I think he must hae gotten religion." Then, looking at my sober face, she asked me, "Were you at the kirk yestreen, Robert?"

"No," said I, "I was shooting crows."

"Shootin' craws!" I remember to this day that look of blank perplexity. The girl was actually alarmed when she missed my wonted wilfulness. "It passes me," she said at last; "the callan must hae gane daft. He 's no the same bairn ava."

This fit of meekness lasted, in its extreme phase, so far as I remember, about ten days. Yet — strange if it seem — I think it left its impress on my character for years.

The powerful influence which seeming trifles exerted over my conduct in those days — now stirring to revenge, now prompting to reformation — may in part be traced to the recluse lives we led in that isolated country-seat; a seclusion the more complete because of the unquestioning obedience to the strictest rules (especially as to metes and bounds) in which we were trained. The Clyde, though the largest river in Scotland, was not, at its usual stage and where we were wont to bathe, over thirty or forty yards wide; and we were pretty good swimmers. The enterprise of any urchin, ten years old, in our own day and country, would undoubtedly have suggested the construction of a small raft on which to convey our clothes across, and then an exploration of the unknown regions beyond. But we were forbidden to trespass there; and it did not enter into our heads to break bounds.

There was a bridge over the river, but little more than a mile below our house; but, during the first decade, my mother was unwilling to trust us so far from home, and we had never crossed this bridge except in our carriage and on the turnpike road. I had passed my tenth birthday when my father told William and myself, one day, that he was going to take us a walk across the bridge and on the other side of the river. Our blissful anticipations of this remote expedition were enhanced by knowing that there was to be found, close to the bridge, a far-famed baker's shop, of which the *parleys* (that is, thin, crisp ginger-cakes) were celebrated all over the county; and when my mother put into our pockets sixpence apiece, to be there expended as we pleased, our joy was full.

But if, as regards pedestrian excursions, we were held under strict rule, in other matters we were free and privileged. We had the unrestricted range of my father's library, which was a pretty extensive one.

I have no recollection as to when and how I learned my letters. All I remember is that, at seven or eight years of age, I was an omnivorous reader. "Robinson Crusoe," pored over with implicit faith, made the first deep impression. Then, one after another in succession, came Miss Edgeworth's winning stories, — household words they were in our family. "Sandford and Merton" came next into favor; succeeded by "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Arabian Nights." After these I devoured Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"; not a doubt obtruding itself as to whether the gallant and romantic military gentleman — the courteous Knight of Ellerslie, whom the lady's pencil has depicted in rosy colors — was the veritable champion of Scotland, — the same hot-blooded and doughty warrior, sung by Blind Harry, who, while yet a stripling, stabbed, in a Scottish castle, the son of its governor, in requital of a few insulting words. My indignation, originally roused by nursery legends, was rekindled, and my national prejudices confirmed, by this more modern version of Monteith's treachery and his noble victim's cruel fate. These feelings were intensified during a visit to Cartland Crags (or *Craigs*, as we pro-

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nounced the word), — a deep, narrow gulch a little way beyond the town of Lanark, walled by precipitous rocks some two hundred feet high, and forming the water-course of a small stream called the Mouse. From the bed of that stream we climbed thirty or forty feet up the face of the rocks to a deep cleft known to all Scotland as "Wallace's Cave," and to which, when in peril of his life, that sturdy chieftain was wont to retreat. No Fourth-of-July oration, no visit to Plymouth rock, ever produced, on young scion of Puritan, a deeper impression than did the sight of this narrow, secluded cell upon me, — its pavement worn by the feet of patriotic pilgrims. I think, if I had but been stirred by a Hamilcar of a father prompting me, I might have sworn, then and there, eternal enmity against the English. But, in my case, the paternal sentiment was, "Love to the whole human race"; so that, outgrowing hate-bearing prejudices in the genial atmosphere of home, I have reformed, and can say, as Webster said of himself on a well-known occasion, "I am very little like Hannibal"; having come to eschew strife of all kinds, and devoutly believing that "love is the fulfilling of the law."

My mother, a devout Presbyterian, though too gentle to be bigoted, was thoroughly imbued with the belief that the most orthodox form of Protestantism is essential to happiness, if not to virtue. Upon this conviction she acted with persistent conscientiousness. It colored her daily conduct. Was any one among us sick? She sat, hour after hour, by his bedside; and administered, by turns, temporal comforts and spiritual consolation. Had we lost a pious friend? His death was spoken of as a translation to a world of bliss. Did any of us ask for a pretty story? It was selected out of the Scriptural pages. We were told of the place above for good boys and girls, and of the fire below for the wicked; and when we asked who were good and who were wicked, we were taught that all boys and girls and men and women were wicked unless they believed, in the first place, that Jesus Christ was the only Son of God, and, in the second place, that nobody could escape from hell except by vicarious atonement through his death and sufferings. My mother added that all who believed that, and who read the Bible every morning, and said prayers every night, and went to church twice every Sunday, became good people, and would be saved and go to heaven; while all who disbelieved it were lost souls, who would be punished forever with the Devil and his angels.

My father, a Deist, or free-thinking Unitarian, was tender of my mother's religious sentiments, and did not, in those days, interfere with her instructions or seek to undermine our belief. I recollect, one day when he had been explaining to me how seeds produced plants and trees, that I asked him where the very, *very* first seeds came from, and that his answer did not go to shake my faith in the Mosaic account of the creation.

Thus left to orthodox teaching, I soon became an apt and zealous scholar; often prejudiced, I was never indifferent; still more often mistaken, I was sincere in my errors, and I always sought to act out what I believed.

Very peculiar was my state of mind in those early years. Breathing an orthodox atmosphere, I never doubted that it extended over the whole earth. I had just heard of pagans and Romanists and infidels; but I thought of all such dissenters from the creed I had learned as a handful of blinded wretches, to be met with in some small remote quarter of this vast world, — a world that bowed to Christ alone as its God and Saviour. To set up my own opinion against all the pious — that is, against all good men, or rather against all men except a few who were desperately wicked — was an acme of arrogance that did not once cross my thoughts.

My good mother — more amiable than logical — did not perceive the perilous insecurity of a creed so nar-

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row in a character like that of her eldest son. In a chart given to me, in the year 1827, by Spurzheim, causality and conscientiousness are marked as predominant organs, and self-esteem as a large one. If that diagnostic may be trusted, the danger to my orthodoxy was the greater. The first doubts as to the religious belief of my infancy were suggested when I was about eleven years old.

By this time the New Lanark establishment had obtained considerable celebrity, and was frequented by visitors of some distinction. Among these a bishop of the Anglican Church, having brought a letter of introduction to my father, was invited to his table, and I sat next to him. During dinner conversation turned on the original depravity of man, which, to my utter astonishment, my father called in question; the bishop, of course, stoutly affirming it. I listened, with greedy ears, to the discussion; and, during a pause, I put in my word.

"Papa," said I, "I think you 'd find it a very difficult thing to make a bad heart a good one."

The bishop, amused and astonished to find so youthful an auxiliary, patted me, laughingly, on the back and said, "You 're in the right, my little fellow. God only can do that." Then he encouraged me to proceed, to the no small increase of my vanity and self-importance. My father, instead of checking me, replied patiently to my argument; and his replies left me much to think about.

Next day I had a lecture from my mother on the sin of self-sufficiency, and was told that little boys must listen, and not join in grown people's conversation. But this did not quiet me. When I pressed my mother closely about my father's opinions, she confessed, to my horror, her doubts whether he firmly believed that Christ was the Son of God.

I remember, to this day, the terrible shock this was to me, and the utter confusion of ideas that ensued. My state of mind was pitiable. I knew there were wicked unbelievers among the Hottentots and New-Zealanders whom I had read about; and my mother had once confessed to me that, even in England and Scotland, there were a few low, ignorant people who read the books of an infidel called Tom Paine: but my own father! — kind, indulgent to us all, and loved and respected by everybody, — was *he* wicked? was *he* as bad as the pagans? I took to watching his benevolent face; but he talked and smiled as usual. There was no cloven foot to be seen, nor any sinister inference to be drawn from his quiet, pleasant demeanor.

In fear and trembling I laid my perplexities before my mother. Excellent woman! I know well now in what a strait she must have found herself, between her creed as a Calvinist and her love as a wife. Somewhat at expense of conscience, perhaps, she compromised matters. Swayed by her great affection for my father, and doubtless also by her fears that the disclosure of his heresies might weaken the paternal authority, she sought to soften their enormity by declaring that, but for these, he was everything that was good and estimable. "Pray to God, my child," she would say, "that he will turn your dear father's heart from the error of his way and make him pious like your grandfather." Then, with tears in her eyes, "O, if he could only be converted, he would be everything my heart could desire; and when we die he would be in heaven with us all."

"If he could only be converted!" These words sank deep. "My father is too good a man," I said to myself, "to sin on purpose. Perhaps nobody ever explained holy things to him as my mother did to me. If I could only save his soul!"

The more I pondered upon this, the more it seemed possible, probable, at last unquestionable. I called to mind some texts my mother had read to us about the mouths of sucklings, and what they might do; also what Jesus Christ had said about little children as

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being of the kingdom of Heaven. I did not, indeed, conceal from myself that my father was a wise and prudent man: I saw that men listened to him with respect and treated him, on all occasions, with consideration. But my mother, whose habit it was to read a chapter from the Bible to us every evening, happened, about that time, to select one from the Gospel of Matthew, in which Christ returns thanks to God that things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. It occurred to me that perhaps God had caused my mother to read that chapter for my especial encouragement.

Then again, I had great faith in the efficacy of prayer. Several years before, while we were staying, for a time, in my grandfather's town-house, I had been shooting with bow and arrow in the same garden where David Dale found that *honest* man. I had lost my best arrow, and sought for it a long time in vain. Then, instead of following Bassanio's plan, —

> "When I had lost one shaft,
> I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
> The self-same way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth," —

I dropped on my knees behind a gooseberry-bush and prayed to God that he would show me where my missing arrow was. Rising and turning round, lo! there it stood, deep sunk in the ground close to another bush. My mother, when I told her of this, had, indeed, expressed doubt as to the propriety of prayer for a thing so trifling; but I retained the conviction that God had answered my supplication: and every night, on my knees, I prayed, as fervently, I think, as any young creature ever did, that He would help me also to convert my father.

But, as commonly happens to propagandists, more selfish motives supervened, to enkindle my zeal. We learn from history that Louis XIV. was prompted to repeal that charter of religious freedom, the edict of Nantes, by the desire to save an abject soul, loaded down with the debaucheries of a lifetime, from perdition. And though the class of sins to which I was prone differed somewhat from those of the French monarch, they weighed heavily upon me, nevertheless. A hundred times my mother had told me that I was a miserable sinner; and conscience brought up before me many proofs of this.

My activity being great, and my spirits of a restless order, the breach of the fourth commandment was my besetting sin. Though I had successfully resisted a great temptation to play at foot-ball on Sundays, yet when James Dunn, one Saturday evening, brought me a new hoop of his own manufacture, I hid it in the woods, stole away in the afternoon of the next day, and "broke the Sabbath" by trundling it for an hour, stung with compunction the while. Then there was that conspiracy against Sandy, with its awful result! Add to this that I was terribly given to yawning in church, and that, on two different occasions, I had fallen sound asleep during evening prayers. Worse still, there was a romance (entitled "Anne of Brittany," I remember) in which, when I was summoned to bed one Saturday evening, I had left the heroine in a most interesting and perilous situation, and next morning, when my mother came quietly into the library to tell me it was time to prepare for church, so absorbed was I in Anne's imminent danger, that I was detected — *flagrante delicto* — in the very act of reading a novel on the Lord's day! Could there be a doubt as to my innate depravity? And was it strange that, while Louis sought salvation by coercing millions of Huguenots to flee or to embrace Catholicism, I should strive to have my father's redemption placed to my credit on that great book that was to be opened on the Day of Judgment?

But aside from religious convictions and the desire to atone for my sins urging me on, there was that organ of self-esteem, hereditary perhaps, the size of which in my brain the great phrenologist had detected. Under its influence I could not get away from

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the resolve to convert my father. I say the resolve to *convert him*, not to *attempt his conversion;* for so I put it to myself, nothing doubting.

I don't think I had any clear conception what a mission is. Yet I had a vague idea that God had chosen me to be the instrument of my father's salvation, so that he might not be sent to hell when he died.

I was mightily pleased with myself when this idea suggested itself, and I set about preparing for the task before me. Summoning to my recollection all my mother's strongest arguments, I arranged them in the order in which I proposed to bring them forward. Then I imagined my father's replies; already anticipating my own triumph and my mother's joy, when I should have brought my father to confess his errors and repent. But I said not a word of my intentions to her or to any one. The joyful surprise was to be complete.

I recollect, to this day, the spot on which I commenced my long-projected undertaking. It was on a path which skirted, on the farther side, the lawn in front of our house and led to the garden. I could point out the very tree we were passing when — with some misgivings, now that it was to be put to the test — I sounded my father by first asking him what he thought about Jesus Christ. His reply was to the effect that I would do well to heed his teachings, especially those relating to charity and to our loving one another.

This was well enough, as far as it went; but it did not at all satisfy me. So, with some trepidation, I put the question direct, whether my father disbelieved that Christ was the Son of God?

He looked a little surprised and did not answer immediately. "Why do you ask that question, my son?" he said at last.

"Because I am sure —" I began eagerly.

"That he *is* God's Son?" asked my father, smiling.

"Yes, I am."

"Did you ever hear of the Mahometans?" said my father, while I had paused to collect my proofs.

I replied that I had heard of such a people who lived somewhere, far off.

"Do you know what their religion is?"

"No."

"They believe that Christ is not the Son of God, but that another person, called Mahomet, was God's chosen prophet."

"Do they not believe the Bible?" asked I, somewhat aghast.

"No. Mahomet wrote a book called the Koran; and Mahometans believe it to be the word of God. That book tells them that God sent Mahomet to preach the gospel to them, and to save their souls."

Wonders crowded fast upon me. A rival Bible and a rival Saviour! Could it be? I asked, "Are you *quite* sure this is true, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, I am quite sure."

"But I suppose there are very few Mahometans: not near — *near* so many of them as of Christians."

"Do you call Catholics Christians, Robert?"

"O no, papa. The Pope is Antichrist."

My father smiled. "Then by Christians you mean Protestants?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are many more Mahometans than Protestants in the world: about a hundred and forty million Mahometans, and less than a hundred million Protestants."

"I thought almost everybody believed in Christ, as mamma does."

"There are probably twelve hundred millions of people in the world. So, out of every twelve persons one only is a Protestant. Are you *quite* sure that the one is right and the eleven wrong?"

My creed, based on authority, was toppling. I had no answer ready. During the rest of the walk I remained almost silent, engrossed with new ideas, and replying chiefly in monosyllables when spoken to.

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And so ended this notable scheme of mine for my father's conversion.

My mother had claimed too much. Over-zealous, she had not given her own opinions fair play. Even taking the most favorable view of the Calvinistic creed, still what she had taught me was prejudice only. For if looking to the etymology of that word, we interpret it to mean a judgment formed before examination, then must we regard as prejudices his opinions, however true, who has neglected to weigh them against their opposites, however false. Thus even a just prejudice is always vulnerable.

Had my mother been satisfied to teach me that the Old Testament was a most interesting and valuable contribution to ancient history, filled with important lessons; had she encouraged me to compare the ethical and spiritual teachings of Christ with those of the Koran, or of Seneca, or Socrates, or Confucius (all of which were to be found in our library); and had she bid me observe how immeasurably superior they were in spirit and in civilizing tendency to all that had gone before, — she would, I think, have saved me from sundry extreme opinions that lasted through middle life.

But she was not content without setting up the Bible, as Caliph Omar did the Koran, not only as the infallible but also as the solitary source of all religious knowledge whatever. The days of Max Müller were not yet. My mother had no doubt heard of comparative anatomy, but never of comparative religion. Lowell's lines had not then been written:—

> "Each form of worship that hath swayed
> The life of man and given it to grasp
> The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
> Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

The immediate effect, however, of my mishap in the attempt to make a Calvinist of my father was good. My failure served as a practical lesson in humility. I listened and thought and doubted more than had been my wont, and I spoke less.

Nor did I give up the creed of my childhood without a long and painful struggle.

I daily searched the Scriptures as diligently, I think I may say, as any child of my age could be expected to do; coming upon many seeming incongruities and contradictions, which were sad stumbling-blocks. The frequent discussions between my father and his visitors, to which I eagerly listened, still increased my doubts. After a time I lost faith in my mother's favorite doctrine of the infallible. The axe had been laid at the root of my orthodoxy.

For more than a year, however, I listened with exemplary patience — even with more attention, indeed, than formerly — to my mother's pious homilies, and was seldom deficient when called up to repeat my catechism-task. I did not say anything, during all that time, to betray my growing scepticism; but neither did I, as I formerly had done, profess zeal for religion, or implicit faith in the Bible. I do not recollect ever to have deceived a human being on a matter of conscience; and this I owe to my parents.

On one point the teachings of my father and mother strictly harmonized. My father sought to impress it upon me that I could never become a gentleman unless I spoke, on all occasions, the exact truth; while my mother's teaching on that subject was that the Devil is the father of lies; and that, if I told falsehoods, God would reckon me among the Devil's children. The organ of conscientiousness, if Spurzheim had made no mistake, may have aided these lessons. At all events, I grew up to regard a lie as of all sins the most heinous.

To this sentiment it was due that, in the end, my conscience sharply reproached me for a deceptive silence, and I determined to tell my mother that my faith was changed. Once or twice I had resolved to do so after our evening devotions; but her sad face — for she had begun to surmise that all was not right — deterred me.

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Finally I stated the facts, plainly and succinctly, in a letter which I intrusted, one evening just before going to bed, to an aunt who was staying with us.

Had I known the effect my missive was to produce, I do not think I should have sent it. My mother did not appear next morning at breakfast, and I afterwards found out that she had spent the night in tears. She had always considered me, as she told me afterwards, the most devout among her children, — the most careful for the future welfare of my soul, the most earnest in my zeal for the things of another world, her most attentive listener too; and her disappointment, when she found me a backslider, was the greater because of the hopes she had cherished.

Unwilling to add to her sorrow by engaging with her in any religious debate, I fell back, for a solution of some of my difficulties, on a good-natured private tutor, named Manson, who, for a year or two, had been doing his best to teach my brother and myself Greek and Latin, after the tedious, old-fashioned manner. He had studied to qualify himself as a minister of the Scottish Kirk, was orthodox, but mild and tolerant also, and did not meddle with my spiritual education.

The old, old enigma, unsolved through past ages and but dimly guessed at today, came up of course, — the enigma of evil and its punishment.

"Mr. Manson," said I one day, "does God send all unbelievers to hell, and are they tormented there in the flames forever?"

"Certainly. Have n't you read that in the Bible?"

"Yes. Does not God love all men, and wish them to be happy?"

"He surely does. His tender mercies are over all his works."

"Yes; I know the Bible says that too. Then I don't understand about the unbelievers. God need not have created them, unless he chose; and he must have known, before they were born, that they would sin and that they would soon have to be burned to all eternity."

"But you know that God puts it in our power to save ourselves; and if we neglect to do so, it is our fault, not his."

"But yet," persisted I, "God was not obliged to create a man that was sure to be an unbeliever. Nobody said he must. He might have prevented him from being born, and that would have prevented him from being wicked, and prevented him from going to hell. Would n't it have been much better for such men not to be born, than to live a few years here and then be tormented for ever and ever?"

I took my tutor's silent hesitation for consent, and added, "Well, then, if it would have been better, why did n't God do it?"

"I cannot tell you," Mr. Manson said at last; "and I advise you not to think of such things as these. It *seems* better to our human reason; but it cannot *be* better, or else God would have done so."

As may be supposed, this putting aside of the question was unsatisfactory; and from that day I became a Universalist.

Robert Dale Owen.

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THE BRIDE OF TORRISDELL.

LONG ago while yet the Saga's dream-red haze
Lay o'er Norway's dales and fjords unbroken;
Ere with Olaf's * cross men saw her steeples blaze,
Ere their mighty iron tongues had spoken;
Then the Neck, the Hulder, elves, and fairies gay
Wooed the summer moon with airy dance and play.
But alas! they fled,
As with flaming head
O'er the valley shone St. Olaf's token.

Thorstein Aasen was forsooth the boldest swain
Ever church-road trod on Sabbath morning;
As a boy he fought the savage bear full fain,
Spite of mother's tears and father's warning;
Never yet was rafter for his heel too high, †
Haughtiest mien he fronted with unquailing eye;
And the rumor's tide
Bore his glory wide,
Still with virtues new his name adorning.

Like a ling'ring echo from the olden time,
Wondrous legends still the twilight haunted,
And o'er Brage's goblet still heroic rhymes
In the merry Yule-tide oft were chanted,
How of Thorstein's race had one at Necken's ‡ will
Stayed the whirl and roar of many a noisy mill;
How in wild delight
At the fall of night
He would seek the river's gloom undaunted.

Late one autumn night, as wild November storms
Whirled the withered leaves in frantic dances,
And half-moonlit clouds of huge fantastic forms
Swift to horror-dreams from rapturous trances
Plunged the restless earth, anon in sudden fear
E'en the raging storm-wind held its breath to hear:

* St. Olaf was the king who finally Christianized Norway. The Pope, after his death, made him the patron saint of the country.

† To be able to kick the rafter is regarded as a great proof of manliness in Norway.

‡ Necken or the Neck is the spirit of the water. He is usually represented as an old man, who plays his harp or (according to others) his violin in the roaring cataracts. His music is said to consist of eleven chords, which are the very essence of all music, and all music appeals to the human heart in the same degree as it partakes of the inherent qualities of "Necken's chords." The legends tell of mortals who have attempted to learn these chords, and have succeeded. Some have learned two, others three, but few more than six. He who is taught to strike the eleventh chord, it is said, must give his own soul in exchange. At the ninth, lifeless objects begin to dance, and when the tenth is struck, the player is seized with such a rapture that he can never sleep, but plays on forever.

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From the river's lair
Rose a tremulous air, —
Rose and fell in sweetly flowing stanzas.

But as morning came forth with frosty splendor keen
Where the birch-trees o'er the waters quiver,
Found the grooms their lord with bow and violin,
Ghastly staring down the brawling river.
To his instrument was closely pressed his ear,
As if there some charméd melody to hear;
In his sunken sight
Shone a weird delight;
But life's mystery had flown forever!

From that time the secret sorcery of the tone,
Passed from sire to son by sure transmission,
Had full oft a witching web of music thrown
O'er the lonely forests of tradition;
And full oft the son with pride and secret dole
Heard those strange vibrations in his inmost soul,
Like the muffled knell
Of a distant bell
Fraught with dark and bodeful admonition.

Where the river hurls its foam-crests to the fjord,
There lies Torrisdell in sunshine gleaming;
Oft its valiant lord 'gainst Aasen drew his sword,
And the red cock crew* while blood was streaming.
But his daughter Birgit, — by the holy rood
Ne'er a fairer maid on church or dance-croft stood! —
Like the glacier's gaze
In the sun's embrace
Shone her eye with tender brightness beaming.

And when Thorstein Aasen saw that lily maid
On her palfrey white on church-road riding,
Aye his heart beat loud, and fierce defiance bade
To ancestral feuds their hearts dividing,
And young Birgit, the fair maid of Torrisdell,
Little cared or strove that rising flame to quell;
For, ere spring new-born
Did the fields adorn,
Him she pledged her word and faith abiding.

Loud then swore her angry sire with mead aglow,
(Deadly hate was in his visage painted,)
Rather would he see his daughter's red blood flow,
Than with shame his ancient scutcheon tainted.
In her lonesome bower then fair Birgit lay,
Wept and prayed by night and prayed and wept by day;

* "The red cock crew" is the expression used in the old Norse Sagas for a nightly attack with fire and sword.

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O'er her features pale
Crept a death-like veil;
With her waning hopes her heart had fainted.

But when winter came and merry Christmas-tide,
Birgit's sire her wedding torches lighted;
Out his varlets rode through seven valleys wide,
Far and near to bridal-feast invited.
For that lily sweet with summer's fervor blest
Must its blossom waste on winter's snowy breast, —
To a hoary swain,
Kalf of Nordarstien,
Torrisdell's fair maid her troth had plighted.

Sooth a goodly feast he gave, the doughty lord;
Through the halls shone ninety torches blazing.
Forward bent in flight, stood on the bending board —
As upon their trail the hounds were chasing —
Stag and hind; and through the wide-flung doors
Poured the noisy throng like breakers on the shores.
But in silent gloom
With her hoary groom
Sat the bride on all that splendor gazing.

Seven days they feasted all that lusty throng
In the midnight flush of bright December:
On the seventh eve the bride with play and song
Burst in glory forth from out her chamber.
For the last time now she stood there silver-crowned;
Strove to feign good cheer, while tears her accents drowned;
Then an awful cry
Shook the rafters high,
"Birgit Torrisdell," it said, "remember!"

Open flew the doors: there fell a silence dread;
In sprang Thorstein bounding to the rafter,
Round he swung a flaming torch above his head
Till a trail of blood-red sparks flew after.
"Birgit!" cried he, — "Birgit!" but about the bride
Clung the affrighted women close on every side.
"Come, my beauteous elf,
Hast thou hid thyself?"
And he whirled the torch with frantic laughter.

Hark! — then trembling chords as on the night-wind blown
Came with fitful throbs and weird vibration;
Quickly stayed he, shuddered, and his wild eye shone
With a restless, strange illumination;
And as eager falcon darts upon his prey,
Seized a violin and straight began to play.

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Up then springs in haste
Every drowsy guest,
Smitten with the tone's intoxication.

As the fifth stroke fell, then quaked the lofty roof,
Quaked the tottering walls too that upbore it,
Wild and wilder danced the rout, and hurled aloof
Torches, tables, benches, all before it.
Ninth — and lo, as if the horror-laden deep
Burst its gnawing chains of long-enforcéd sleep,
Hid in midnight's shroud
Shrieked the doom-fraught cloud,
As the wrathful storm-wind beat and tore it.

Fierce with stifled hissing came the tenth accord,
While the tempest blew its strain sonorous;
Down the hungry heavens swooped upon the fjord,
And our world was gloom beneath and o'er us.
Off was hurled the roof; by maddening frenzy caught,
Wild with glaring eyes the guests together fought,
And like angry hosts
Of appalling ghosts
Joined the tempest's terror-haunted chorus.

Densely and more densely rolled the waves of gloom,
Everywhere above them and around them:
Onward rushed the player and the guests of doom,
Making midnight blacker where it found them.
On and ever onward, over land and sea,
In the darksome clouds the hapless dancers flee,
Till the last sound died
In the sullen tide,
And the tempest's roar in distance drowned them.

Centuries have faded, and the kindly earth
Hides the mouldering beams of Birgit's bower;
But the doométd dancers still with frantic mirth
Breast the tempest and the midnight's power.
And full oft the peasant from his hearthstone warm
Hears those fitful notes, that bode the coming storm,
And his mirth will die
In a pitying sigh
At the fate of Torrisdell's fair flower.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON SECRETARY OF STATE.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S chief difficulties, after the public debt had been provided for, arose from the relations of the young Republic with foreign powers. To weakness everything is difficult. The necessity of keeping the peace was so manifest and so urgent, that the government could not meet the representatives of an unfriendly power on equal terms. The United States then signified merely a thin line of settlements along the Atlantic coast, open on the side of the ocean to a hostile fleet, and on the western boundary to the Indian tribes; Spain holding New Orleans, and Great Britain Canada. There was no army, no navy, no surplus revenue; and the country was but just recovering from the exhaustion and ravage of an eight years' war. Happily, for one reason or another, from policy or sentiment, all Christendom wished well to the infant nation, excepting alone the king and ruling class of Great Britain. These could not forgive America the wrongs they had done her. There was, also, a small, but influential class in the United States, whose ancient fondness for the land of their ancestors had survived the war, and affected their judgment concerning questions in dispute between the two countries.

When General Washington came to the Presidency in 1789, six years had elapsed since the peace. In the treaty of 1783, Great Britain had agreed to evacuate, without needless delay, every fortified place within the boundaries of the United States; and yet British garrisons still held seven American posts of little use to her, but of vital importance both to the honor and the safety of this country, — posts the retention of which was a menace as well as an injury; for they kept open the great natural highways from Canada into the United States. These posts were Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdensburg, Niagara, and two commanding places on Lake Champlain, called then Iron Point and Dutchman's Point. Independence was not complete while the English flag flew above these posts; nor were the frontiers safe. What could the Indians think of it? An Indian head is a small, poor thing, which cannot hold many ideas at a time. The Indians could see that familiar flag, and could recognize those red-coated soldiers as servants of the power to which they had been submissive for thirty years; but what could they know of President Washington and his government, distant a month's journey?

The fur-trade, too, which would have been important to an infant nation obliged to buy so much in Europe, was necessarily in the hands of men having access to those posts. John Jacob Astor was already a furrier in New York, doing business in 1790 at No. 40 Little Dock Street; but while the English held the posts, he could only tramp the eastern half of the State of New York, with his pack of gewgaws and paint upon his back, and gather furs from the friendly part of the Six Nations. A nice little business he had, it is true; but not sufficient to encourage him to think of building an Astor House or founding an Astor Library. Captain Cooper (father of Peter Cooper), who had a small hat factory in the same street, and bought many a beaver-skin of this thriving furrier, would have had them cheaper if his neighbor could have ranged free over the Western country. Another grievance was this: In evacuating New York, the British commander, in open disregard of the treaty, had permitted a large number of slaves to find passage in the fleet; three thousand of whom had been received on board under the eyes of the American commissioners appointed to prevent it, in spite of their remonstrance, and in

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consequence of an avowed order of the general in command.

To these substantial wrongs was added a neglect, an indifference, a silence, that looked like systematic discourtesy. Congress sent Mr. Adams to London, in 1785, to represent the new member of the family of nations near the court of one of the oldest. No English minister was sent to America till six years after. Mr. Adams, though he was received civilly enough, was kept haunting antechambers for three months before he began to get any certainty as to the reason why the posts were retained. When the king, in 1775, made war upon the Colonies, suddenly suspending commercial intercourse, America owed British merchants vast sums. The long-credit system had been so encouraged by the merchants, that the Colonies were, perhaps, a year behindhand in their payments. The war lasted nearly eight years, and left the country exhausted and impoverished, — with an alarming public debt to provide for, with a host of needy soldiers to appease, with the means of recuperation destroyed, with the commerce of the West Indies closed to them, and all the old commerce gone into other hands. But the treaty of peace had not been signed before the British creditors began to clamor for their debts, with interest! Eight years' interest added to the principal! Interest for the long period when every port was blockaded, and the productive industry of the country suspended by the power which owed protection to both! Not Grotius, nor Vattel, no, nor Puffendorf, nor all these learned pundits in accord, were ever able to convince New England merchants or Virginia planters that this was right. Every State passed laws protecting its citizens against ruinous suits to recover these debts. There was a general intention to pay the ancient principal; but the war interest no Whig could feel to be just.

Mr. Adams had, at length, the satisfaction of sitting face to face with Mr. Pitt, the heaven-born minister, aged twenty-six, still in the splendid dawn of his wonderful career. "What are the principal points to be discussed between us?" Mr. Pitt inquired. The American minister enumerated them. The posts, the negroes, and a treaty of commerce were the chief. With regard to the negroes, Mr. Pitt was candid and explicit. Carrying them off, he said, was so clearly against the treaty, that if Mr. Adams could produce the requisite proof of their number and value, the British government "must take measures to satisfy that demand." This was a good beginning. Another point, relating to certain captures of American vessels after the armistice of 1783, Mr. Pitt thought was "clear," and could be "easily settled." But those were all the concessions the English minister was disposed to make. "As to the posts," said he, "that is a point connected with some others that, I think, must be settled at the same time." We can imagine the eager interest with which Mr. Adams asked what those points were. "The debts," was Mr. Pitt's reply; "several of the States have interfered against the treaty, and by acts of their Legislatures have interposed impediments to the recovery of debts, against which there are great complaints in this country."

The secret was out. The creditors, as Mr. Pitt remarked, were clamorous. In London they formed themselves into a society for the purpose of urging on the government to press their claims, and this society was so powerful that no administration could willingly disregard its wishes.

The conversation continued. No American jury, Mr. Adams said, would ever award any interest for the time of the war. That would surprise people in England, Mr. Pitt observed; for wars never interrupted the interest or principal of debts; and he could see no difference between this war and any other, and English lawyers made none. This was too much for Mr. Adams. "I begged his pardon here," he reports, "and said that American lawyers made a wide difference; *they* contended that the late war was a total

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dissolution of all laws and government, and, consequently, of all contracts made under those laws." This being the case, he thought the two governments should come to an understanding, so that the same rule of law might be observed on both sides. Mr. Pitt seemed to think this not unreasonable, but he frankly owned that the administration "would not dare to make the proposal without previously feeling out the dispositions of the persons chiefly interested."

From this subject they turned to the desired treaty of commerce, so necessary to enable America to pay these very debts. It was unaccountable, Mr. Adams said, that Great Britain should sacrifice the general interest of the nation to the private interest of a few individuals interested in the whale-fishery and ship-building, so far as to refuse to take American oil and ships in payment of the debts. Mr. Adams became eloquent on this point. "The fat of the spermaceti whale," he said, "gives the clearest and most beautiful flame of any substance known in nature; and we are all surprised that you prefer darkness, and consequent robberies, burglaries, and murders in your streets, to the receiving, as a remittance, our spermaceti oil. The lamps around Grosvenor Square" (where Mr. Adams lived) "I know, and in Downing Street" (where this conversation occurred), "I suppose, are dim by midnight, and extinguished by two o'clock; whereas our oil would burn bright till nine o'clock, and chase away before the watchmen all the villains, and save you the trouble and danger of introducing a new police into the city."

The whole conversation was sprightly and good-tempered. Mr. Pitt sent a thrill of triumphant joy through the frame of Mr. Adams by saying, as the conference closed, that he was in favor of taking advantage of the recess to mature a plan for settling the differences. The American minister declared he was rejoiced to hear it. He would be ready at all times to attend whenever explanation was wanted. Meanwhile, he *was* anxious about the posts; he *would* like an answer on that point, so vital to the peace and safety, as well as to the business of his country. "I am in duty bound," said he, "to insist on their evacuation." To which the wary Pitt replied, that that point was connected with others, and he should be for settling all these together.

And that was all the satisfaction Mr. Adams received during his three years' residence in England. No summons from the Ministry came, no explanation was asked, no apology was offered. King, Parliament, and people were against him, against America, against receiving oil from Nantucket, or ships from Maine; against remitting the war interest; against giving up the posts till the debts were paid; against affording a young nation the slightest chance of getting on in the world. In these circumstances, what could the Ministry do but do nothing? If Mr. Adams sought an interview, he never advanced a step beyond the point where Mr. Pitt and himself had left the controversy. *Give up the posts*, said Mr. Adams. *Pay the debts*, replied the English minister. What, cried Adams, *pay* the debts? No government was ever before asked to pay the private debts of its subjects. The treaty only stipulated that no lawful impediment should be put in the way of the recovery of the debts. "But," said the minister, "if lawful impediments *have been* thrown in the way—" Finally, the king himself, when Mr. Adams, weary of hopeless waiting, went to take formal leave, said bluntly, "Mr. Adams, you may with great truth assure the United States that whenever they shall fulfil the treaty on their part, I, on my part, will fulfil it in all its particulars."

Exasperating as all this was to the old Adam in human nature, Congress were patient under it. They referred the whole subject, as disclosed in Mr. Adams's letters, to John Jay, for his opinion. Mr. Jay, in an elaborate paper which aimed to present the whole matter from the beginning, came to

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this strange conclusion: *We are wrong and England is right!* The fourth article of the treaty of peace was in these words: "It is agreed that the creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value, in sterling money, of all the *bona fide* debts heretofore contracted." The simple question was, according to Mr. Jay, "*Have* British creditors met with lawful impediments to the recovery of their American debts?" To this question, he said, but one answer could be given: They have; every State had passed laws impeding, delaying, or forbidding the collection of the debts. This infraction, Mr. Jay thought, justified Great Britain in holding the posts; "nor would Britain be to blame in continuing to hold them, until America shall cease to impede her enjoying every essential right secured to her and her people and adherents by the treaty."

Having reached this conclusion, he advised Congress, 1. To recommend the States to repeal the impeding laws; 2. To instruct Mr. Adams "candidly to admit that the fourth and sixth articles of the treaty had been violated in America," and to say that the United States were taking efficacious measures for removing all cause of complaint. Congress accepted Mr. Jay's conclusions. They gave the required advice to the States, and gave it with all the requisite tact and dignity. A majority of the State Legislatures repealed the laws; others were considering the subject, when the Constitution of 1787 removed the difficulty by rendering the general government unquestionably supreme in all matters of foreign concern.

But this sublime diplomacy did not touch the heart of the British creditor, nor change the policy of the government, nor assuage the animosity of the ruling class. As a rule, Americans who were able to pay their British debts paid them, but a considerable number, dead or ruined by the war, gave no sign. America remained an odious name in England, Mr. Adams informs us. Members of Parliament, he wrote, had been so long badgered and tormented on the subject, that they detested to hear the name mentioned, and the humor of the nation seemed to be neither to speak nor think of America. Four millions sterling had already been appropriated by Parliament to compensate banished Tories and ruined adherents. The pension list had been lengthened by a long catalogue of American placemen; and still the lobbies and antechambers were haunted by a clamorous multitude of hungry claimants. We can hardly wonder that when at length Mr. Adams, in weariness and despair, was preparing to leave, he should have been treated "with that dry decency and cold civility which appears to have been the premeditated plan from the beginning."

Two years passed. The new government came into existence with General Washington at its head. Great Britain still held the posts, retained the fur-trade, ruled the Indians, shut the ports of the West Indies, and sent no minister to Philadelphia. The President, after an attentive perusal of the papers and a survey of the situation, privately commissioned Gouverneur Morris, in October, 1789, to cross the channel and "converse with his Britannic Majesty's ministers" on the points in controversy, and "ascertain their views," and endeavor to discover whether negotiations could be reopened with any fair prospect of a termination satisfactory to the United States.

It is a trial to the temper of an American citizen to read the record of Mr. Morris's mission. The policy of "dry decency and cold civility" was carried to an extreme which was sometimes too much for the warm temper of the American commissioner, who gave Mr. Pitt some pretty sharp retorts. On one occasion, after pressing the English minister hard for some basis of a negotiation, he got a glimpse of daylight.

MORRIS. If I understand you, Mr. Pitt, you wish to make a new treaty, instead of complying with the old one.

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PITT. That is, in some sort, my idea.

MORRIS. I do not see what better can be done than to perform the old one. As to the compensation for negroes taken away, it is too trifling an object for you to dispute, so that nothing remains but the posts. I suppose, therefore, that you wish to retain those posts.

PITT. *Why, perhaps we may.*

MORRIS. They are not worth the keeping; for it must cost you a great deal of money and produce no benefit. The only reason you can have to desire them is to secure the fur-trade, and that will centre in this country, let who will carry it on in America.

PITT. If you consider these posts as a trivial object, there is the less reason for requiring them.

MORRIS. Pardon me, sir, I only state the retaining them as useless to *you*. . . . . Our national honor is interested. You hold them with the avowed intention of forcing us to comply with such conditions as you may impose.

PITT. Why, sir, as to the consideration of national honor, we can retort the observation and say, our honor is concerned in your delay of performance of the treaty.

MORRIS. No, sir; your natural and proper course was to comply fully on your part, and if then we had refused compliance, you might rightfully have issued letters of marque and reprisal to such of your subjects as were injured by our refusal. But the conduct you have pursued naturally excites resentment in every American bosom. We do not think it worth while to go to war with you for these posts; but we know our rights and will avail ourselves of them when time and circumstances may suit.

PITT. Have you powers to treat?

MORRIS. I have not. We cannot appoint any person as minister, you so much neglected the former appointment.

PITT. Will you appoint a minister, if we do?

MORRIS. I can almost promise we shall, but am not authorized to give any positive assurance.

PITT. Then the question is, how shall we communicate on this subject?

MORRIS. Perhaps it would be expedient for you to appoint a minister, and delay his departure till we have made a similar appointment.

PITT. We could communicate to the President our intention to appoint.

MORRIS. Your communication might encounter some little difficulty, because the President cannot properly hear anything from the British consuls, these being characters unacknowledged in America.

PITT (*firing up a little*). I should suppose, Mr. Morris, that attention might as well be paid to what they say, as that the Duke of Leeds and myself should hold the present conversation with you.

MORRIS. By no means, sir. I should never have thought of asking a conference with his Grace, if I had not possessed a letter from the President of the United States.

PITT. We, in like manner, could write a letter to one of our consuls.

MORRIS. Yes, sir; and the *letter* would be attended to, but not the consul, who is in no respect different from any other British subject.

PITT. Etiquette ought not to be pushed so far as to injure business and keep the countries asunder.

MORRIS. The rulers of America have too much understanding to care for etiquette; but I beg you to recollect, that you have hitherto kept us at a distance, instead of making advances. The President has gone quite as far as you had any reason to expect in writing the letter I have just mentioned; and, from what has passed in consequence of it, we cannot but consider you as wishing to avoid an intercourse.

PITT. I hope you will endeavor to remove such an idea. I assure you, we are disposed to cultivate a connection.

MORRIS. Any communications which his Grace of Leeds may make shall be

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duly transmitted; but I do not like to write mere conversations. *Our* disposition toward a good understanding is evidenced, not only by the President's letter, but by the decision of a majority of the House of Representatives against laying extraordinary restrictions on British vessels in American ports.

PITT. Instead of restrictions, you ought to give us particular privileges, in return for those which you enjoy here.

MORRIS. I assure you I know of no particular privileges which we enjoy here, except that of being impressed, which, of all others, is the one we least wish to partake of.

DUKE OF LEEDS (*laughing*). You are at least treated in that respect as "the most favored nation," seeing that you are treated like ourselves.

PITT (*seriously*). We have certainly evidenced good-will toward you by what we have done respecting your commerce.

MORRIS. Your regulations were dictated by a view to your own interest; and, therefore, as we feel no favor, we owe no obligation.

Here the conversation ended. Mr. Pitt said that the Duke of Leeds and himself would consult together and give Mr. Morris the result of their deliberations. Doubtless, they meant to do so, and if the decision had rested with the three gentlemen present on this occasion, the posts would have been speedily surrendered and a reasonable treaty of commerce concluded. But there was a royal Dunderhead in the way, the sum-total of whose American policy was this: "My American Tories stood by me; I will stand by them. Annul the confiscations, make good the lost debts, and *then* we 'll talk about the posts." There was, also, an ignorant mercantile and manufacturing class, who had not yet begun to study their Adam Smith, and who cherished the pride that goes with ignorance, whether its possessor is an Indian chief or a British cotton-spinner.

The conversation given above occurred May 21, 1790. May ended, June began and ended, July and August passed, September was gliding by, and yet Gouverneur Morris received not a line, not a word, from the Ministry. Had they forgotten his existence? He had extensive affairs in Holland that demanded his presence, and yet he waited, — waited solely for the promised communication. Meanwhile the nocturnal exploits of the press-gang in British seaports added new outrage to the old grievances. Morris, after waiting four months, was compelled to ask attention to his mission. He obtained "dry decency and cold civility" in return for his patient waiting; but he could never wring a satisfactory word from the ministers of a king who, he said, "hated the very name of America." The President, acting upon Jefferson's advice, terminated his mission, and sent him a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of his six months' residence in London. The outspoken founder of "Morrisania" returned polite acknowledgments of the President's consideration, and remarked to the Secretary of State that his detention in London had cost him four hundred and eighty-nine pounds six shillings and sixpence.

Such were the relations between the United States and Great Britain in 1790, when Jefferson and Hamilton began to discuss national affairs across the President's mahogany. And still the *penchant* of the Secretary of the Treasury was for Great Britain. Washington's was not; he had been cured of it years before. Jefferson's was not, of course. Hamilton had concurred with Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams in the opinion, that there had been violations of the treaty on *both* sides, and that, as America began it, England had not been to blame for retaining the posts. *Penchant* is a great matter. I am sure that Colonel Hamilton was most warmly attached, nay, wholly devoted to the country which he served; but this leaning toward Great Britain, and a certain British aversion to France, could not but have its effect upon his judgment.

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In September, 1790, while Gouverneur Morris was still waiting in London, occurred one of those diplomatic crises, once so frequent, which threatened war between Great Britain and Spain, with strong probability of involving half of Europe in the strife. The President, from many indications, concluded that, in case the war broke out, Mr. Pitt would strike at once, in his father's style, for New Orleans and all the Spanish territory in that region; floating troops from Detroit down our lakes and rivers to meet a British armament from the sea. Two momentous questions arose in the President's mind, which he proposed to Jefferson and Hamilton, requesting answers in writing: 1. Suppose Lord Dorchester, the governor of Canada, should ask permission to send troops through the territories of the United States, what answer shall we give? 2. Suppose he should do it without leave ("the most probable proceeding"), what shall we do about it? The President was profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the danger to a young nation, exhausted with a long war, deep in debt, without army or navy, of having, as he said, "so formidable and enterprising a people as the British on both our flanks and rear, with their navy in front."

Mr. Jefferson's reply was short and explicit. Rather than have New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi a British possession, he thought, we should join in the *mêlée* of nations and fight. But this was the *last* thing to do, not the first; and not to be done so long as any other decent expedient remained untried. If permission to pass troops should be asked and refused, and still they should pass, we must instantly declare war; since "one insult pocketed soon produces another." Let us, then, begin by trying a middle course. Avoid giving an answer. Then, if they march, we can accept an apology, or make it a "handle of quarrel hereafter," according to circumstances. If they should march without asking leave, we should resent, or forgive, or disregard it, just as we might find it most conducive to our main object.

Mr. Jefferson was ready with his brief opinion the day after the President asked for it. Hamilton took nineteen days and sent in a treatise. Being out of his element and beyond his depth, he floundered in a distressing manner, clutching at Puffendorf, Grotius, Vattel, and Barbeyrac. He wandered so far as to introduce a discourse upon his favorite topic of the United States owing no "romantic gratitude" to France, and no gratitude at all to Spain. The tone and spirit of this long essay are such as to justify much of the warmth of opposition which Hamilton's political system excited. It is evident that the insolence of the British government and the outrage of holding the posts had excited in his mind no indignation, and that he was one of those who, to use his own language, "would prefer an intimate connection between the United States and Great Britain as most conducive to our security and advantage." He dwelt upon the obvious unfitness of the country to enter into the war, and the little likelihood there was of our accomplishing our object if we did. His conclusions were, that if Lord Dorchester should ask permission, it would be best to grant it; if he should march without permission, but commit no offence, we should remonstrate; but if he should force a passage past a fortified post, we must declare war.

Happily, the European war-cloud blew over. In America, the western sky was overcast, and General St. Clair was preparing the expedition against the hostile Indians which was to terminate in the surprise of the white army and the massacre of six hundred troops. Jefferson and Hamilton differed again; for Jefferson was opposed to the expedition. He hoped, indeed, that General St. Clair would give the Indians "a thorough drubbing," since the affair had come to that; but he thought that "the most economical, as well as most humane, conduct toward them is to bribe them

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into peace and retain them in peace by eternal bribes." A hundred years of present-giving, he said, would not cost as much as this single expedition; and then follows a sentence which reveals the heat of many a Cabinet battle, as the lava on Vesuvius betrays past eruption: "The least rag of Indian depredation will be an excuse to raise troops for those who love to have troops and for those who think that a public debt is a public blessing." This to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, April, 1791.

Upon another practical question, the Secretary of the Treasury differed from the Secretary of State. Hamilton opposed, Jefferson favored, a system of retaliating the restrictions imposed by Great Britain upon American commerce. With regard to commercial intercourse with foreign nations, the only system Jefferson ever heartily approved was this: Perfect and universal free-trade, as one of the natural rights of man and as the only sound policy. We may style that his first choice. His second was this: Free-trade with any nation which will reciprocate. But as no nation was yet prepared for so advanced a measure, he was in favor of reciprocating privileges conceded by a foreign power and retaliating restrictions. "Free-trade and navigation," he thought, "are not to be given in exchange for restrictions and vexations, nor are they likely to produce a relaxation of them."

Great Britain imposed such restrictions upon American commerce as seem, at present, too preposterous for belief. From her West India Islands American vessels were utterly excluded; and only such American products were admitted as could not be dispensed with, — grain, horses, live animals used for food, timber, tar, and turpentine. But neither an American vessel nor American products of any kind whatever were admitted into one British possession which could do without them; not into Newfoundland, Canada, or India. From Great Britain itself, whale oil, salt fish, salt provisions, were excluded, and grain only admitted when the people must have it or go hungry. Jefferson proposed to meet all this by "counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations," and, at the same time go to the uttermost in responding to the more liberal policy of France.

Hamilton, ever desirous of a cordial alliance with Great Britain, favored an opposite policy; and Jefferson thought it was his influence which finally held back Congress from retaliating restriction by restriction. In the Cabinet, Hamilton opposed the retaliation system "violently," and offered one argument which the placable Jefferson owned was cogent. It was of more importance, Hamilton said, for us to have the posts than an open commerce, because nothing but the possession of the posts would free us from the expense of the Indian wars; and therefore, while we were treating for the posts, it would be folly to irritate the English by restricting their commerce. The English government would say, "These people mean war; let us therefore hold what we have in our hands." Struck with this argument, Jefferson replied, "If there is a hope of obtaining the posts, I agree it would be imprudent to risk that hope by a commercial retaliation." He agreed to delay recommending his scheme to Congress till the next session.

For, when this conversation occurred, negotiations had been recommenced. In August, 1791, George Hammond, the first British plenipotentiary who ever made his bow to a President of the United States, reached Philadelphia; and, in the course of the following winter, he was in correspondence with the Secretary of State upon the vexed questions. They were old Paris acquaintances, and both were truly desirous of adjusting the differences on a basis of justice. The despatch of Mr. Jefferson, of May 29, 1792, in which he argues the American case, is the longest and the ablest of his official papers. There is good reason to believe that it convinced Mr. Hammond; and we know that a large number of Jefferson's

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political opponents owned that, whatever errors he may have committed in his public life, he was a great man when he argued the cause of his country against the honest misconceptions of the British minister. "He is only fit for a Secretary of State," they would say, when his name was mentioned in connection with places more eminent. In this paper he proved by original documents that "the treaty of 1783 was violated in England before it was known in America, and in America as soon as known, and that, too, in points so essential, as that, without them, it never would have been concluded." He also showed, by an overwhelming array of documentary evidence, that "the recovery of the debts was obstructed *validly* in none of our States, *invalidly* only in a few, and that not till after the infractions committed on the other side." This despatch is perhaps unsurpassed among the diplomatic documents of recent times for the thoroughness with which the work undertaken was performed. Its tranquil, dispassionate tone, and its freedom from everything that could irritate the self-love of the English government or the English people are as remarkable as the perfect frankness and fulness with which the rights of his country are stated.

Jefferson invited Mr. Hammond to a "solo dinner" on the subject, a few days after the delivery of this despatch, when they conversed on the points at issue in the most open and friendly manner. The British minister admitted that the idea of England having committed the first infraction was a new element in the controversy. His court had never heard of it; and it "gave the case a complexion so entirely new and different from what had been contemplated, that he should not be justified in taking a single step." He could only send the despatch across the ocean and await further instructions. From the whole of this conversation, Jefferson derived the impression that the English government "had entertained no thought of ever giving up the posts." Toward the close of the interview, Mr. Hammond suggested the idea of neither party having fortified posts on the frontier, but trading-posts only; which, says Jefferson, "accorded well with two favorite ideas of mine, of leaving commerce free and never keeping an unnecessary soldier."

Mr. Jefferson's despatch of two hundred and fifty manuscript pages made its way to Downing Street, but not to the brain or the conscience of George III. Nothing came of it. The controversy remained open during the whole period of his tenure of office. He sent in, at last, his report, recommending commercial retaliation, but only to have the scheme defeated, as he always supposed, by his colleague.

And we must keep in mind that, while these two gentlemen, Hammond and Jefferson, calmly conversed over their wine on these subjects, there was an American people whose conversation upon them was the furthest possible from being tranquil. The people might not be up in their Puffendorf, nor was Vattel often seen on the family table, but the St. Clair massacre struck horror to the coldest heart, and excited reflections in the dullest head. Every one could enter into such cases as that of Hugh Purdie, a native of Virginia, impressed in London streets, carried to sea in a man-of-war, ordered to be released by the admiralty, put in irons and flogged *after* those orders had been received, and set on shore in a strange land without the means of subsisting for a day. It took fifty years to get the hatred out of the hearts of the American people which was engendered, not so much by the war, as by this insolent persistence in outrage after the war.

Meanwhile the Revolution in France, followed at first with universal approval, was becoming an element of discord in the politics of the country; and nowhere were the questions involved discussed so warmly as in President Washington's Cabinet. An accident revealed to the public in 1791 Jefferson's complete sympathy with the

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French people, placed him distinctly at the head of the popular party, and made him, at length, President of the United States.

At first, I repeat, all classes in all countries seemed to hail the proceedings of the French people as the beginning of a better day for France and for man; even kings, nobles, and the other classes most obviously interested in the existing system, cherished or affected a sentimental approval of the ideas most subversive of it. The destruction of the Bastille shook off from the popular party all such adherents. "The time of illusions is past," wrote the queen of France to Madame de Polignac, "and to-day we pay dear for our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war." But it was not from the party assailed that the first protest reached the ear of Christendom. It was from a man whose whole public life had been a struggle against despotic principles, the most eloquent defender America ever had in Europe, Edmund Burke. From an early period — as soon, indeed, as the king and queen of France had been brought face to face with the Revolution in that wild march from Versailles to Paris — he had recoiled from it with a horror which only his own mighty pen could express.

In November, 1789, Dr. Richard Price, an honored member of Franklin's familiar London circle, published his famous sermon on Love of Country, in which he applied the example of France to the case of England, maintaining the principle, now so familiar, that government is, properly, the creature and servant of the people. It was in reply to this discourse that Edmund Burke wrote his Reflections on the Revolution in France, — four hundred pages of rhapsody and passion, invested with the potent charm of his enthralling style. It was a sorry lapse from the Edmund Burke of the Stamp-Act nights in the House of Commons. The work was so weak in argument, of substance so flimsy and transparent, as really to give some slight show of probability to the dastardly charge, that his motives in writing it were not disinterested. But we ought not to doubt that this poor pamphlet was the faithful expression of his state of mind at the time. In 1773, during a recess of Parliament, he had had a joyous holiday in France, when he saw all that was brightest and most bewitching there, in court and *salon*, in town and country; himself honored as the great orator of the British Parliament. Only the most pleasing recollections of that happy time lingered in his memory.

"It is now," he wrote in his Reflections, "sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, — glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone!

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It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

What a Celtic fluency and gorgeousness in these false, false words! In the composition of such a piece, how necessary an ingredient is that remoteness from the object depicted which veils all of it which is not enchanting! In this whole pamphlet, the agony and shame and panic-terror of fair France, how small and slight they seem compared with the discomfort endured by one Austrian woman rudely interrupted in her career of ignoble pleasures! Mr. Burke, too, had known personally many of the French nobility, and he had found them "tolerably well-bred," "frank and open," "with a good military tone, and reasonably tinctured with literature." "As to their behavior to the inferior classes, they appeared to me to comport themselves toward them with good-nature," and "I could not discover that their agreements with their farmers were oppressive." In speaking of the great multitude of industrious and frugal persons, whose toil maintained those tolerably well-bred nobles of a good military tone; in speaking, I say, of THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, whom king and nobility had had in charge for a thousand years, and had permitted to remain grossly ignorant and squalidly poor, he used expressions surcharged with the most insolent and inhuman contempt. The march from Versailles to the Tuileries, he said, was like "a procession of American savages entering into Onondaga, and leading into hovels hung round with scalps their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves"; and he said, also, that when the nobles and priests had been expelled from France, learning itself would be "*trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.*" This hideous expression (which admitted more than the worst enemies of nobles and priests had ever charged against them) rang through Europe, embittering every generous heart and maddening every excited head.

Never had pamphlet such success with the class it was written to please. George III., of his own motion, settled upon the author, whom he had hated for twenty-six years, a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year, and, soon after, a second pension of twenty-five hundred pounds a year. The king had also a number of copies handsomely bound for presents, and when he gave one to a favorite he would say, "This is a book which every gentleman ought to read." The Emperor of Germany, the Empress Catherine of Russia, the royal family of France, and even poor Stanislaus of Poland, sent the author some tribute of their sincere gratitude. The book had a great run with the public; in England, nineteen thousand copies were sold in three months, and in France thirteen thousand of the French translation. During the first half-year, the number of replies which it called forth was thirty-eight.

Its effect upon the public was wholly and greatly bad, because it excited the reader without instructing him. It hardened the Tory's heart and shut his mind to every truth which it most concerned him to know; while the humane portion of the people were only incensed at the contemptuous tone of the work toward all the most pitiable victims of aristocratic misrule, — those who had lapsed under it from citizens to populace. Mad world! For thirty years, in various capacities, public and private, Edmund Burke had served his countrymen on both sides of the ocean with fidelity and power, and got little by it but the opportunity to serve them better. He writes this false and foolish pamphlet, and behold him rich, and the world at his feet! The people gave him little but honor, and the kings rewarded him with all but that.

Among the friends of Mr. Burke, many may have been more grieved at his new departure, but none was more astonished, than Thomas Paine, then

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at Paris pushing into publicity his own self-supporting bridge. He appears to have originated that kind of structure, now so common. Arriving in England, a year or two before, on the same errand, he had been Mr. Burke's guest for several weeks, during which they had made together the tour of the iron foundries of Yorkshire, and visited together some of Mr. Burke's political allies on the liberal side. "I am just going to dine with the Duke of Portland," writes Burke to Wilkes in August, 1788, "in company with the great American, Paine, whom I take with me." From Paris, Paine wrote occasionally to the great Whig orator; one letter, indeed, after Mr. Burke must have begun the composition of his work, in which Paine gave him an account, as he says, "how prosperously matters were going on in France"; not doubting that he was pouring his information into a sympathetic ear. Like most writers who make sentences that stick in the general memory and long remain part of the common speech of men, Thomas Paine composed very slowly and with great toil. One of his friends reports that the author of "Common Sense," knew by heart all that he had ever written, — so thoroughly had he wrought each sentence and each phrase. Nevertheless, in March, 1791, about four months after the publication of Burke's Reflections, he was ready with his reply to it, which he named "The Rights of Man." The two works from that time were competitors for the possession of the public mind; editions quickly following editions; each work execrated, and each extolled, with almost equal extravagance. Paine, with his usual generosity, gave up his copyright as soon as he discovered that it was an obstacle to cheaper issues, and at once, in every town where there was a press not controlled by squire or parson, there was a sixpenny edition of "The Rights of Man." One hundred thousand copies were sold before the demand abated; and when the author followed up his success, the next year, with a Second Part, the government gave a prodigious impulse to the sale of both by a series of prosecutions, accompanied by a system of riots, — so familiar a resource of the Tory party, in every recent age, from James I. to Dilke.

To say that Mr. Paine's pamphlet is superior to Burke's in every worthy quality of composition, is not to praise it; for Burke's production is a shallow, misleading, pernicious work. Let me rather say, that it is as good an answer to Burke as so rambling a rhapsody admits; and that for every one of Burke's swelling passages of declamation, Paine has an epigram which reduces it to its proper dimensions. So compassionate a man as Thomas Paine could not fail to be shocked at Burke's insensibility to all the anguish endured in France except that suffered by a few conspicuous individuals: "He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird." "His hero or his heroine must be a tragedy victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon." Burke's lamentation over the abolition of titles in France gave Paine an opportunity: "France has outgrown the babyhood of *count* and *duke*, and breeched itself in manhood. France has not levelled, it has exalted. It has put down the dwarf to set up the man. . . . . Titles are like circles drawn by the magician's wand to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastille of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man." On the union of Church and State, extolled by Burke, Paine had a happy word: "Take away the law-establishment, and every religion resumes its original benignity. In America, a Catholic priest is a good citizen, a good character, and a good neighbor; an Episcopalian minister is of the same description; and this proceeds, independent of men, from there being no law-establishment in America."

The work was dedicated to George Washington, who cherished for this skilful and humane writer that warmth of grateful regard which is due from

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the patriotic sword to the patriotic pen. When Paine was about to leave Paris, in the spring of 1790, it was to his hands that Lafayette intrusted, for transmission to the President, the interesting relic which is preserved to this day at Mount Vernon. "I take over with me to London," he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, March 16, 1790, "the key of the Bastille, which the Marquis intrusts to my care as his present to General Washington, and which I shall send by the first American vessel to New York." He was to go back to Paris in time to take part in the inauguration of the new constitution; "at which time there is to be a procession, and I am to return to Paris to carry the American flag." He added these words, the prophetic meaning of which the lapse of eighty-three years has not exhausted: "I wish most anxiously to see my much-loved America. It is the country from whence all reformation must originally spring." Nor did he forget that America, too, like all the rest of the world, needed reformation, and he wished that "a few well-instructed negroes could be sent among their brethren in bondage; for, until they are enabled to take their own part, nothing will be done."

His dedication to the President was in harmony with his habitual feelings: "I present you a small treatise in defence of those principles which your exemplary virtue hath so eminently contributed to establish. That the rights of man may become as universal as your benevolence can wish, and that you may enjoy the happiness of seeing the new world regenerate the old, is the prayer of . . . . Thomas Paine."

A single copy of the work chanced to reach America about the first of May, 1791, in advance of the parcel sent by the author to the President. This copy was lent by the owner to Madison, who lent it to Jefferson; but before the Secretary of State had finished reading it, the owner called upon him for it, as he had promised to lend it for reprinting. The owner, discovering that Mr. Jefferson had not done with it, asked him to send it himself, when he had finished the reading, to Mr. Jonathan B. Smith, a noted merchant of Philadelphia, once a member of Congress, whose brother, Samuel H. Smith, an enterprising young printer (founder in 1800 of the "National Intelligencer" at Washington), was to issue the American edition. Mr. Jefferson complied with this request. Not being acquainted with the merchant, he wrote him a short note to explain why he, a stranger, should send him the pamphlet, and added a few words of commendation of the work, "to take off," as he explained afterwards, "a little of the dryness of the note," and, as he might have added, because he was thrilled with triumphant delight at so vigorous and telling a vindication of American principles from a pen identified in the popular mind with the gloom and glory of the Revolution. "I am extremely pleased," he wrote, "to find it will be reprinted here, and that something is at length to be publicly said against the political heresies which have sprung up among us. I have no doubt our citizens will rally a second time round the standard of Common Sense."

So little importance did he attach to this hasty note, that he, the most scrupulous docketer in the world, did not keep a copy of it. In a few days the pamphlet was published, and, behold, printed on the cover the material sentences of this note, attributed distinctly to the "Secretary of State"! "I was thunderstruck," he tells us, fearing that an excited public, applying the remark concerning "political heresies" to Mr. Adams's "Discourses upon Davila," recently stopped by the growing indignation of the people, would force him to an antagonism with the Vice-President. And who would believe the indorsement unauthorized? He was the more embarrassed because he really had had those Discourses in his mind while writing the note. In familiar, half-jocular conversation with

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the Vice-President, he had combated those "political heresies," always feigning to be ignorant of the author of Davila. Davila, indeed, had no friends; Hamilton himself censuring the Discourses as ill-timed and injudicious. But antechamber chaff was very different from an open, serious collision between two officers of a government still on trial.

The mutterings of a coming storm were soon audible. A Major Beckwith from Canada was loitering then about Philadelphia, a non-commissioned, semi-authorized, semi-recognized British agent, who was in punctual attendance at Presidential levees, where he conversed freely with the President's secretary, Tobias Lear, who used to report the conversations at large to the President. The excellent Tobias, a dear lover of gossip, had much to tell General Washington (absent at Mount Vernon) in his letter of May 8, 1791, of the astonishment of this major on seeing Mr. Paine's work dedicated to the President of the United States, and commended by the Secretary of State. The scene occurred at "Mrs. Washington's drawing-room." Major Beckwith was "surprised," not only at the dedication, but that the work should be "published in Philadelphia"; "especially as it contained many remarks that could not but be offensive to the British government." A highly Pickwickian conversation followed: —

LEAR. The pamphlet was written and published in England. The President has neither seen nor knows what it contains, and, of course, cannot in any sense be considered as approving its sentiments, or as being responsible for them.

BECKWITH. True; but I observe in the American edition that the Secretary of State has given a most unequivocal sanction to the book as *Secretary of State;* it is not said as Mr. Jefferson.

LEAR. I have not seen the American, nor any other edition of this pamphlet; but I will venture to say that the Secretary of State has not done a thing which he would not justify.

BECKWITH. On this subject you will consider, that I have only spoken as an individual, and as a private person.

LEAR. I do not know you, sir, in any other character.

BECKWITH. I was apprehensive that you might conceive that, on this occasion, I meant to enter the lists in more than a private character.

At this moment, they were interrupted, and the awful conversation was not resumed. But, the next day, when Mr. Edmund Randolph dined with Mrs. Washington "in a family way," Mr. Lear related to him what had passed. The Attorney-General thought the matter important enough to report to his colleague, and asked him if he had authorized the printing of his note. Mr. Jefferson said he had not, though he approved the work. The faithful Tobias, a few days after, had an opportunity to learn the sentiments of the Vice-President. "I was at the Vice-President's house," he records, "and while there Dr. and Mrs. Rush came in. The conversation turned upon this book, and Dr. Rush asked the Vice-President what he thought of it. After a little hesitation, he laid his hand upon his breast, and said in a very solemn manner, 'I detest that book and its tendency, from the bottom of my heart.'"

As yet, however, though the reprint was rapidly spread abroad, eagerly read, and hotly discussed, the slow newspaper of the period was silent. About the middle of May, 1791, Jefferson and Madison, both exhausted with official labor during the session of Congress, set out on a tour to the northward, which they had long before promised themselves, leaving politics and all its irritations and misconceptions behind them.

Up the Hudson by sloop — the true way always of enjoying it — and then onward from Albany to Lake George on horseback, a ride of sixty miles, mostly through the primeval wilderness; with a taste of Saratoga water on the

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way as it bubbled up from the springs where the deer had licked or lapped it from the beginning of time. A hut or two, and one frame house, built by General Schuyler seven years before, were all that man had done to mark the site; although, from the time (1767) when Sir William Johnson had been carried to Saratoga in a litter to drink the waters so highly extolled by his Indians, and had found them salutary, the springs had enjoyed a certain vague celebrity. All the scenes near by, made famous by Burgoyne's vain struggle with wild nature and brave men, they visited also; the "cataracts of the Hudson," too, of course, — great marvels then. The limpid crystal of Lake George, and the luxuriant foliage on its banks, awoke all the enthusiasm of the two Virginians, to whom some of the trees and many of the shrubs were new. "Lake George," wrote Mr. Jefferson to his daughter, "is, without comparison, the most beautiful water I ever saw." They walked to the picturesque, commanding bluff on which Fort Ticonderoga stood so long, its site still marked by ruins; and they visited the other spots of bloody memory in that region, as we do now: but not, like us, with guide-book in hand; for all that gory history was fresh and vivid then in every one's memory. Lake Champlain they did not see to advantage, — the day on which they crossed it being rough and gusty; and they were not far enough north to see the three ranges of mountains in one view, — Green, White, and Adirondacks, — a multitudinous, billowy sea of mountains. But, while crossing this lake, he wrote a long letter to one of his daughters in a little book of birch-bark, which still exists; and some of the company shot at the squirrels swimming from New York to Vermont, where the States are three miles apart. Reaching Bennington, in Vermont, on a Saturday evening, they were detained till Monday morning, "the laws of the State not permitting us to travel on Sunday." They crossed the State of Vermont to a point near umbrageous Brattleborough, on the Connecticut River, and, floating down that uncomfortable and capricious stream, made their way by the Sound to New York, and reached Philadelphia, in perfect health, after a month's journey of a thousand miles.

These summer holidays of our modern life are delightful enough; only the getting into harness again is so disagreeable. Upon reaching Philadelphia, the Secretary of State found the newspapers in full cry after him. Mr. Paine's pamphlet, to use Jefferson's homely expression, had "kicked up a dust." There was a young lawyer in Boston named John Quincy Adams, aged twenty-four, who did not approve the pamphlet, and perhaps still less the indorsement of Thomas Jefferson, and his seeming fling at the Vice-President. This young lawyer, fresh from the courts of Europe, not the best school in which to learn the rights of man, answered "Mr. Pain" in a series of seven short newspaper essays, signed Publicola; not omitting to give the Secretary of State a fair hit in passing, though polite and decorous to both. The fair hit was in reference to Mr. Jefferson's unlucky use of the word "heresies." Publicola asked: "Does he consider the pamphlet of Mr. Pain as the canonical book of political scripture? As containing the true doctrine of political infallibility, from which it would be heretical to depart in a single point? The expressions would, indeed, imply more; they seem, like the Arabian prophet, to call upon all true believers in the Islam of democracy to draw their swords, in the fervor of their devotion; to compel all their countrymen to cry out, There is but one Goddess of Liberty, and Common Sense is her prophet!"

This was but a fair retort, as Mr. Jefferson once acknowledged; but the young gentleman proceeded to discourse upon the superiority of the British system of government over the new French constitution eulogized by Paine; and he did this so well that the essays were republished in Eng-

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land, with the name of John Adams on the title-page, as an antidote to what the Tories of the period courteously styled "the French disease." But the American people, who had had experience, for a century and a half, of the badness of the governmental system of Great Britain, did not relish the essays of Publicola. The leading principles of Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man" were, as Mr. Jefferson remarked at the time, "the principles of the people of the United States." They are such at this moment. The doctrines of the work, if they could now be put to the vote, would be sustained by a majority of a thousand to three. A political party might as well place itself in opposition to the multiplication-table. Hence, as soon as Publicola appeared, Brutus, Agricola, Cato, and other noble Romans threw themselves into the arena to defend the persons and axioms assailed, and thus "kicked up the dust" to which Mr. Jefferson alluded.

"I thank God," he wrote to Paine soon after, "that the people appear firm in their republicanism, notwithstanding the contrary hopes and assertions of a sect here, high in name but small in numbers. These had flattered themselves that the silence of the people under the 'Defence' and 'Davila' was a symptom of their conversion to the doctrine of King, Lords, and Commons. They are checked at least by your pamphlet, and the people confirmed in their good old faith." And to Colonel Monroe: "A host of writers have risen in favor of Paine, and prove that, in this quarter at least, the spirit of republicanism is sound. The contrary spirit of the high officers of government is more understood than I expected. Colonel Hamilton avows that he never made a secret of his principles, yet taxes the imprudence of Mr. Adams in having stirred the question, and agrees that 'his business is done.' Jay, covering the same principles under the veil of silence, is steadily rising on the ruins of his friends."

Colonel Hamilton was mistaken in supposing that the Vice-President's "business was done." The newspaper storm, however, alarmed Mr. Adams not a little. Mr. Jefferson gave him an explanation of the circumstances attending the publication of his note, which restored to its usual cordiality the old friendship between them, — a friendship, said Mr. Adams in reply, "which ever has been and still is very dear to my heart." But no private explanation could still the tempest out-of-doors. Chimeras dire haunted the Vice-President's mind. "It is thought by some," he wrote to Jefferson, "that Mr. Hancock's friends are preparing the way by my destruction for his election to the place of Vice-President, and that of Mr. Samuel Adams to be governor of this Commonwealth; and then the Stone House faction" (Mr. Hancock lived in a stone house) "will be sure of all the loaves and fishes." All of which might have speedily come to pass if the later excesses and woful collapse of the French Revolution had not afforded a new, though short, lease of life to the old ideas, and given pause to all but the stanchest and farthest-sighted republicans. It was Robespierre that balked the Stone House faction, — if there was such a faction, — and it was the murder of the amateur locksmith of the Tuileries, beginning to be known as "Mr. Capet," that suspended the decline of the author of "Davila."

Thus was Thomas Jefferson, the man of all others most averse to controversy, placed, without act or volition of his own, at the head of the republicans of the United States. He took no part in the public strife. "I never did in my life," he wrote to Mr. Adams on this occasion, "either by myself or by any other, have a sentence of mine inserted in a newspaper without putting my name to it, and I believe I never shall." Nor do we ever find his name appended to any controversial piece or passage in the papers of his time.

But in the privacy of the President's Cabinet the questions of the day were discussed between Colonel Hamilton and himself with ever-growing warmth.

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There was little harmony between them after the publication of Mr. Paine's "Rights of Man," though no personal breach occurred for another year. On nearly every subject there was a difference between them, either of sentiment or of opinion; and on some points the difference was such that neither could quite believe in the other's sincerity. Hamilton, for example, could not comprehend, and therefore could not respect, the state of mind which caused Jefferson to oppose his darling, long-cherished scheme of a United States Bank. Other nations have national banks; why should not we? Jefferson replied in the words of the Constitution: "All powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people." To which plain statement of fundamental law, Hamilton opposed his mere opinion: "Congress can be considered as under only one restriction which does not apply to other governments, — they cannot rightfully apply the money they raise to any purpose merely or purely local." Hamilton laughed at the "metaphysical whimseys" of the strict-constructionists, and predicted that "the most incorrigible theorist among the opponents of the bank would, in one month's experience as head of the Department of the Treasury, be compelled to acknowledge that it is an *indispensable engine in the management of the finances.*"

In this dispute we find another proof that when two honest men differ, both are much in the right. How *convenient*, urged the Secretary of the Treasury, to have bank-notes that would be current in all the States of the Union! True, said Jefferson; and it would be still more convenient to have a bank the bills of which should be current all over the world; but it does not follow that there exists anywhere authority to establish such a bank! The bank was established, and proved an element of discord and a menace of evil, from the day of its creation to that of its final suppression in 1836. But the single utility which Hamilton claimed and Jefferson admitted has since been constitutionally attained by that most exquisite device of finance, the National Bank system of the United States.

Suppose *now* we had a Bank of the United States, with a capital of, say, three hundred and fifty millions of dollars (about equivalent to the thirty-five millions of 1830) overshadowing Wall Street, its president holding the same relation to the business of to-day which Nicholas Biddle held to that of 1830!

James Parton.

OVER A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I WILL own that I wish it were mine;
O, you quote "Do not covet," and lay
Down the laws of simplicity, line upon line,
In your moralo-logical way;

But I haste to deny that a shade
Of the envious thought you infer,
Was present to poison a wish never made
To imply dispossession of her

Whose white neck, in its stateliest grace,
All athrill with the pride and the bliss
Of its beauty, shall bend for the clasping embrace
Of such magical splendor as this.

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I scarce thought of owner at all;
  Still less of its value in pelf.
Who, in presence so grand, would confess himself thrall
  Of aught save the presence itself?

Look at it! — the glorious thing —
  As it lies on its velvet in state,
Tossing glories about like a prodigal king
  Who is surely and consciously great.

O, the tremulous laughter of Light!
  O, the Genius of Color at play!
O, the soul of a Flame made ineffably white
  By its burning! — but what can I say

To transfix it in speech? Bring a word
  That is swift as a thought, bright as gold,
That is purer than snow, such as never was heard
  Since the morning stars used it of old.

And you tell me this marvellous light
  Is a second-hand splendor, at most?
That, shut it away in the dark of the night,
  All the soul of the diamond is lost?

Very true. Then I love it the more.
  Let me hasten to double my praise,
Since to give as it takes, in unstinted, full score,
  Is the generous law it obeys.

We might say the same of the moon;
  Of the eyes that you love for their blue;
Of the earth in green robes lying under the noon;
  Of the rainbow — and even of you!

What else is so splendid on earth,
  Or possessed of such regal estate!
Not better, you say, if traced back to its birth
  Than the anthracite piled in the grate?

May be not. Then its rank is its own;
  On it, honors most fittingly fall,
If, from orders plebeian as any, this stone
  Rises up to be king over all.

Yes, I wish it were mine, — just to hold,
  Just to look at, to keep, to possess;
To be sure of one thing that will never grow old,
  Nor perish, nor fade, nor shine less.

But, I say, let it go to its own,
  To its fabulous velvet and lace,
To some queenly white throat, while all eyes follow on,
  Through the maze of the dance, — 't is its place.

Zella Reid.

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A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

II.

Mrs. Ellison's little Manœuvre.

THE next morning our tourists found themselves at rest in Ha-Ha Bay, at the head of navigation for the larger steamers. The long line of sullen hills had fallen away, and the morning sun shone warm on what in a friendlier climate would have been a very lovely landscape. The bay was an irregular oval, with shores that rose in bold but not lofty heights on one side, while on the other lay a narrow plain with two villages clinging about the road that followed the crescent beach, and lifting each the slender tin-clad spire of its church to sparkle in the sun.

At the head of the bay was a mountainous top, and along its waters were masses of rocks, gayly painted with lichens and stained with metallic tints of orange and scarlet. The unchanging growth of stunted pines was the only forest in sight, though Ha-Ha Bay is a famous lumbering port, and some schooners now lay there receiving cargoes of odorous pine plank. The steamboat-wharf was all astir with the liveliest toil and leisure. The boat was taking on wood, which was brought in wheelbarrows to the top of the steep, smooth gangway-planking, where the *habitant* in charge planted his broad feet for the downward slide, and was hurled aboard more or less *en masse* by the fierce velocity of his heavy-laden wheelbarrow. Amidst the confusion and hazard of this feat a procession of other habitans marched aboard, each one bearing under his arm a coffin-shaped wooden box. The rising fear of Colonel Ellison, that these boxes represented the loss of the whole infant population of Ha-Ha Bay, was checked by the reflection that the region could not have produced so many children, and calmed altogether by the purser, who said that they were full of huckleberries, and that Colonel Ellison could have as many as he liked for fifteen cents a bushel. This gave him a keen sense of the poverty of the land, and he bought of the boys who came aboard such abundance of wild red raspberries in all manner of birch-bark canoes and goblets and cornucopias, that he was obliged to make presents of them to the very dealers whose stock he had exhausted, and he was in treaty with the local half-wit — very fine, with a massive wen on one side of his head and a hunchback — to take charity in the wild fruits of his native province, when the crowd about him was gently opened by a person who advanced with a flourishing bow and a sprightly "Good morning, good morning, sir!" "How do you do?" asked Colonel Ellison; but the other, intent on business, answered, "I am the only person at Ha-Ha Bay who speaks English, and I have come to ask if you would not like to make a promenade in my horse and buggy upon the mountain before breakfast. You shall be gone as long as you will for one shilling and sixpence. I will show you all that there is to be seen about the place, and the beautiful view of the bay from the top of the mountain. But it is elegant, you know, I can assure you."

The speaker was so fluent of his English, he had such an audacious, wide-branching mustache, such a twinkle in his left eye, — which wore its lid in a careless, slouching fashion, — that the heart of man naturally clove to him; and Colonel Ellison agreed on the spot to make the proposed promenade, for himself and both his ladies, of whom he went joyfully in search. He found them at the stern of the boat, admiring the wild scenery, and looking

"Fresh as the morn and as the season fair."

He was not a close observer, and of

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his wife's wardrobe he had the ignorance of a good husband, who, as soon as the pang of spending is past, forgets whatever she has; but he could not help seeing that some gayeties of costume which he had dimly associated with his wife now enhanced the charms of his cousin's nice little face and figure. A scarf of lively hue carelessly tied about the throat to keep off the morning chill, a prettier ribbon, a more stylish jacket than Miss Ellison owned, — what do I know? — an air of preparation for battle, caught the colonel's eye, and a conscious red stole responsive into Kitty's cheek.

"Kitty," said he, "don't you let yourself be made a goose of."

"I hope she won't — by *you!*" retorted his wife, "and I'll thank you, Colonel Ellison, not to be a Betty, whatever you are. I don't think it's manly to be always noticing ladies' clothes."

"Who said anything about clothes?" demanded the colonel, taking his stand upon the letter.

"Well, don't *you*, at any rate. Yes, I'd like to ride, of all things; and we've time enough, for breakfast is n't ready till half past eight. Where's the carriage?"

The only English scholar at Ha-Ha Bay had taken the light wraps of the ladies and was moving off with them. "This way, this way," he said, waving his hand towards a larger number of vehicles on the shore than could have been reasonably attributed to Ha-Ha Bay. "I hope you won't object to having another passenger with you? There's plenty of room for all. He seems a very nice, gentlemanly person," said he, with a queer, patronizing graciousness which he had no doubt caught from his English patrons.

"The more the merrier," answered Colonel Ellison, and "Not in the least!" said his wife, not meaning the proverb. Her eye had swept the whole array of vehicles and had found them all empty, save one, in which she detected the blamelessly coated back of Mr. Arbuton. But I ought perhaps to explain Mrs. Ellison's motives better than they can be made to appear in her conduct. She cared nothing for Mr. Arbuton; and she had no logical wish to see Kitty in love with him. But here were two young people thrown somewhat romantically together; Mrs. Ellison was a born match-maker, and to have refrained from promoting their better acquaintance in the interest of abstract matrimony was what never could have entered into her thought or desire. Her whole being closed for the time about this purpose; her heart, always warm towards Kitty, — whom she admired with a sort of generous frenzy, — expanded with all kinds of lovely designs; in a word, every dress she had she would instantly have bestowed upon that worshipful creature who was capable of adding another marriage to the world. I hope the reader finds nothing vulgar or unbecoming in this, for I do not; it was an enthusiasm, pure and simple, a beautiful and unselfish abandon; and I am sure men ought to be sorry that they are not worthier to be favored by it. Ladies have often to lament in the midst of their finesse that, after all, no man is deserving the fate they devote themselves to prepare for him, or, in other words, that women cannot marry women.

I am not going to be so rash as try to depict Mrs. Ellison's arts, for then, indeed, I should make her appear the clumsy conspirator she was not, and should merely convict myself of ignorance of such matters. Whether Mr. Arbuton was ever aware of them, I am not sure: as a man he was, of course, obtuse and blind; but then, on the other hand, he had seen far more of the world than Mrs. Ellison, and she may have been clear as day to him. Probably, though, he did not detect any design; he could not have conceived of such a thing in a person with whom he had been so irregularly made acquainted, and to whom he felt himself so hopelessly superior. A film of ice such as in autumn you find casing the still pools

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early in the frosty mornings, had gathered upon his manner over night, but it thawed under the greetings of the others, and he jumped actively out of the vehicle to offer the ladies their choice of seats. When all was arranged he found himself at Mrs. Ellison's side, for Kitty had somewhat eagerly climbed to the front seat with the colonel. In these circumstances it was pure zeal that sustained Mrs. Ellison in the flattering constancy with which she babbled on to Mr. Arbuton and refrained from openly resenting Kitty's contumacy.

As the wagon began to ascend the hill, the road was so rough that the springs smote together with pitiless jolts, and the ladies uttered some irrepressible moans. "Never mind, my dear," said the colonel, turning about to his wife, "we 've got all the English there is at Ha-Ha Bay, any way." Whereupon the driver gave him a wink of sudden liking and good-fellowship. At the same time his tongue was loosed, and he began to talk of himself. "You see my dog, how he leaps all the time at the horse's nose? He is a moose-dog, and keeps himself in practice of catching the moose by the nose. You ought to come in the hunting season. I could furnish you with Indians and everything you need to hunt with. I am a dealer in wild beasts, you know, and I must keep prepared to trap them."

"Wild beasts?"

"Yes, for Barnum and the other showmen. I deal in deer, wolf, bear, beaver, moose, cariboo, wildcat, link —"

"What?"

"Link — link! You say deer for deers, and link for lynx, don't you?"

"Certainly," answered the unblushing colonel. "Are there many link about here?"

"Not many, and they are a very expensive animal. I have been shamefully treated in a link that I have sold to a Boston showman. It was a difficult beast to take; bit my Indian awfully; and Mr. Doolittle would not give the price he promised."

"What an outrage!"

"Yes, but it was not so bad as it might have been. He wanted the money back afterwards; the link died in about two weeks," said the dealer in wild animals, with a smile that curled his mustache into his ears, and a glance at Colonel Ellison. "He may have been bruised, I suppose. He may have been homesick. Perhaps he was never a very strong link. The link is a curious animal, miss," he said to Kitty, in conclusion.

They had been slowly climbing the mountain road, from which, on either hand, the pasture-lands fell away in long, irregular knolls and hollows. The tops were quite barren, but in the little vales, despite the stones, a short grass grew very thick and tenderly green, and groups of kine tinkled their soft bells in a sweet, desultory assonance as they cropped the herbage. Below, the bay filled the oval of the hills with its sunny expanse, and the white steamer, where she lay beside the busy wharf, and the black lumber-ships, gave their variety to the pretty scene, which was completed by the picturesque villages on the shore. It was a very simple sight, but somehow very touching, as if the soft spectacle were but a respite from desolation and solitude; as indeed it was.

Mr. Arbuton must have been talking of travel elsewhere, for now he said to Mrs. Ellison, "This looks like a bit of Norway; the bay yonder might very well be a fjord of the Northern sea."

Mrs. Ellison murmured her sense of obligation to the bay, the fjord, and Mr. Arbuton, for their complaisance, and Kitty, who remembered that he had somewhat snubbed her the night before for attributing any suggestive grace to the native scenery, leaned back toward him, and said with a smile: "I suppose we ought to congratulate the first American landscape that 's ever reminded you of anything."

The colonel looked at her with eyes of humorous question; Mrs. Ellison looked blank; and Mr. Arbuton,

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having quite forgotten what he had said to provoke this comment now, looked puzzled and answered nothing: for he had this trait also in common with the sort of Englishman for whom he was taken, that he never helped out your conversational venture, but if he failed to respond inwardly, left you with your unaccepted remark upon your hands, as it were. In his silence, Kitty fell a prey to very evil thoughts. It made her harmless sally look like a blundering attack upon him, and she detested him therefore, with the bitter hatred of a young girl for a handsome young man. But just then the driver came to her rescue; he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, this is the end of the mountain promenade," and, turning his horse's head, drove rapidly back to the village.

At the foot of the hill they came again to the church, and his passengers wanted to get out and look into it. "O certainly," said he, "it is n't finished yet, but you can say as many prayers as you like in it."

The church was decent and clean, like all Canadian churches, and at this early hour there was a good number of the villagers at their devotions. The lithographic pictures of the stations to Calvary were, of course, on its walls, and there was the ordinary tawdriness of paint and carving about the high altar.

"I don't like to see these things," said Mrs. Ellison. "It really seems to savor of idolatry. Don't you think so, Mr. Arbuton?"

"Well, I don't know. I doubt if they're the sort of people to be hurt by it."

"They need a good stout faith in cold climates, I can tell you," said the colonel. "It helps to keep them warm. The broad church would be too full of draughts up here. They want something snug and tight. Just imagine one of these poor devils listening to a liberal sermon about birds and fruits and flowers and beautiful sentiments, and then driving home over the hills with the mercury thirty degrees below zero! He could n't stand it."

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Mr. Arbuton, and looked about him with an eye of cold, uncompassionate inspection, as if he were trying it by a standard of taste, and, on the whole, finding the poor little church vulgar.

When they mounted to their places again, the talk fell entirely to the colonel, who, as his wont was, got what information he could out of the driver. It appeared, in spite of his theory, that they were not all good Catholics at Ha-Ha Bay. "This chap, for example," said the Frenchman, touching himself on the breast and using the slang he must have picked up from American travellers, "is no Catholic, — not much! He has made too many studies to care for religion. There's a large French party, sir, in Canada, that's opposed to the priests and in favor of annexation."

Voluble in any direction, he satisfied the colonel's utmost curiosity, discoursing, as he drove by the poor log-built cottages which were now and then sheathed in birch-bark, upon the local affairs, and the character and history of such of his fellow-villagers as they met. He knew the pretty girls upon the street and saluted them by name, interrupting himself with these courtesies in the lecture he was giving the colonel on life at Ha-Ha Bay. There was only one brick house (which he had built himself, but had been obliged to sell in a season unfavorable for wild beasts), and the other edifices dropped through the social scale to some picturesque barns thatched with straw. These he excused to his Americans, but added that the ungainly thatch was sometimes useful in saving the lives of the cattle toward the end of an unusually long, hard winter.

"And the people," asked the colonel, "what do they do in the winter to pass the time?"

"Draw the wood, smoke the pipe, court the ladies. — But would n't you like to see the inside of one of our poor cottages? I shall be very proud to have you look at mine, and to have you drink a glass of milk from my cows. I

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am sorry that I cannot offer you brandy, but there 's none to be bought in the place."

"Don't speak of it! For an eye-opener there is nothing like a glass of milk," gayly answered the colonel.

They entered the best room of the house, — wide, low-ceiled, dimly lit by two small windows, and fortified against the winter by a huge Canada stove of cast-iron. It was rude but neat, and had an air of decent comfort. Through the window appeared a very little vegetable garden with a border of the hardiest flowers. "The large beans there," explained the host, "are for soup and coffee. My corn," he said, pointing out some rows of dwarfish maize, "has escaped the early August frosts, and so I expect to have some roasting-ears yet this summer."

"Well, it is n't exactly what you 'd call an inviting climate, is it?" asked the colonel.

The Canadian was a hard little man, but he answered now with a kind of pathos, "It 's cruel! I came here when it was all bush. Twenty years I have lived here, and it has not been worth while. If it was to do over again, I should rather not live anywhere. I was born in Quebec," he said, as if to explain that he was used to mild climates, and began to tell of some events of his life at Ha-Ha Bay. Finally, "I wish you were going to stay here awhile with me. You would n't find it so bad in the summer-time, I can assure you. There are bears in the bush, sir," he said to the colonel, "and you might easily kill one."

"But then I should be helping to spoil your trade in wild beasts," replied the colonel, laughing.

Mr. Arbuton looked like one who might be very tired of this. He made no sign of interest either in the early glooms and privations or the summer bears of Ha-Ha Bay. He sat in the quaint parlor, with his hat on his knee, in the decorous and patient attitude of a gentleman making a call.

He had no feeling, Kitty said to herself; but that is a matter about which we can easily be wrong. It was rather to be said of Mr. Arbuton that he had always shrunk from knowledge of things outside of a very narrow world, and that he had not a ready imagination. Moreover, he had a personal dislike, as I may call it, of poverty; and he did not enjoy this poverty as she did, because it was strange and suggestive, though doubtless he would have done as much to relieve distress.

"Rather too much of his autobiography," he said to Kitty, as he waited outside the door with her, while the Canadian quieted his dog, which was again keeping himself in practice of catching the moose by making vicious leaps at the horse's nose. "The egotism of that kind of people is always so aggressive. But I suppose he 's in the habit of throwing himself upon the sympathy of summer visitors in this way. You can't offer a man shilling and sixpence who 's taken you into his confidence. Did you find enough that was novel in his place to justify him in bringing us here, Miss Ellison?" he asked with an air he had of taking you of course to be of his mind, and which equally offended you whether you were so or not.

To Kitty every face that they had seen in their drive had told its pathetic story; into every cottage that they passed she had entered in thought, and dreamed out its humble drama. What their host had said gave breath and color to all she had fancied of the struggle of life there, and she was startled and shocked when this cold doubt was breathed upon the sympathetic tints of her picture. She did not know what to say at first; she looked at him with a sudden glance of embarrassment and trouble; then she answered, "I was very much interested. I don 't agree with you, I believe"; which, when she heard it, seemed a resentful little speech, and made her willing for some occasion to soften its effect. But nothing occurred to her during the brief drive back to the boat, save the fact that the morning air was delicious.

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"Yes, but rather cool," said Mr. Arbuton, whose feelings apparently had not needed any balm; and the talk fell again to the others.

On the pier he helped her down from the wagon, for the colonel was intent on something the driver was saying, and then offered his hand to Mrs. Ellison.

She sprang from her place, but stumbled slightly, and when she touched the ground, "I believe I turned my foot a little," she said with a laugh. "It's nothing, of course," and fainted in his arms.

Kitty gave a cry of alarm, and the next instant the colonel had relieved Mr. Arbuton. It was a scene, and nothing could have annoyed him more than this tumult which poor Mrs. Ellison's misfortune occasioned among the bystanding habitans and deckhands, and the passengers eagerly craning forward over the bulwarks, and running ashore to see what the matter was. Few men know just how to offer those little offices of helpfulness which such emergencies demand, and Mr. Arbuton could do nothing after he was rid of his burden; he hovered anxiously and uselessly about, while Mrs. Ellison was carried to an airy position on the bow of the boat, where in a few minutes he had the great satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. It was not the moment for him to speak, and he walked somewhat guiltily away with the dispersing crowd.

Mrs. Ellison addressed her first words to pale Kitty at her side. "You can have all my things, now," she said, as if it were a clause in her will, and perhaps it had been her last thought before unconsciousness.

"Why, Fanny," cried Kitty, with an hysterical laugh, "you're not going to die! A sprained ankle is n't fatal!"

"No; but I've heard that a person with a sprained ankle can't put their foot to the ground for weeks; and I shall only want a dressing-gown, you know, to lie on the sofa in." With that, Mrs. Ellison placed her hand tenderly on Kitty's head, like a mother wondering what will become of a helpless child during her disability; in fact she was mentally weighing the advantages of her wardrobe, which Kitty would now fully enjoy, against the loss of the friendly strategy which she would now lack. Helpless to decide the matter, she heaved a sigh.

"But, Fanny, you won't expect to travel in a dressing-gown."

"Indeed, I wish I knew whether I *could* travel in *anything* or not. But the next twenty-four hours will show. If it swells up, I shall have to rest awhile at Quebec; and if it does n't, there may be something internal. I've read of accidents when the person thought they were perfectly well and comfortable, and the first thing they knew they were in a very dangerous state. That's the worst of these internal injuries: you never can tell. Not that I think there's anything of that kind the matter with me. But a few days' rest won't do any harm, whatever happens; the stores in Quebec are quite as good and a little cheaper than in Montreal; and I could go about in a carriage, you know, and put in the time as well in one place as the other. I'm sure we could get on very pleasantly there; and the colonel need n't be home for a month yet. I suppose that I could hobble into the stores on a crutch."

Whilst Mrs. Ellison's monologue ran on with scarcely a break from Kitty, her husband was gone to fetch her a cup of tea and such other light refreshment as a lady may take after a swoon. She had a good enough appetite, and sent him again for more tea and toast. When he returned she bethought herself of Mr. Arbuton, who, having once come back to see if all was going well, had vanished again.

"Why, our friend Boston is bearing up under his share of the morning's work like a hero — or a lady with a sprained ankle," said the colonel as he arranged the relay of provision. "To see the havoc he's making in the ham and eggs and chiccory is to be con-

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vinced that there is no appetizer like regret for the sufferings of others."

"Why, and here 's poor Kitty not had a bite yet!" cried Mrs. Ellison. "Kitty, go off at once and get your breakfast. Put on my —"

"O, *don't*, Fanny, or I can't go; and I 'm really very hungry."

"Well, I won't then," said Mrs. Ellison, seeing the rainy cloud in Kitty's eyes. "Go just as you are, and don't mind me." And so Kitty went, gathering courage at every pace, and sitting down opposite Mr. Arbuton with a vivid color to be sure, but otherwise lion-bold. He had been upbraiding the stars that had thrust him further and further at every step into the intimacy of these people, as he called them to himself. It was just twenty-four hours, he reflected, since he had met them, and resolved to have nothing to do with them, and in that time the young lady had brought him under the necessity of apologizing for a blunder of her own; he had played the eavesdropper to her talk; he had sentimentalized the midnight hour with her; they had all taken a morning ride together; and he had ended by causing Mrs. Ellison to sprain her ankle and faint in his arms. It was outrageous; and what made it worse was that decency obliged him to take henceforth a regretful, deprecatory attitude towards Mrs. Ellison, whom he liked least among these people. So he sat vindictively eating an enormous breakfast, in a sort of angry abstraction, from which Kitty's coming roused him to say that he hoped Mrs. Ellison was better.

"O, very much! It 's just a sprain."

"A sprain may be a very annoying thing," said Mr. Arbuton dismally. "Miss Ellison," he cried, "I 've been nothing but an affliction to your party since I came on board this boat!"

"Do you think evil genius of our party would be too harsh a term?" suggested Kitty.

"Not in the least; it would be a mere euphemism, — base flattery, in fact. Call me something worse."

"I can't think of anything. I must leave you to your own conscience. It was a pity to end our ride in that way; it would have been such a pleasant ride!" And Kitty took heart from his apparent mood to speak of some facts of the morning that had moved her fancy. "What a strange little nest it is up here among these half-thawed hills! And imagine the winter, the fifteen or twenty months of it, they must have every year. I could almost have shed tears — could n't you? — over that patch of corn that had escaped the early August frosts. I suppose this is a sort of Indian summer that we are enjoying now, and that the cold weather will set in after a week or two. My cousin and I thought that Tadoussac was somewhat retired and composed last night, but I 'm sure that I shall see it in its true light, as a metropolis, going back. I 'm afraid that the turmoil and bustle of Eriecreek, when I get home —"

"Eriecreek? — when you get home? — I thought you lived at Milwaukee."

"O no! It 's my cousins who live at Milwaukee. I live at Eriecreek, New York State."

"Oh!" Mr. Arbuton, looked blank and not altogether pleased. Milwaukee was bad enough, though he understood that it was largely peopled from New England, and had a great German element, which might account for the fact that these people were not quite barbaric. But this Eriecreek, New York State! "I don't think I 've heard of it," he said.

"It 's a small place," observed Kitty, "and I believe it is n't noted for anything in particular; it 's not even on any railroad. It 's in the northwest part of the State."

"Is n't it in the oil-regions?" groped Mr. Arbuton.

"Why, the oil-regions are rather migratory, you know. It used to be in the oil-regions; but the oil was pumped out, and then the oil-regions gracefully withdrew and left the cheese-regions and grape-regions to come back and take possession of the old derricks and the rusty boilers. You

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might suppose from the appearance of the meadows, that all the boilers that ever blew up had come down in the neighborhood of Eriecreek. And every field has its derrick standing just as the last dollar or the last drop of oil left it."

Mr. Arbuton brought his fancy to bear upon Eriecreek, and wholly failed to conceive of it. He did not like the notion of its being thrust within the range of his knowledge; and he resented its being the home of Miss Ellison, whom he was beginning to accept as a not quite comprehensible yet certainly agreeable fact, though with still a disposition to cast her off as something incredible. He asked no further about Eriecreek, and presently she rose and went to join her relatives, and he went to smoke his cigar, and to ponder upon the problem presented to him in this young girl from whose locality and conjecturable experiences he was at a loss how to infer her as he found her here.

She had a gentle repose, a delicate self-reliance mingling with an innocent trust of others which Mrs. Isabel March had described to her husband as a charm potent to make everybody sympathetic and good-natured, but which it would not be easy to account for to Mr. Arbuton. In part it was a natural gift, and partly it came from mere ignorance of the world; it was the unsnubbed fearlessness of a heart which could not suspect injustice it had never felt, or imagine itself misprized for anything but a fault. For this false conception of her relations to society, Kitty's Uncle Jack was chiefly to blame. In the fierce democracy of his revolt from his Virginian traditions he had taught his family that a belief in any save intellectual and moral distinctions was a mean and cruel superstition; he had contrived to fix this idea so deeply in the education of his children, that it gave a coloring to their lives, and Kitty, when her turn came, had the effect of it in the character of those about her. In fact she accepted his extreme theories of equality to a degree that delighted her uncle, who, having held them many years, was growing perhaps a little languid in their tenure and was glad to have his grasp strengthened by her faith. Socially as well as politically Eriecreek was almost a perfect democracy, and there was nothing in Kitty's circumstances to contradict the doctor's teachings. His house being headquarters for so many emancipated spirits, what she learned of the world outside confirmed her belief in their practicability if not their actual operation; the brief visits which she had made to Buffalo and Erie, and, since the colonel's marriage, to Milwaukee, had not sufficed to undeceive her; she had never suffered slight save from the ignorant and uncouth; she believed that in people of culture she should always find community of feeling and ideas; and so, not knowing the world, she had the ease that perfect knowledge of it gives.

In the secluded life which she led perforce at Eriecreek there was an abundance of leisure, which she bestowed upon books at an age when most girls are sent to school. The doctor had a good taste of an old-fashioned kind in literature, and he had a library pretty well stocked with the more elderly English authors, poets, and essayists and novelists, and here and there an historian, and these Kitty read childlike, enjoying them at the time in a certain way, and storing up in her mind things that she did not for the present understand, but of which the beauty and value dawned upon her from time to time, as she grew older. But of far more use and pleasure to her than these now somewhat mouldy classics were the more modern books of her cousin Charles, — that pride and hope of his father's heart, who had died the year before she came to Eriecreek. He was named after her own father, and it was as if her Uncle Jack found both his son and his brother in her again. When her taste for reading began to show itself in force, the old man one day unlocked

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a certain bookcase in a little upper room, and gave her the key, saying, with a broken pride and that queer Virginia pomp which still clung to him, "This was my son's, who would one day have been a great writer; now it is yours." After that the doctor would pick up the books out of this collection which Kitty was reading and had left lying about the rooms, and look into them a little way. Sometimes he fell asleep over them; sometimes when he opened on a page pencilled with marginal notes, he would put the volume gently down and go very quickly out of the room.

"Kitty, I reckon you'd better not leave poor Charley's books around where Uncle Jack can get at them," one of the girls, Virginia or Rachel, would say; "I don't believe he cares much for those writers, and the sight of the books just tries him." And so it came about that Kitty kept the books, and herself for the most part with them, in the upper chamber which had been Charles Ellison's room, and where, amongst the witnesses of the dead boy's ambitious dreams, she grew dreamer herself and seemed to inherit with his earthly place his own fine and gentle spirit.

The doctor, as his daughter suggested, did not care much for the modern authors in whom his son had delighted. Like many another simple and pure-hearted man, he thought that since Pope there had been no great poet but Byron, and he could make nothing out of Tennyson and Browning, or the other contemporary English poets. Amongst the Americans he had a great respect for Whittier, but he preferred Lowell to the rest because he had written the "Biglow Papers," and he never would allow that the last series was half so good as the first. These and the other principal poets of our nation and language Kitty inherited from her cousin, as well as a full stock of the contemporary novelists and romancers, whom she liked better than the poets on the whole. She had also the advantage of the magazines and reviews which used to come to him, and the house overflowed with newspapers of every kind, from the Eriecreek Courier to the New York Tribune. What with the coming and going of the eccentric visitors, and this continual reading, and her rides about the country with her Uncle Jack, Kitty's education, such as it was, went on very actively and with the effect, at least, to give her a great liveliness of mind and several decided opinions. Where it might have warped her out of natural simplicity, and made her conceited, the keen and wholesome airs which breathed continually in the Ellison household came in to restore her. There was such tenderness in this discipline, that she never could remember when it wounded her; it was part of the gayety of those times when she would sit down with the girls, and they took up some work together, and rattled on in a free, wild, racy talk, with an edge of satire for whoever came near, a fantastic excess in its drollery, and just a touch of native melancholy tingeing it. The last queer guest, some neighborhood gossip, some youthful folly or pretentiousness of Kitty's, some trait of their own, some absurdity of the boys if they happened to be at home, and came lounging in, were the themes out of which they contrived such jollity as never was, save when in Uncle Jack's presence they fell upon some characteristic or performance or theory of his and turned it into endless ridicule.

But of such people, of such life, Mr. Arbuton could have made nothing if he had known them. In many things he was an excellent person, and greatly to be respected for certain qualities. He was very sincere; his mind had a singular purity and rectitude; he was a scrupulously just person so far as he knew. He had traits that would have fitted him very well for the career he had once contemplated, and he had even made some preliminary studies for the ministry. But the very generosity of his creed perplexed him, his mislikers said; contending that he could never have sympathized with the mob

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of the redeemed. "Arbuton," said a fat young fellow, the supposed wit of the class, "thinks there *are* persons from the lower orders in heaven; but he does n't like the idea." And Mr. Arbuton did not like the speaker very well, either, nor any of his poorer fellow-students, whose gloveless and unfashionable poverty, and meagre board and lodgings, and general hungry dependence upon pious bequests and neighborhood kindnesses, offended his instincts. "So he 's given it up, has he?" moralized the same wit, upon his retirement. "If Arbuton could have been a divinely commissioned apostle to the best society, and been obliged to save none but well-connected, old-established, and cultivated souls, he might have gone into the ministry." This was a coarse construction of the truth, but it was not altogether a perversion. It was long ago that he had abandoned the thought of the ministry, and he had since travelled, and read law, and become a man of society and of clubs; but he still kept the traits that had seemed to make his vocation clear. On the other hand he kept the prejudices that were imagined to have disqualified him. He was an exclusive by training and by instinct. It is possible that if he had known more kinds of men, he would have recognized merits and excellences which did not now exist for him; but I do not think he would have liked them. He gave ordinary humanity credit for a certain measure of sensibility, but it was hard for him to believe in refinement other than that which came from the circumstances and influences of his own life, or from like circumstances and influences in Europe, or perhaps I ought to say England, for he thought the Continent at its best rather underbred. His doubt, therefore, of these Western people was the most natural, if not the most justifiable thing in the world, and as for Kitty, if he could have known all about her, I do not see how he could have believed in her at all. As it was, he went in search of her party when he had smoked his cigar, and found them on the forward promenade. She had left him in quite a lenient mood, although, as she perceived with amusement, he had done nothing to merit it, except give her cousin a sprained ankle. At the moment of his reappearance, Mrs. Ellison had been telling Kitty that she thought it was beginning to swell a little, and so it could not be anything internal; and Kitty had understood that she meant her ankle as well as if she had said so, and had sorrowed and rejoiced over her, and the colonel had been inculpated for the whole affair. This made Mr. Arbuton's excuses rather needless, though they were most graciously received.

III.

On the Way back to Quebec.

By this time the boat was moving down the river, and every one was alive to the scenery. The procession of the pine-clad, rounded heights on either shore began shortly after Ha-Ha Bay had disappeared behind a curve, and it hardly ceased, save at one point, before the boat re-entered the St. Lawrence. The shores of the stream are almost uninhabited. The hills rise from the water's edge, and if ever a narrow vale divides them, it is but to open drearier solitudes to the eye. In such a valley would stand a saw-mill, and huddled about it a few poor huts, while a friendless road, scarce discernible from the boat, wound up from the river through the valley, and led to wildernesses all the forlorner for the devastation of their forests. Now and then an island, rugged as the shores, broke the long reaches of the grim river with its mass of rock and dark evergreen, and seemed in the distance to forbid escape from those dreary waters, over which no bird flew, and in which it was incredible any fish swam.

Mrs. Ellison, with her foot comfortably and not ungracefully supported on a stool, was in so little pain as to be looking from time to time at one of the

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guide-books which the colonel had lavished upon his party, and which she was disposed to hold to very strict account for any excesses of description.

"It says here that the water of the Saguenay is as black as ink. Do *you* think it is, Richard?"

"It looks so."

"Well, but if you took some up in your hand?"

"Perhaps it would n't be as black as the best Maynard and Noyes, but it would be black enough for all practical purposes."

"Maybe," suggested Kitty, "the guide-book means the kind that is light blue at first, but 'becomes a deep black on exposure to the air,' as the label says."

"What do you think, Mr. Arbuton?" asked Mrs. Ellison with unabated anxiety.

"Well, really, I don't know," said Mr. Arbuton, who thought it a very trivial kind of talk, "I can't say, indeed. I have n't taken any of it up in my hand."

"That's true," said Mrs. Ellison gravely, with an accent of reproval for the others who had not thought of so simple a solution of the problem, "very true."

The colonel looked into her face with an air of well-feigned alarm. "You don't think the sprain has gone to your head, Fanny?" he asked, and walked away, leaving Mr. Arbuton to the ladies. Mrs. Ellison did not care for this or any other gibe, if she but served her own purposes; and now, having made everybody laugh and given the conversation a lively turn, she was as perfectly content as if she had not been herself an offering to the cause of cheerfulness. She was, indeed, equal to any sacrifice in the enterprise she had undertaken, and would not only have given Kitty all her worldly goods, but would have quite effaced herself to further her own designs upon Mr. Arbuton. She turned again to her guide-book, and left the young people to continue the talk in unbroken gayety. They at once became serious, as most people do after a hearty laugh, which, if you think, seems always to have something strange and sad in it. But besides, Kitty was oppressed by the coldness that seemed perpetually to hover in Mr. Arbuton's atmosphere, while she was interested by his fastidious good looks and his blameless manners and his air of a world different from any she had hitherto known. He was one of those men whose perfection makes you feel guilty of misdemeanor whenever they meet you, and whose greeting turns your honest good-day coarse and common; even Kitty's fearless ignorance was not proof against him. She had found it easy to talk with Mrs. March as she did with her cousin at home; she liked to be frank and gay in her parley, to jest and to laugh and to make harmless fun, and to sentimentalize in a half-earnest way; she liked to be with Mr. Arbuton, but now she did not see how she could take her natural tone with him, though it had to come to that as soon as the talk began. She wondered at her daring lightness with him at the breakfast table; she waited for him to say something, and he said, with a glance at the gray heaven that always overhangs the Saguenay, that it was beginning to rain, and unfurled the slender silk umbrella which harmonized so perfectly with the London effect of his dress, and held it over her. Mrs. Ellison sat within the shelter of the projecting roof, and diligently perused her book with her eyes, and listened to their talk.

"The great drawback to this sort of thing in America," continued Mr. Arbuton, "is that there is no human interest about the scenery, fine as it is."

"Why, I don't know," said Kitty, "there was that little settlement round the saw-mill. Can't you imagine any human interest in the lives of the people there? It seems to me that one might make almost anything out of them. I 've been at work on them ever since we passed the place, and I 've found that nearly everything has happened there. Could n't you sup-

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pose, for example, that the owner of that mill was a disappointed man who had come here to bury the wreck of his life in — sawdust?"

"O, yes, yes! That sort of thing; certainly. But I did n't mean that, I meant something historical. There is no past, no atmosphere, no traditions, you know."

"O, but the Saguenay *has* a tradition," said Kitty. "You know that a party of the first explorers left their comrades at Tadoussac, and came up the Saguenay three hundred years ago, and never were seen or heard of again. I don't believe any river has a better tradition than that. And besides, it 's so in keeping with the looks of the river. The Saguenay would never tell a secret."

"Um!" uttered Mr. Arbuton, as if he were not quite sure that it was the Saguenay's place to have a legend of this sort, and disposed to snub the legend because the Saguenay had it. After a little silence, he began to speak of famous rivers abroad.

"I suppose," Kitty said, "you 've no fault to find with the Rhine scenery. That has traditions enough, has n't it?"

"Yes," he answered, "but I think the Rhine rather overdoes it. You can't help feeling, you know, that it 's somewhat melodramatic and — common. Have you ever seen the Rhine?"

"O *my*, no! This is about the first I 've seen of anything, and I 'm glad of every inch. Perhaps," she added, demurely, yet with a tremor at finding herself about to make light of Mr. Arbuton, "if I had had too much of tradition on the Rhine I should want more of it on the Saguenay. That appears to be one of the advantages of foreign travel."

"Why, you must allow there 's a golden mean in everything, Miss Ellison," said her companion with a laugh, not feeling it disagreeable to be made light of by her.

"Yes; and I 'm afraid we 're going to find Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity altogether too big when we come to them. Don't you think eighteen hundred feet excessively high for a feature of river scenery?"

Mr. Arbuton really did have an objection to the exaggerations of nature on this continent, and secretly thought them in bad taste, but he had never formulated his feeling. He was not sure but it was ridiculous, now that it was suggested, and yet the possibility was too novel to be entertained without suspicion. How could anything that was his be absurd? Was it not more probably the perfection of taste because it was the tone of the order of things to which he belonged?

However, when after a while the rumor of their approach to the great objects of the Saguenay journey had spread among the passengers, and they began to assemble at points favorable for the enjoyment of the spectacle, he was glad to have secured the place he held with Miss Ellison, and a sympathetic thrill of excitement passed through his loath superiority. The rain ceased as they drew nearer, and the gray clouds that had hung so low upon the hills sullenly lifted from them and let their growing height be seen. The captain bade them look at the vast Roman profile that showed itself upon the rock, and then he pointed out the wonderful Gothic arch, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages statue-like, till not many winters ago the frost heaved it from its base, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below. The unvarying gloom of the pines was lit now by the pensive glimmer of birch-trees, and this gray tone gave an indescribable sentiment of pathos and of age to the scenery. Suddenly the boat rounded the corner of the three steps, each five hundred feet high, in which Cape Eternity climbs from the river, and crept in under the naked side of the awful cliff. It is sheer rock, springing from the black water, and stretching upward with a weary, effort-like aspect, in long impulses of stone marked by deep

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seams from space to space, till fifteen hundred feet in air, its vast brow beetles forward, and frowns with a scattering fringe of pines. There are stains of weather and of oozing springs upon the front of the cliff, but it is height alone that seems to seize the eye, and one remembers afterwards these details, which are indeed so few as not properly to enter into the effect. The rock fully justifies its attributive height to the eye, which follows the upward rush of the mighty acclivity, steep after steep, till it wins the cloud-capt summit, when the measureless mass seems to swing and sway overhead, and the nerves tremble with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. At the foot of Cape Eternity the water is of unknown depth, and it spreads, a black expanse, in the rounding hollow of shores of unimaginable wildness and desolation, and issues again in its river's course around the base of Cape Trinity. This is yet loftier than the sister cliff, but it slopes gently backward from the stream, and from foot to crest it is heavily clothed with a forest of pines. The woods that hitherto have shagged the hills with a stunted and meagre growth, showing long stretches scarred by fire, now assume a stately size, and assemble themselves compactly upon the side of the mountain, setting their serried stems one rank above another, till the summit is crowned with the mass of their dark green plumes, dense and soft and beautiful; so that the spirit perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff is calmed and assuaged by the serene grandeur of this.

There have been, to be sure, some human agencies at work even under the shadow of Cape Eternity to restore the spirit to self-possession, and perhaps none turns from it wholly dismayed. Kitty, at any rate, found herself wonderfully revived by some works of art which the cliff wall displayed near the water's edge. One of these was a lively fresco portrait of Lieutenant-General Sherman, with the insignia of his rank, and the other was an even more striking effigy of General O'Neil, of the Armies of the Irish Republic, wearing a threatening aspect, and designed in a bold conceit of his presence there as conqueror of Canada in the year 1875. Mr. Arbuton was inclined to resent these intrusions upon the sublimity of nature, and he could not conceive, without disadvantage to them, how Miss Ellison and the colonel should accept them so cheerfully as part of the pleasure of the whole. As he listened blankly to their exchange of jests he found himself awfully beset by a temptation which one of the boat's crew placed in their midst. This was a bucket full of pebbles of inviting size; and the man said, "Now, see which can hit the cliff. It 's farther than any of you can throw, though it looks so near."

The passengers cast themselves upon this store of missiles, Colonel Ellison most actively among them. None struck the cliff, and suddenly Mr. Arbuton felt a blind, stupid, irresistible longing to try his chance. The spirit of his college days, of his boating and ball-playing youth, came upon him. He picked up a pebble, while Kitty opened her eyes in a stare of dumb surprise. Then he wheeled and threw it, and as it struck against the cliff with a shock that seemed to have broken all the windows on the Back Bay, he exulted in a sense of freedom the havoc caused him. It was as if for an instant he had rent away the ties of custom, thrown off the bonds of social allegiance, broken down and trampled upon the conventions which his whole life long he had held so dear and respectable. In that moment of frenzy he feared himself capable of shaking hands with the shabby Englishman in the Glengarry cap, or of asking the whole admiring company of passengers down to the bar. A cry of applause had broken from them at his achievement, and he had for the first time tasted

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the sweets of popular favor. Of course a revulsion must come, and it must be of a corresponding violence; and the next moment Mr. Arbuton hated them all, and most of all Colonel Ellison, who had been loudest in his praise. Him he thought for that moment everything that was aggressively and intrusively vulgar. But he could not utter these friendly impressions, nor is it so easy to withdraw from any concession, and he found it impossible to repair his broken defences. Destiny had been against him from the beginning, and now why should he not strike hands with it for the brief half-day that he was to continue in these people's society? In the morning he would part from them forever, and in the mean time why should he not try to please and be pleased? There might, to be sure, have been many reasons why he should not do this; but however the balance stood he now yielded himself passively to his fate. He was polite to Mrs. Ellison, he was attentive to Kitty, and as far as he could he entered into the fantastic spirit of her talk with the colonel. He was not a dull man; he had quite an apt wit of his own, and a neat way of saying things; but humor always seemed to him something not perfectly well bred; of course he helped to praise it in some old-established diner-out, or some woman of good fashion, whose *mots* it was customary to repeat, and he even tolerated it in books; but he was at a loss with these people, who looked at life in so bizarre a temper, yet without airiness or pretension, nay, with a whimsical readiness to acknowledge kindred in every droll or laughable thing.

The boat stopped at Tadoussac on her return, and among the people who came down to her landing was a certain very pretty, conscious-looking, silly, bridal-faced young woman, — imaginably the belle of the season at that forlorn watering-place, — who before coming on board stood awhile attended by a following of those elderly imperial and colonial British who heavily flutter round the fair at such resorts. She had an air of utterly satisfied vanity, in which there was no harm in the world, and when she saw that she had fixed the eyes of the shoreward-gazing passengers, it appeared as if she fell into a happy trepidation too blissful to be passively borne; she moistened her pretty red lips with her tongue, she twitched her mantle, she settled the bow at her lovely throat, she bridled and tossed her graceful head.

"What should you do next, Kitty?" asked the colonel, who had been sympathetically intent upon all this.

"O, I think I should pat my foot," answered Kitty; and in fact the charming simpleton on shore, having perfected her attitude, was tapping the ground nervously with the toe of her adorable slipper.

After the boat started, a Canadian lady of ripe age, yet of a vivacity not to be reconciled with the notion of the married state, capered briskly about among her somewhat stolid and indifferent friends, saying, "They 're going to fire it as soon as we round the point"; and presently a dull boom, as of a small piece of ordnance discharged in the neighborhood of the hotel, struck through the gathering fog, and this elderly sylph clapped her hands and exulted: "They 've fired it, they 've fired it! and now the captain will blow the whistle in answer." But the captain did nothing of the kind, and the lady, after some more girlish effervescence, upbraided him for an old owl and an old muff, and so sank into such a flat and spiritless calm that she was sorrowful to see.

"Too bad, Mr. Arbuton, is n't it?" said the colonel; and Mr. Arbuton listened in vague doubt while Kitty built up with her cousin a touching romance for the poor lady, supposed to have spent the one brilliant and successful summer of her life at Tadoussac, where her admirers had agreed to bemoan her loss in this explosion of gunpowder. They asked him if he did not wish the captain *had* whistled; and "Oh!" shuddered Kitty, "does n't it all make you feel just as if you had been

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doing it yourself?" — a question which he hardly knew how to answer, never having, to his knowledge, done a ridiculous thing in his life, much less, been guilty of such behavior as that of the disappointed lady.

At Cacouna, where the boat stopped to take on the horses and carriages of some home-returning sojourners, the pier was a labyrinth of equipages of many sorts and sizes, and a herd of bright-hooded, gayly blanketed horses gave variety to the human crowd that soaked and steamed in the fine, slowly falling rain. A draught-horse was every three minutes driven into their midst with tedious iteration as he slowly drew baskets of coal up from the sloop unloading at the wharf, and each time they closed solidly upon his retreat as if they never expected to see that horse again while the world stood. They were idle ladies and gentlemen under umbrellas, Indians and habitans taking the rain stolidly erect or with shrugged shoulders, and two or three clergymen of the curate type, who might have stepped as they were out of any dull English novel. These were talking in low voices and putting their hands to their ears to catch the replies of the lady-passengers who hung upon the rail, and twaddled back as dryly as if there were no moisture in life. All the while the safety-valves hissed with the escaping steam, and the boat's crew silently toiled with the grooms of the different horses to get the equipages on board. With the carriages it was an affair of mere muscle, but the horses required to be managed with brain. No sooner had one of them placed his fore feet on the gangway plank than he protested by backing up over a mass of patient Canadians, carrying with him half a dozen grooms and deck-hands. Then his hood was drawn over his eyes, and he was blindly walked up and down the pier, and back to the gangway, which he knew as soon as he touched it. He pulled, he pranced, he shied, he did all that a bad and stubborn horse can do, till at last a groom mounted his back, a clump of deck-hands tugged at his bridle, and other grooms, tenderly embracing him at different points, pushed, and he was thus conveyed on board with mingled affection and ignominy. None of the Canadians seemed amused by this; they regarded it with serious composure as a fitting decorum, and Mr. Arbuton had no comment to make upon it. But at the first embrace bestowed upon the horse by the grooms the colonel said absently, "Ah! long-lost brother," and Kitty laughed; and as the scruples of each brute were successively overcome, she helped to give some grotesque interpretation to the various scenes of the melodrama, while Mr. Arbuton stood beside her, and sheltered her with his umbrella; and a spice of malice in her heart told her that he viewed this drolling, and especially her part in it, with grave misgiving. This gave the zest of transgression to her harmless excess, mixed with dismay; for the tricksy spirit in her was not a domineering spirit, but was easily abashed by the moods of others. She ought not to have laughed at Dick's speeches, she soon told herself, much less helped him on. She dreadfully feared that she had done something indecorous, and she was pensive and silent over it as she moved listlessly about after supper; and she sat at last thinking in a dreary sort of perplexity on what had passed during the day, which seemed a long one.

The shabby Englishman with his wife and sister were walking up and down the cabin. By and by they stopped, and sat down at the table facing Kitty; the elder woman, with a civil freedom, addressed her some commonplace, and the four were presently in lively talk; for Kitty had beamed upon the woman in return, having already longed to know something of them. The world was so fresh to her, that she could find delight in those poor singing or acting folk, though she had to own to herself that their talk was not very witty nor very wise, and that the best thing about them was

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their good-nature. The colonel sat at the end of the table with a newspaper; Mrs. Ellison had gone to bed; and Kitty was beginning to tire of her new acquaintance, and to wonder how she could get away from them, when she saw rescue in the eye of Mr. Arbuton as he came down the cabin. She knew he was looking for her; she saw him check himself with a start of recognition; then he walked rapidly by the group, without glancing at them.

"Brrrr!" said the blond girl, drawing her blue knit shawl about her shoulders, "is n't it cold?" and she and her friends laughed.

"O dear!" thought Kitty, "I did n't suppose they were so rude. I 'm afraid I must say good night," she added aloud, after a little, and stole off to her state-room, the most conscience-stricken creature on that boat. She heard those people laugh again after she left them.

W. D. Howells.

A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
  Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
  The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
  Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
  The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,
  But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
  With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
  Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
  Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
  The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
  Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
  Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
  Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
  Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
  That broken mountain line.

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A presence, strange at once and known,
  Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
  Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
  Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
  The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
  A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
  The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
  And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
  The hills of Heaven arise.

John G. Whittier.

IDIOSYNCRASIES.

WEBSTER defines the word "idiosyncrasy" thus: "A peculiarity of constitution or susceptibility, occasioning certain peculiarities of effect, from the impress of extraneous influences or agencies."

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, or, perhaps, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, know nothing of idiosyncrasies, save that the word is in the dictionaries; the thousandth is the victim of these "peculiarities of susceptibility" before he can spell words of three letters, and beyond a doubt continues so all his life.

Idiosyncrasies are to the mind what nervous diseases are to the body, — incomprehensible to those who never experienced them, but to the unfortunate persons who suffer from their effects very real afflictions. The vast majority of our fellow-creatures are so constituted that they are reasonably happy if they have none of the troubles which are admitted by the human race to *be* troubles, and which come labelled as such; that is, if they are not deprived of health, or wealth, or social position; if they have a moderate number of friends, and are not too painfully "crossed in love," as the expression is. It would be hard to count the persons who are reasonably happy without possessing these stated requisites; yet there are many individuals in the world the outward conditions of whose lives are all favorable, but whose "peculiarities of constitution and susceptibility" render them an enigma to their friends and to themselves; and whose comfort or discomfort, even happiness or unhappiness, are arbitrarily determined by the influence which slight details of circumstance and surrounding exert over them.

To such unpleasantly impressionable persons little things are of vital importance; they are almost blessings or curses. Anything that contents their capricious notions of beauty and propriety affects them as the sound of a music-box affected Mr. Thoreau, — makes everything run smoothly under the sun; while anything that crosses

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these ideas tests their philosophy and Christian fortitude severely. Two or three spires of gladiolus or day-lilies in a neighbor's garden, a flight of birds, an unexpectedly suggestive figure in a parlor carpet, a little painting hung in a corner, a sunset, or a maple-tree that autumn has turned red, may be pieces of inestimable good fortune. Coarseness in material or color, a picture that makes some pet aversion enduring, a combination of purple and light blue, certain peculiar dispositions of furniture, certain houses, streets, and prospects, communication with certain individuals, may produce the most depressing effects and, for the time, darken the horizon of life.

I know that another definition of "idiosyncrasy" is, "a morbid and fastidious fancy"; and I admit that it is the general opinion that fancies can be cured by a small dose of common-sense; but fancies are born with the fanciful person, and their force is felt quite as much in childhood as in middle age; and I believe no one thus enslaved by nature can ever emancipate himself wholly from this tyranny of daily sights and events. Can all the common-sense in the world enable a person of musical discrimination to endure a sharp discord without cringing? Nobody wonders at that. Why may not minds be as sensitive as ears?

The idiosyncrasist — if I may coin the word — is a perpetual riddle to himself. Haircloth and mahogany may pall his brightest spirits; the sight of a barberry-bush or a buttonwood-tree, or a stray sunbeam falling on auburn hair, may as unaccountably exhilarate him. It is hopeless to reason, to analyze, to expect to follow precedents. The lady who sat for two hours trying to discover what possible difference it could make to her whether the tops of the evergreen hedge opposite her dining-room windows were cut square or rounded, did not fathom the mystery. She only knew that they affected her imagination and appetite favorably when they were rounded, unfavorably when they were squared.

Why is it that I cannot enter certain houses, or talk with certain people, without becoming suddenly and inexplicably miserable? And why is it that the mere sight of another face, the mere passing by a particular apple-tree, or a half-hour's row on the river, sets me right again? Most people dislike snakes and like roses, but why are there so many snakes and roses for me? No amount of reasoning can tell me.

Sometimes agreeables and disagreeables balance: I have come in from a walk on a cold, bright, characterless winter day, utterly dispirited, and have been enveloped suddenly in an atmosphere of comfort by the sight of a changeable silk dress. It is possible, sometimes, to prescribe for one's self: after entertaining a disagreeable caller, after a washing-day or a cleaning-day, one may make a pilgrimage to one's favorite hill, or woods; one may sit down and read a French *comédie* or *vaudeville*. At one time the "Arabian Nights" was my sovereign specific, at another an open fire.

It is an excellent plan for an "oddity" to pet himself, innocently, if he can find out how; for it is nearly impossible to defy nature, and an insignificant line of poplars may bring back all the funerals he ever witnessed, in succession; an odor of cabbage may prevent him from finishing a poem; a dismal gate-post may upset a mathematical calculation, in spite of his utmost efforts to the contrary.

When you are out of spirits, tell your friend you have neuralgia, and he will pity you. Tell him that a barren, sandy road and a bare field, that you see from the window, is worse than neuralgia to you, and he will simply think you are a subject for an insane asylum. Tell your family you moved your study to the other side of the house because you could see to write longer at twilight, and don't hint that you did it because six cottages all exactly alike were being erected before the windows of your ancient sanctum.

Idiosyncrasies have first-cousins.

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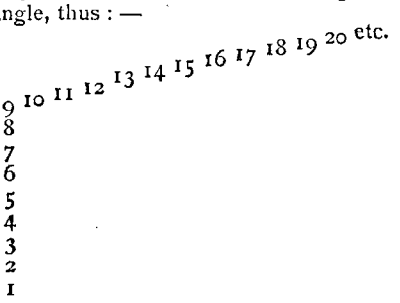
The cousin most widely known is Superstition. But with this enemy we can wage open war. It has to be fostered; it is not a tendency of the mind, developing with its growth. Its intrusion can always be detected, but it usually brings a passport, and so is often received. It is even tucked away, in the form of a notion, in a private corner of the brain of many a person who laughs at ghosts and detests spiritualistic performances. It is easy to depise forerunners and four-leaved clovers, and to be indifferent over which shoulder one sees the new moon. One need not *affect* disbelief in the tradition that dead ancestors walk in the small hours; in stories of haunted houses, mysterious affinities, and inspired articles of furniture. But in nearly every mass of practicality there is an extravagance. The person "with not a *bit* of nonsense about him" is a fable. It may be hard to find the nonsense, but it is there. The learned doctor who could not think clearly unless he had on an especial brown stuff gown, the distinguished lawyer who was sure the day's work would be unlucky if he failed to set his foot on a certain seam in his doorstep when he left the house in the morning, your friends and mine who do not care to commence a pair of slippers or to start on a journey on Friday, are examples of it. Superstition is a fruitful subject.

There are other cousins, christened eccentric connections of thought and involuntary movements of the mind. In writing of these, I must still take my illustrations mainly from my own experience, supplementing them with what I have read and what has been told me.

To begin with myself, I did not learn my letters from a pictorial alphabet, and I have only seen one dwarf in my life; but I can never look at a capital "B" without seeing a dwarf as plainly as I see the character; or at an "S," without straightway beholding an overdressed lady with a toilet-glass in her hand. "I" is inseparable from a milestone, and "Q" from a serpent. The nine digits *will* ascend in a straight line before my mind's eye, and the larger numbers *will* slant off at a queer angle, thus: —



What connection is there between an obtuse angle and the Arabic signs?

A young lady of my acquaintance cannot pass over the Common, without remembering with almost painful vividness a verse in Victor Hugo's poem "Gastibelza." She has seen that Common since she was a child, and she read the poem three years ago when she was miles away; but recently the place and the poem have become one, so to speak, and cannot be divided. Yet it seems strange that a square enclosure, bordered by a hotel and commonplace houses, should suggest the verse,

> "Vraiment, la reine eut, près d'elle, été laide,
> Quand, vers le soir,
> Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède
> En corset noir:
> Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne
> Ornait son cou. —
> Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne,
> Me rendra fou!"

Another locates whatever scenes are described in the romance or history she reads on the farm where she lived when a child. The Newcomes lived on this farm, the Punic wars were carried on there, and Thermopylæ is a narrow strip of grass between a ploughed field and an orchard wall; which is about as ridiculous as my own inability to separate Beranger's *petit homme gris* from a grasshopper, or to think of Vienna without seeing our washerwoman's cottage with red flowers in the window.

Many places in foreign lands, that I have long wished to see, are situated

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on the banks of the river that runs through my native town. Venice is where the water is smooth, partially shadowed, with only little flecks and bars of sunshine upon it, and so shallow that rocks rise above it in dry seasons. Every rock is a castle. A hill, used for pasturing sheep, and clothed with hemlocks on the side that slopes abruptly to the river, is my Alps, — fully as satisfactory to me as the real ones, I have no doubt. The Jura Mountains are two or three little knolls one can see farther down the stream. Paris is a sunny marsh, bordering flat fields, across which one can see the town, where the scarlet cardinals and the blue and white river flags rustle and nod gayly together. Marseilles is a sandy strip with white pebbles scattered over it. I can trace the connection here. Dickens has shown Marseilles as it is at noon in summer, all one broad, white glare. Rome is under the wide, stone arches of a picturesque old bridge, and the Campagne is a flat, reedy space near by. London is where the stream is narrow and boats are moored. Athens is a pile of rocks. Sorrento and Naples are mossed, sunny ledges in the cliffs. A hollow beneath the exposed roots of an oak-tree is the gallery in the Pitti Palace where hangs the portrait of Jerome Savonarola, and I am uncomfortable when the water covers it in spring. Camelot is six miles down the river, and Spain is on its south branch. A willow covered with grape-vines is my Notre Dame, a broken-down oak is Kenilworth Castle, and I am always making Milan Cathedral out of single lilies.

I cannot imagine what led me to locate the places as I have. Of course they originated in vague and unprofitable fancies. But they are grown facts, and I can no more dispute them than deny that the sun is shining while I write.

If I may multiply illustrations, there is a path in the town that is, to me, the place where Mr. Longfellow took his "Walk in Winter"; there is a meadow where Mr. Lowell's "Dandelion" grows, and his "Birch-Tree" is in the woods; I have seen Bryant's "Water Fowl" fly over; there is a place in the garret that means nothing but Molière and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*"; I have gathered Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and Rose Terry's "Arbutus," which can grow only in one place; there is only one place, too, where, with Bayard Taylor, I have seen,

> "The winds, that shake the whiteweed, roll
> The meadows into foam."

Faust and Margaret live in a fire once in a while; Mr. Emerson's "Humble Bee" flies through my garden, and the sands by the old mill-brook are the "Sands o' Dee."

Well, to anybody else this seems utter nonsense, but everything is in theory, resemblance, and association. Columbines suggest vanity to other people; snow, purity; blue skies are connected with Heaven; and mud typifies a darkened intellect. Whittington was talked to by bells, Paul Dombey by a clock, and so forth. These fabrications of the mind are queer structures, and their bases are hidden in fog. The idealist can laugh at them, but he must accept them.

As for involuntary movements of mind, there are journalists who go on arranging facts and composing leading articles in their sleep; there are young ladies who solve algebraic problems in their dreams; there are plenty of people whose minds grind on like machines and almost defy control: but one illustration must suffice: A lady read two lines in a poem which did not particularly impress her; they were,

> "Go forth upon the long, bright road,
> Unto the city of your God."

To her amazement, these lines appropriated a corner of her brain and lived there. She found herself continually saying them over, and she could not hear any sudden, unexpected noise — the steam-whistle, or the striking of a clock, or the rumble of a cart — without being seized with a preternatural anxiety to say those lines over three times before the noise ceased. The couplet

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haunts her in her walks. Fancy the surprise of one of the sober farmers who sometimes pass her, mounted in their wagons, if he could know the lady on the sidewalk was hurrying over six lines of poetry, trying to finish before he gets by! Although the reader may have formed a contrary opinion, the lady is not a lunatic.

There are, also, abnormal states of mind, or, I ought to say, their beginnings, which come to sane persons who are not mediums, or seers, or seventh children of seventh children, who do not see visions, or dream dreams. Mr. Tennyson writes in his "Princess": —

"Myself, too, had weird seizures, Heaven knows what!
On a sudden, in the midst of men and day,
And while I walked and talked, as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts
And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

I can only say, about these "weird seizures," that I have been sitting, engaged in the practical, economical, prosaic employment of sewing buttons on a dress while two or three ladies were gossiping in the room, and I have seen the faces and voices, the sunshine and shadow, as if they were in a picture I was looking at, while I was really far away in some strange, half-comprehended state. It is a distressing and unnatural sensation, and seems, as far as I can analyze it, to be a passing inability to realize what is transpiring, a reluctance of the brain to go on receiving impressions. Another consciousness seems to overshadow the present, and I find myself wondering, as if sights and sounds were strange hieroglyphics I could not decipher. If this is like the "fish-stories" of our youth, I cannot help it.

There is no need to enlarge on the subject. What do people who do not have idiosyncrasies, and eccentric connections of thought, and involuntary movements, and abnormal states of mind, care about them? And for people who do, sympathy is pleasant, but they have enough to do to meet their own trials.

It is safe to assume that there will be no idiosyncrasies in the millennium. In that happy time, doctors will not prescribe mullen-tea and extract of rhubarb, when the patient suffers from one of Edgar Poe's stories, or is fevered with too much Edgeworth. People will not be sent on sea-voyages when they feel that there is a gulf between themselves and the human race, — as ministers are apt to, Monday mornings, — because somebody they live with, daily and unintentionally, depresses them. It will be understood that idiosyncrasies are as enduring and as unendurable as crossed eyes.

Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" will not console the afflicted. "Locke on the Understanding" will not be equal to the occasion (I remember I used to wonder if Youatt *rode* on the Horse, and if Locke *rode* on the Understanding). I believe, privately, that somebody who has written about "Bilious Affections" came as near the solution of the difficulty as any one who has tried metaphysics. I am waiting for the coming man — or woman — who will entitle a volume "How to avoid receiving Unpleasant Impressions; or, A Recipe for Logical Thinking." The world will be better for that man's — or woman's — life.

There is one word to be said about the real trial of being an "oddity." It needs more faith and patience than can be imagined by the inexperienced. There is only one comfort; that is, being what we were made to be, as far as possible, and using idiosyncrasies etc., as a means of grace. Say the wind is east with Mr. Jarndyce, and go to work. There is no human being who is not upon some round of

"Cette échelle d'or, qui va se perdre en Dieu,"

and when we reach the top, we shall know what all hindrances, great or small, meant.

Miss H. R. Hudson.

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A HUNT FOR SMUGGLERS.

IT is necessary once a year that the Wayanda, a revenue-cutter attached to the Pacific service, should show herself in all the roadsteads, bays, and harbors of some four hundred miles of sea-coast extending from San Francisco to San Diego. Ten months out of the twelve, the Wayanda lies off Long Wharf, San Francisco Harbor. She swings regularly to the in-coming and out-going tide, and tunes her cordage to the rough blast, which for eight months in the year tears about eleven o'clock A. M. through the Golden Gate. Meantime, the officers eat, drink, sleep, smoke, tell each other all they know and more, become tired of life, wish for storms, convulsions, earthquakes, anything to dash this monotony with a fresh shade of color.

The Wayanda to a landsman looks a fine specimen of marine architecture. She is long, low, black, rakish, trim, and taut. Yet she is a maritime delusion. She is a contractor's imposition. Her engines are too large for the vessel. The boilers are too small to supply the necessary steam for the engines. When she was fully built, it was found that there was no room for stowing coal. So they sawed her in two, and pieced her out thirty feet. Hence she is suspected of having a weak back. She should be at least one third faster than she is. She is a fine specimen of what Uncle Sam often gets for his money.

No matter. About eighteen months ago, I found myself on board the Wayanda, bound down the coast. My position was uncertain. It hovered between that of passenger and "correspondent." We were on the yearly official hunt for smugglers. We were passing out the Golden Gate.

Fifteen hours' sail brought us to Santa Cruz. We found it a New England village on the Pacific coast. The harbor is an open roadstead. The waves roll in a little shorn of their native force. There was one high pier at which a few vessels were surging and straining uneasily at their hawsers. We landed, and strolled into the city. We call anything in excess of a barn a city in California.

The inhabitants told us, if we came for sight-seeing purposes, it was our duty to visit the cathedral. The term "cathedral" is also in California recklessly applied to all manner of church edifices. The cathedral at Santa Cruz was barny, and the plastered walls badly battered by the last earthquake. When inside, a little boy seemed to be mysteriously produced from some portion of the edifice. The Padre was not at home. He offered to show us about. We said, "Show." He carried us behind the altar into a room full of images in plaster and wax, full of candlesticks, and heavy silk vestments with glittering fringes. I do not think we had any business there. I believe now that the little boy was emboldened by our presence to go there, and that, in the absence of the appropriate guardians, he used us as a foil to satisfy his own curiosity.

The officers and the correspondent, leaving the cathedral, went once more into the town, and demanded other sights to see. The inhabitants said there was nothing but a funeral. If we felt — No. We declined the invitation.

The Wayanda's cutter was signalled, and we went on board. Up came the anchor, and we sailed for Monterey. The roadstead makes a deep indentation in the coast. On one side lies Santa Cruz, on the other Monterey.

Monterey seemed the Sleepy Hollow of the Pacific coast. Here is yet a tinge of the dreamy, misty, guitar-tinkling, fandangoing atmosphere of the old Alta California, — the California which was but a yellow blotch on the ink-stained map of the school-boy, unfenced, cattle covered, famous only for

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hides and tallow and "Two Years before the Mast"; knowing nothing and caring less for the busy outer world.

Scarce an inhabitant was seen as we landed and walked the main street. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer was heard from end to end of the town. So was the thump of some busy matron's "pound-barrel." A head occasionally peeped from a doorway; a squeaky pump wheezed its lamentations over the whole place and the fields beyond; an invisible crow cawed in the upper air; and had you looked closely upon the surrounding semicircle of hills, covered with tall red-woods, you might have seen a Mexican Rip Van Winkle toiling upward with his gun and dog Schneider, — going to sleep.

A chapel was open; curtains hung at the entrance partly pulled aside; we looked within; the altar was decorated with flowers and crowded with the other paraphernalia of Catholic worship; the candles were burning; it seemed restful and devotional for a week-day. In architecture, the brown, sun-baked, one-storied adobe of the Mexican, and the white front and green blind of painfully "smart" Yankeedom, stood side by side. In places the sidewalks were curbed with vertebral joints of the whale. There were even pavements of the same material, and we walked on round disks of bone.

The beach in front was strewn with whales' ribs and bones, bleached to whiteness. At a little distance they seemed like an accumulation of driftwood. Boat-whaling is extensively carried on here. There were the boats, those specks in the horizon. They set out by daylight and return at dusk. Beyond a headland, a mile or so away, rose a dark, thick column of smoke. They had beached a whale, and were trying him out.

At last we unearthed an inhabitant. It was the town cobbler. He came forth to meet us. It was but nine o'clock, yet this man had been deep in potations. He met us coming up the street; he turned, accompanied us, and introduced himself and his business. There was a drunken, bloodshot roll in his eye, a corresponding one in his gait, another in his voice.

"Cobbulin, genlemen, cobbulun is bess bizness any one man can go to withouter capitle," said he. "Don't require any stock in trade. I've been here four year; I had no captle when I come, I got none now. Whoop! Genlemen, wha's your bizness? wha's you come here for?" At this point, having reached the hotel, we entered. The cobbler of Monterey, fraternizing and rejoicing, entered with us. The landlord proceeded instantly to sift our party, for he put the fraternizing shoemaker out. And then he took the middle of the street, and, for an hour, was violent and abusive concerning all "stuck-up ristercrats."

There was much to admire about Monterey. On the outskirts were native oaks, umbrella-shaped as to foliage, the outer ends of the limbs almost touching the ground full forty feet from the trunk, — perfect tree tents. There was a forest laundry, — a place of pure water-springs, bush-houses, and robust Mexican matrons scrubbing dilapidated blankets; but we found no smugglers. We took ship and paddled for San Pablo, the port of entry for Los Angelos.

During the passage down the first lieutenant spoke often of a certain Dr. Smith. Arrived and anchored in San Pablo Harbor, four officers and "the correspondent" called on Dr. Smith. We found him barber and physician. He held forth in two offices. One bore the sign, "Smith, Shaving, etc." The next door flourished an enamelled plate labelled, "Dr. Smith."

Some years ago there was extant the picture of a young Yankee genius, the inventor of an apple-peeling machine, who had also tried his hand at perpetual motion. He reappeared to me in Smith, — long, lank, hatchet-featured body, boots, white hat, and all.

Dr. Smith was glad to see us. We filed into his barber-shop, and seated ourselves on anything convenient. It was a country barber's shop. It smelled of soap, strong soap. The towels were

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not snowy. There were many flies. Locks of hair lay on the floor, manes of teamsters and United States privates. San Pablo is a government supply depot. Dr. Smith in his shirt-sleeves, and white hat a little on one side, took the throne, his own barber's chair. Well, how was business? asked Mr. B——. Few other questions were put by our party. Dr. Smith had a text and an audience. For one hour and a half he preached.

Business, he remarked, was fair. He had patients. He cured them, always. He had now four under treatment. He 'd knock spots out of their complaints. He always did. San Pablo had a mixed population; part greaser. He did n't consider a greaser a human being, consequently he did n't count them in. The soldiers were a nuisance. To protect himself and family from their drunken outrages, he had put up that picket-fence five feet high about his medical office. There was a club inside that fence. If he did find a drunken United States private within those premises, he 'd catch one "lambasting." He had invented a new hair invigorator. It was selling fast. Sold four bottles last month. In three weeks it brought hair out on Jim Duffy's bald head, — brought it out in tufts visible to the naked eye.

A well-known "Invigorator" advertisement hung on Dr. Smith's walls. "You allow the opposition a fair chance," was remarked.

Dr. Smith left his chair, reached from a shelf a bottle of the opposing nostrum, struck an attitude, uncorked the mixture, poured a few drops in the palm of his hand, and thrust it under our respective noses.

"Look at that," said he. "Was ever such stuff put up to impose on the multitude? Sugar of lead, strychnine, oil of vitriol! They were ashamed of its very look. That was the reason they kept it out of sight, wrapping the outside of the bottle in so many labels and printed directions!"

There was a great blotch of baldness on one side of Dr. Smith's own head. "You see that, gentlemen. You ask, perhaps, why the physician does not heal himself. Now, the cause of that 's internal. Ran on my mother's hot flat-iron at the age of one year and eight months. It dried the capillaries forever. You see it 's internal. You dry up the capillaries, and there 's nothing left to build a hair foundation on."

Just then a matted, sun-bleached beard, attached to a gray shirt, buck-skin pants, big boots, and a black-snake whip, stepped in to be tortured. Dr. Smith quickly vacated his chair, tucked a blood-spotted towel under the victim's chin, gave his lather a stir which filled the shop with the subdued odor of lye, slapped a razor on the leather strap, keeping the while one of his ferret eyes fixed on the man as if expecting he might all at once bolt and run.

We took this opportunity to leave. We thanked Dr. Smith for the morning's entertainment. It had been such. He waved us off with independent civility. He looked the independent American, proud of his nationality, proud of his enterprise, proud of his varied powers and talents, and not to be made servile even by a visit from a party of blue-coated, brass-buttoned revenue officers. We pronounced Smith a success. San Pablo had nothing else to offer. There was no need. One such man as Dr. Smith, — barber, physician, conversationalist, and inventor, -- properly developed and shown up, is enough for any small town.

One more port remained, San Diego. In twenty-four hours Point Soma had loomed up, the extremity of the cape forming San Diego Harbor. We rounded it and steamed carefully through a narrow passage, a low sandy beach on either side. The cutter's boats were out taking soundings; the leads were kept busily going from both fore-chains. We came at last into a smooth, semi-circular sheet of water, San Diego Harbor. Directly opposite was New San Diego, built up within two years, — an American town, a speculative town, scattering itself over many acres, slightly inclining from the water's edge.

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Two miles away on an arm of the bay was dimly seen Old San Diego.

New San Diego, at the time of our arrival, had reached the climax of the real-estate and town-lot fever. Scarcely had our anchor dropped than an excited populace came off to us in small boats. They scrambled on deck; they waited no introduction; they asked no news; but for two hours they clamored "town lots" and "real estate."

They told us, one and all, separately and combinedly, that "Brown had made forty thousand in six weeks, — town lots. That house there yonder, white, and green blinds, — that house belongs to a man worth sixty thousand dollars; made it all in San Diego town lots; the healthiest place in California. A man came here six weeks ago quite dead with consumption; he had gained fourteen pounds since; he could be seen at any time in the Washington Saloon."

For two hours this babel raged on our decks. It came high noon. Suddenly speculation was reminded of its stomach. It scrambled again over the side and paddled for the shore. The Wayanda was once more quiet.

In the afternoon we went on shore. We found speculation now busy with the Wayanda's affairs. No government vessel had been in port for many months. It meant something beside looking after the revenue. A new survey was to be made of the harbor. No. Fortifications were to be erected on the island opposite. Not that either. There was something up regarding a United States claim to the very land on which stood New San Diego. All this was hinted at in conversation.

The officers of the Wayanda were aggravatingly non-committal as to their purpose in coming. Captain W—— dropped here and there a word, making the mystery, if anything, deeper. Speculation and curiosity went into corners and tore its hair with vexation. Yet for days the Wayanda rode composedly at anchor. The quartermaster paced the quarter-deck, a head occasionally peered over the bulwarks. Tom, the cutter's cat, in the evening twilight crouched at the end of the spanker boom and gazed reflectively on that unhappy town, full of restless real-estate speculators. When he walked back on deck his gait and manner seemed to indicate how fortunate he felt himself in being an official cat, all above the petty cares and anxieties of business. And from the cat to the captain, the Wayanda kept all her purposes and mysteries to herself with becoming official dignity and reserve. Even the brass guns on deck, shrouded in sable tarpaulins, seemed to say, "We know our business. When it is time we 'll speak."

What had she come for? To look after the revenue. To catch smugglers. And when a long, low, black vessel with four twenty-four pounders, one sixty-eight pounder, forty odd men, and the revenue flag at the spanker gaff, thus advertised herself plainly to those who cared not to render unto Cæsar the things belonging to Cæsar, would not every smuggler hoist a press of sail, bear straight for San Diego, land his contraband, and throw himself lovingly into the Wayanda's embrace?

Both Old and New San Diego seemed full of restless, unhappy people. The only amusement was in riding from "Old Town" to "New Town," and from "New Town" back to "Old Town." Two lines of omnibuses; trips every hour, fare twenty-five cents. We made one trip. Our omnibus took its departure from the principal hotel of New San Diego. We supposed it had really started for "Old Town." No; it drove hither and thither, from one hotel to another, from saloon to store, from store to saloon, on the hunt for passengers. It explored new streets thinly spotted with new houses and thickly crowded with vacant lots. It spied men and women from afar, ran them down, captured them, picked them up, and hoisted them on board. All this took over an hour. We saw every inch of the new city. Then we started for Old Town.

Captain W——, Lieutenant B——, and myself occupied the back seat; I

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was in the middle. Directly in front sat a young lady, apparently a Western young woman. Her seat had a sort of swinging back, formed by a strap. She had one side a mother, on the other a venomous-looking cavalier; he seemed from Texas. His features were thin and sallow; there was a villanous slant in his eye; he wore a linen duster and a felt hat. The but of a six-shooter protruded from the back of the duster. I felt that his pockets and every aperture of his garments were full of derringers and bowie-knives. The stage jolted, rolled, and rocked. Every jolt dashed that young woman reclining against the strap all over me, seated as I was behind her. Her Texas cavalier glanced wickedly at me out of a corner of his green eye. I tried in vain to avoid these collisions. I tried to compress myself farther into the rear of that Concord coach. Yet the young woman did not second my efforts as she might. She allowed herself to be dashed. I anathematized the interior construction of all Concord coaches. It was a terrible ride. I perspired. The rascally captain and his subordinate hunted for pins, found them, and stuck them into me, that I might involuntarily reciprocate the young woman's testimonials. I remained immovable, but exuded a cold sweat; and so this load of misery rolled into Old San Diego. The young woman from the West, her mother, and the arsenalled cavalier from Texas got out. I never saw them again; I never wish to.

Old San Diego consists mostly of a square of one-storied Mexican adobes, a plaza, a flag-staff, an old, brass, verdigrised Spanish cannon, covered with heraldic devices and Latin inscriptions; a Catholic church, and an open-air, three-belled belfry, whose morning chimes rolled sweetly over the bay. There is a river too, but it was dried up at the time of our visit. There was a calaboose, being a sheet-iron cage, bars in front, two men inside awaiting trial for stealing cattle. They were new-comers, had taken up a ranch, were not acquainted with the customs of the Lower Country.

We rode back to New San Diego. This seemed the common impulse which seized all comers from New to Old San Diego. The same impulse laid hold of all residents, temporary or otherwise, of Old Town who visited New Town. The result was, the two lines of coaches were kept constantly full of disgusted people passing and repassing each other.

There was but one return passenger. He soon made it known to us that he was a San Diego County supervisor. He aired the county secrets. They had no jail; criminals depended on the hospitality of Los Angelos, over one hundred miles distant, for such accommodation. There was no money for repair of county roads. There was no money for anything, save to pay officials. They, said he, took everything and rendered no account. Nor could they be ousted; Sindbad's old man of the sea was never more firmly glued to Sindbad's back that they to the county. They had held office from all time. They calculated so to do. It was their business.

Before our departure we were invited to a ball at Old San Diego. The officers put on their best uniforms. One object in the creation and maintenance of revenue and naval officers is that they attend balls in uniform. It is often not the man, but the buttons, that shine.

Not being an officer, I had no uniform. Hence I could not shine. It was decreed in the wardroom, and the decree was sanctioned in the cabin, that I should attend in uniform. The captain, the lieutenants, the engineers, started for their trunks. Old uniforms were dragged out. I was by degrees built up in the pants of one, the coat of another, the vest and cap of another. I was dressed in compartments. They invented for me an office and a title. I became the ship's surgeon. They called me Doctor. All this felt very queer. I was never in blue and brass before, nor a doctor.

We went on shore, and were met by Captain P——, "of the army," with an

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ambulance and four mules for conveyance to Old San Diego. To the captain I was introduced as "Doctor." I commenced to feel like a forgery, a medical forgery.

Arrived at Old San Diego, they introduced me promiscuously and recklessly as "Doctor." A horrible fear beset me. Suppose the resident physician of the town should be absent, and some difficult and delicate case suddenly develop itself! I might be sent for. Such things had happened. How needlessly we may torment ourselves with supposition!

It came nine o'clock, and still no indications of the ball. We were shown to the sitting-room of the hotel. We sat there for a time in blue and brass revenue dignity. Then we became tired, sallied out, exhausted all the sights of the dingy, dark town in ten minutes, returned, showed ourselves and buttons at the hotel doorway, and again subsided into official dignity.

Ten o'clock; still no symptoms of the promised ball. Something was the matter. In the earlier portion of the evening I had overheard some ominous remarks by the natives in the street. "Ef they had n't put on so much style, thar might have been a crowd thar!" I knew something of the social nature of these small California settlements. I detected the symptoms of a disease, prevalent from Siskiyon to San Diego. That was "cliquism."

In all small California towns there are from two to four cliques. The smaller the place the more bitter and antagonistic the cliques. Political and sectional proclivities have much to do with their creation and continuance.

So it was in Old San Diego. The ball to be given us originated with one clique. It became immediately the business of the other to defeat it. The opposing San Diego lords laid an embargo on their wives and daughters. They should not attend. The supply of the female element in Old San Diego was small. In fifteen minutes after this had been decreed, it was known all over town; for Old San Diego is but little else save a large one-story house, built around a square. The hall had been lit, the fiddler was there ready for action. A few ladies waited in the anteroom. The revenue officers waited at the hotel. The "Doctor" waited. The principal manager was nearly beside himself. Not until the last moment had he suspected the trap now sprung on him. He ran distractedly hither and thither. He accosted the antagonistic conspirators. "Were they not coming to the ball?" They were indifferent. They scarce knew there was to be a ball.

There was no ball; but they gave us a supper, a good one. At this the masculine elements of either clique fraternized. The plot had succeeded. The ball had beed defeated. In the hour of victory, the opposition suddenly might have recollected that Old San Diego would be the chief sufferer. The reputation of Old San Diego in the matter of courtesy to strangers was in danger. Between the bickerings of cliquism, we, the invited guests, had fallen to the ground. Old and New San Diego were rival cities. New San Diego would make the most out of this slight to the revenue service and the United States Army.

So they gave us a supper.

At the table, I, the Wayanda's "Doctor," was appropriately seated next the most prominent physician of Old San Diego, and to him I was introduced. I commenced perspiring with the soup. Of course, the original Jacobs Esculapius of Lower California talked shop. He asked after several professional acquaintances in San Francisco. I crawled out of that dilemma by saying I had just arrived from the Eastern States. I am a Californian of sixteen years' standing. Then I clattered with fear in my boots, dreading the next inquiry. He approached the topic of medicine. I resolved immediately on a defence composed of one part stupidity, one part deafness, one part misapprehension. I prayed also for a little, just a little help in this hour of need. I did want to say

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to him, "See here, doctor, I 'm not the real thing at all, you know. I 'm only a Quaker gun, doctor, just got up by the boys to show off with."

But that would never have done. The Wayanda's wardroom and cabin counted on my sustaining the character well. To break down would have disgraced me for the remainder of the trip.

So whenever intuitively I felt he was about to aim a fresh medical question at me, I anticipated it by inquiring as to something as far removed from medicine as possible. I put on a modified boisterousness. The *medico* glanced at me suspiciously. He smelt the wolf in sheep's clothing. Internally I was very miserable, I was torn to tatters. There was wine on the table: I was thankful when it commenced to take effect, and disperse the searching, concentrative inquiry of this dreadful doctor.

And when once I had opportunity to whisper in one of the ears of the wardroom that my position was a most trying one, and that all the powers of my mind were overtaxed in furnishing fiction for sustaining the situation, I was told that, as a newspaper correspondent, it was my duty and business and pleasure to furnish any amount of such matter for any possible emergency!

The "General" was at the supper. The General came among us vaguely during the earlier portion of the evening. In a certain store whither we had stepped a moment to make some purchases, there was a little of him, and a little more at the next, and before we had made the circuit of the town the General was on a free-and-easy, amiable, and amicable footing with our entire party. He was an old resident of Old San Diego. He represented the place that evening. He left no room for any other representative.

The General dealt only with principles. He secured a position at Captain W——'s right elbow, and he kept it. For ten minutes after we sat down to supper, the General plunged into the lowest depths of reflective inebriety. Then suddenly arousing, he bethought himself of attending to the guests. A vase of celery stood before him. He grasped the bunch, pulled it out, and stalk by stalk distributed it gravely to all within his reach. This done, he relapsed into another brief, silent interval of reflectiveness. He also at this time ate — much. Then he turned the entire current of his conversation toward Captain W——.

"Cap'n," said he, "wha's name your ship?"

"The Wayanda," said Captain W——.

"Cap'n, I once had cousin in service. Zz name was John George Lee. Ever see 'im, cap'n?"

"It seems to me I have met some one of that name," said Captain W——.

Here mournful recollections seized the General. "Yes, poor fellow, dead and gone! dead and gone! Went down in a gale off Cape Hatteras and died of fever on coas Afriker in '62. Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

"The Wayanda," said the captain.

After another interval of silence and large consumption, the General concentrated his attention on the clusters of grapes lying on the table; and, although no one had reached dessert, he sternly handed each of us a bunch. They gave him an opportunity to open on the grape culture in Lower California.

"Cap'n," said he, "wha's name your ship?" It seemed impossible for the General to pursue any train of thought without reassurance as to the Wayanda's rightful designation.

"Cap'n," said he, "we raise a sperior grape; people once had notion must irrigate grape-vines; all nonsense; irgate nothin'; irgashun, — you see, — well, irgashun all nonsense, cos water 's bad thing for wine, anyway, — water gets too much into wine and so makes wine sour bout year b'fore grapes get ripe! Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

Captain W—— felt he had answered that question sufficiently. He half suspected the General of a drunken attempt to quiz him. There was a veiled flash of temper in his eye.

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I was rejoiced: I had now a companion in misery. This was an offset to my prying medical friend. However, there was the inevitable answer to be given; for the General, his head half turned, awaited it, and the captain, like a school-boy reciting his most familiar lesson, replied, "The Wayanda, sir."

The mournful fate of John George Lee was again revived. The General forgot he had once before broached this subject. He introduced his cousin as "poor John George."

"Cap'n," he asked, "you mus' have met with a fren mine who was in service, John George. Died of coas fever in Afriker in '58."

In this abbreviated name Captain W—— did not recognize the John George Lee introduced an hour previous. No, he had no recollection of such a person.

The General mused. Our captain glanced uneasily at the clock, calculating how many hours longer this torture was likely to endure. The General's memory suddenly brightened. "Why cap'n," said he, "you said you knew 'im, my fren, John George Lee."

"Yes, certainly, I knew John George Lee," said Captain W——.

"An' you dunno John George?" asked the General, in a suspicious manner.

"O, both names refer to the same person!" replied the captain.

A knowing grin, an inebriated grin, overspread the General's face. He saw the cause of misapprehension. His hand fell upon the captain's shoulder in all the confidence and fellowship of inebriety. The captain shuddered, I rejoiced.

"Cer'nly," said the General, and the smile went straight out from his features. A gloom of mournful recollection instantly supplanted it. "My poor fren, John George Lee. He was a man, a sailor, sir; died at his pos', foundered off Hatteras in a gale. Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

The captain, half amused, half enraged, like a dutiful child once more repeated his lesson, and said, "The Wayanda, sir." He squirmed, too, as behind him he felt his lieutenants nudging each other. They were enjoying the "old man's" situation.

The General with some effort now rose to his feet. His tall form bent like a reed over the table. He surveyed us gloomily. He filled full a glass with champagne. He filled it more than full. He was indifferent then to trifles. He spoke, "Genmelen, I propose a toas'. Here 's — here 's to the Wyanner an' her commanner!"

The "toas" was drank standing and in silence. There was here and there a sort of splutter over the beverage, and not a dry eye in the house.

The feast was at last over. It proved no compensation for the lack of the ball. Our buttons had glittered for nothing. Who cares to shine merely for a parcel of men?

We left Old San Diego about two o'clock in the morning. At five the Wayanda's boilers and escape-pipes gave forth hisses and fizzlings of preparation. At six the anchor was coming on board in orderly man-o'-war style. At seven Old and New San Diego were gliding from sight and becoming only things of memory. It was a dark, misty morning, with a dash of rain now and then. The waves were boisterous, green-tinged, white-capped. There was an extra roll on the bar off the harbor, and the engines labored now fitfully and hurriedly, now slowly and laboriously, as the propeller's screw was lifted high out of water or deeply submerged. Openly, our captain avowed that he longed to have the General and his stomach on board, that he might lie on the raging bar with him for a few hours. But this world is not for the gratification of all our desires. The Wayanda was now headed direct for her old anchorage off Long Wharf. In four days we were there. We found San Francisco sitting on her accustomed sand-hills, and enveloped in her usual fog. We brought back no smugglers, — only remembrances, chiefly of Dr. Smith, barber and physician, and the General.

Prentice Mulford.

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A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

"GOETHE'S Correspondence with a Child" is one of those phenomenal appearances in literature to which every critic of the great poet has lent his own interpretation. Many, indeed most, readers of these letters have regarded them with admiration, as the poetic outburst of a precocious and fervid imagination; but they have met with sterner criticism, and even wholesale denunciation. It is not the province of this article to discuss their merits, but to tell a curious and true story of the author, which, it is believed, is known but to very few.

After Goethe's death, the gifted and eccentric author "Bettina" determined to publish these letters, and did so, meeting with great success. They brought her immense literary fame, beside the substantial guerdon of seven thousand dollars, — all of which she determined to devote to a monument to her great Goethe, the design of which she drew herself. But her ideas were so colossal that seven thousand dollars were not enough, and she determined to pledge all in an English translation and edition of her letters, hoping to double it. To this end she employed two English scholars, an Oxford and then a Cambridge student, to translate for her. But their terse, abrupt, English-sounding sentences offended her musical ear, and she determined to translate the book herself.

Having completed the work to her satisfaction (a description of her troubles is given in her "Preamble"), and having spent all her seven thousand dollars in the printing, binding, and gilding the edges of her volumes, the immense edition of ten thousand copies was sent to the famous London firm of Longmans, Brown, and Orme, without previous understanding on their part as to the reception of this curious freight.

She sent them some half-dozen inspection copies, and two presentation copies, one for Prince Albert and one for Carlyle; but although months and weeks passed by, poor Bettina heard nothing from her translation. She wrote to Longmans, and to her nephew in London, Mr. Brentano, who, strange to say, did not answer her letters or interest himself in her adventure. Finally she put her case in the hands of a gentleman going from Berlin to London, and begged of him to inquire into the fate of her lost loves. He did so, and found that the cases containing the ten thousand volumes had never been removed from the custom-house, nor did Messrs. Longmans intend to remove them. Mr. Brentano was not in receipt of any moneys from his romantic aunt with which to pay the heavy charges accumulated on them; and the end was prosaic enough: they were simply sold as unclaimed matter, and probably went back to the manufacturers as "stock."

Meantime she had given to the wife of her kindly friend (the only one, it seems, who ever interested himself enough in her great work even to inquire for it) a copy, with an autograph note on the outside, which is now perhaps the only copy in this country of this very remarkable book.

These friends have carefully kept it, not alone from the affection they felt for her, but because they discern in it something noble and true and tender. As she says herself, "The deed was intrepid and the execution was high and undaunted to the utmost moment!"

It is impossible not to laugh at her mistakes, but who will not be affected by her address to the Longmans (as if publishers were human)? "If there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like they *scan* the pages of my Diary"; and by her delicate and sweet

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mistake about "struggling for her version as an animal does for its young"? These and many other instances present this gifted woman in a new and rather piteous light, preserving as she did, with undying constancy, the peculiar romance of her youth, and regarding no labor or self-sacrifice as onerous which should redound to the credit and glory of the great Goethe.

Bettina's history is well known; but a brief recapitulation of it, garnered from the recollections of the faithful friend who has preserved her little book, may not be out of place here.

She was born of a wealthy Italian family, whose ancestors had settled at Frankfort, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Brentano. She fell in love with Goethe when she was sixteen and he sixty, and his vanity induced him to receive and reply to those wonderful letters now so well known to readers of all countries as "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She was born in 1785, and married in 1811 Baron Joachim von Arnim, himself a distinguished poet, and renowned for his personal beauty. He died in 1831, leaving Madame von Arnim with three beautiful daughters, all of whom survive, and are said still to be the flowers of the German court. Encouraged by the splendid success of her first literary effort, Bettina wrote a novel called "Günderode." It was again in the form of letters, and consisted of the correspondence of a young German lady of noble family, who committed suicide because of her intense passion for a distinguished philologist. This novel had great popularity, and the young German "girls of the period," the young and sentimental wives, the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed "femmes incomprises" of all Germany, wept over it as their grandmothers had wept sixty years before over the "Sorrows of Werther."

Later in life the versatile and restless Bettina became a great politician, and wrote a book entitled "This Book belongs to the King." But it failed signally to please the king, who withdrew the sunshine of his favor, which she had dearly prized. She wrote one more book deeply tinged with the political and social ideas of the times, called "Conversations with a Demon," but this was also a failure.

She died in 1859, after a long, prosperous, and distinguished career, having always enjoyed a good position in society, which she ennobled by her devotion to literature. She seems to have been always highly respected by her own countrymen, who, of all the nations of the earth, alone can fully comprehend her.

A faithful copy of her "Preface and Preamble," and selections from such parts of her letters as seemed most curious, has been made, taking great care to preserve the mistakes, — as difficult a matter as it is for an actor to commit to memory the part of "Oblivious Top," which consists in remembering to forget. To the students of the two languages, Bettina's search for some English equivalent for the high-resounding German speech will recall an old trouble, while her desperate struggle for a word, resulting often in "creating one from the depths of her own consciousness," cannot fail to amuse everybody. Frequently she is befogged, and goes off into total obscurity and intellectual shipwreck; sometimes she hits on a phrase of great beauty, as where she says, "The trim towers of the castle rose up, as if *swearing an oath*"; and again in describing the sun's power in opening a bud she says, "It cannot again return to the *cool closet* of unconscious darkness."

This rare and precious volume is enriched by her own design for the Goethe monument. Jupiter Tonans seems to have been her model for the gigantic creature, who sits, half draped, in a huge arm-chair, with wreaths on his head and in his hands, while in classical nudity the youthful Psyche leans on his knee, clasping, in a pair of very thin arms, his lyre, — to reach which she stands painfully on tiptoe. The drawing is far from perfect, and perhaps one is reconciled to the fact that this

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dream of art has never been perpetuated in marble. The readers of the letters will remember how fond she was of calling herself "his Psyche!" And her own inimitable description of this model is given in the quotations which follow.

Poor Bettina!—after having been, as she says herself, "grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, *to no boot*,"—let us hope that she may find at this late day some grateful recognition of her heroic effort.

Bettina's own Translation of her Letters to Goethe.

PREFACE.

TO THE ENGLISH BARDS.

GENTLEMEN!—The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue, so often brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd but pure and fiery draught, do not refuse to taste if you relish its spirit to be home felt, though not home born.

BETTINA ARNIM.

PREAMBLE.

The translating of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child into English, was generally disapproved of, previous to its publication in Germany, the well-renowned Mrs. Austin by regard for the great German Poet proposed to translate it; but after having perused it with attention, the Literate and the most famed Booksellers of London thought unadvisable the publication of a book that in every way widely differed from the spirit and feeling of the English, and therefore it could not be depended upon for exciting their interest. Mrs. Austin, by her gracious mind to comply with my wishes, proposed to publish some fragments of it, but as no musician ever likes to have only those passages of his composition executed that blandish the ear, I likewise refused my assent to the maiming of a work that not by my own merit, but by chance and nature became a work of art, that only in the untouched developement of its genius might judiciously be enjoyed and appraised. I stood in awe of these authorities, so familiar with the literary relations of England, and with regret I gave up the dreamed delight of being read and named by the English; but a good or bad demon, I know not which, made me forget my wits, with the most alluring charms, tempting me to this enterprise even in the moment, when German newspapers and Reviews were demonstrating it to be nonsense and a failed speculation for Goethe's monument or for the spreading of his glory abroad.

The Poet being not so comprehened and beloved in his whole grandeur by stranger as in his native land, the English would greatly be inclined to construe his bearing to the child in these letters as the unkindest egotism; and the most affected, or also incomprehensible passion in the child.

These objections disposed me highly to the contrary. I became still more persuaded that if the inspiration, excited in Germany by that peace-radiating power of Goethe over a juvenile temper, depended on a genuine cause, then it must be real, for English as well as German, and if that be true what a great German Philosopher maintains that the perception for philosophic revelation is innate in English people, then I can hope that my confidence may become a delightful means of intelligence for me with the English.

I was not acquainted with the English tongue, therefore relied upon the consciousness of my translators; the recapitulating of their version I tried to follow with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text by their harmonious sound and even by the union of their single part awakes poetic sensation. I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain; to all my objections my relentless translator opposed the impossibility of translating it, the rigour against any arbitrariness in that language; and besides its penury that allows no great choice, it consisting in but thirty thousand

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words. I thought if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right.

The printing had almost come to end when by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted; then by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties that fell more heavily upon me, than upon any knight-errant who tries with the help of propitious spirits to overcome impossibilities. What erroneous ways have I hastened through; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions offered in so many diversing shapes that the choice disturbed me highly; how often in the night, the word for which I had pried with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found. I held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down, nay, I was like a blind man going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with their flexure overflowed me, how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions. I would have them all enweaved in my version, and desponded in choosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all. Often having studied the whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the Dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so beauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them; the strange etymologies even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words. Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-dropping fruit. Then I fell in love with this language that tormented me so much, that I almost got a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or even unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my construction as they were absurdities, often my version larded with uncommon or obsolete expressions gave way to misunderstanding then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits impassionated as I was for my traced-out turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry and never would yield till the last sheet which to-day will come in the press and I am like one to whom after a long prison spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth I saw in the last year no roses, no tree blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, and the grammars that I took to my couch and fell asleep on them, and had also a very hard bed to no boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning; all its terms were unknown to me, and their inferences incomprehensible; and those who would advise me frightened me out of my wits. I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again; so it was with me instinctively and with great labor I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my reluctingand said that I would never come to a good issue, hence it cannot be otherwise that all what might be strange; or even never heard of; that must be imputed to my persevering obstinacy against the better knowing of my advisers. However I hope not to be accused of presumption by inducing me to such unheard of doing, for even after the refusal of Mrs. Austin I had not failed summoning her once more insistingly to favor the English with her translation; but the supposition, as if it were impossible, that this book could be translated, nor even comprehended,

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nor valued by others but the Germans, provoked my desire to an almost unmanageable passion that it should be read and liked by the English and as their Reviews at least proved so finely their feeling-out of the primitive element of this love, and how unimpaired, undisturbed and how much plainer than to my countrymen appeared to them that paternal relation of Goethe's delicious hearty affection to the *child*, from whose ecstacy he explored a sweet nurture for his immortality ; then I plucked up a good heart, spite of all warning to go adrift on the floods, mastless and without a sail, like a cast-off reefer trusting in my good luck to find a new fatherland for this *book of love*, I risked the little sum gained by the German edition, shall I prosperously succeed, then we shall be obliged for Goethe's monument to the English nation, should I even be destined to suffer shipwreck on those shores which I had hoped would receive me with avitous greatness of mind ; should the German prophets be in the right in laughing at my silliness and boasting already of having predicted the English * would never have an interest for this book, I will however not repent for the inducement was not poor, the deed was intrepid, and the exertion was high and undaunted till the utmost moment. Had Byron still lived he would have praised my attempt, praised and loved me for the book's sake for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections, he discriminated humane feelings also in a strange vesture; he would have studied these leaves I wrote in the spring of my age under the inspiration of one who like him comes to bloom but once after a thousand years. I must sigh that he lives no more! for I might have committed it to his protection, as a field fully teeming with young gems that dreamingly thrive into their blossom, then I would have been hallowed in his shelter, and he would have bestowed on me his gentle goodly graces and this would have exceedingly blessed me. But now as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil, therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honor of publishing my little book to get this preamble inserted in the quarterly or Edinburgh reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like they scan the pages of my Diary.

BETTINA.

* So many of them came in the spring of their age to this little hospitable spot of Germany's classic soil and were received by Goethe with the kindest condescendance for their scientifical and social interest.

Extracts from the "Book of Love," as she calls her Letters.

AT THE RHINE.

Here between the vine-hills stands a temple like the Diana's temple at Ephesus. Yesterday at sunset I saw it lay in the distance it lighted so daring, so proudly beneath the storm clouds, the lightning's fork entoiled it. So I fancy thy lightening brow like the cupola of yon temple, beneath whose eaves the birds sheltered their storm-ruffled plumage even so proudly settled and swaying around!

Where would the brook have led me? Yes, Sir! I see the rush and stream, I see thee artfully play, I see thee day after day calmly wander and bend thy path suddenly away out of the realm of confidence careless that a loving heart which was fancying there its home, should remain deserted.

Thus the rivulet, on the banks of which I played away my childhood, painted to me in its undulating crystal the features of my destiny, and at that time I already bemoaned that they felt not related to me.

Now I will tell thee also the story of my second kiss, it followed almost immediately upon the first, and what dost

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thou think of thy girl, that she is become so light-minded? Yes, that once I was very lightly-minded and to a friend of thine, — the bell rings hastily I spring to open the door; a man in black dress, of stern appearance, with somewhat inflamed eyes, enters — even before announcing his name, or saying what is his business, he kisses me, even before I bethink myself. I give him a box on the ear, and only then I look furiously in his face and become aware of a friendly countenance which seems not at all frightened and not irritated at his proceeding. To escape my dilemma — for I did not know if I had done right or wrong — I quickly open to him the doors of my grandmother's apartment. Then my surprize was suddenly changed to fright, when I heard her exclaim in great ecstacy, "Herder, my Herder! Is it possible that your way should have led you into this whimsical cricket-hut? be a thousand times embraced!" and here followed these thousands in-armings during which I gently sneaked away, and wished that in the throng of caresses the one might be drowned, which was replied to him with a box on the ear, but no! he forgot neither kiss nor flap!

Alas master! — in the beginning of the year the sun is mild, he flatters the young germs, then he slits the shoot, and becomes still more cogent; the bud cannot inclose itself again in the cool closet of unconscious darkness, its blossom falls as a sacrifice to the glowing beam which had first allured it.

Do not forget, Goethe, how I learned to love thee, that I knew nothing of thee, but that thou wast maliciously mentioned in my presence my aunt spoke of thy free-thinking, and that thou dist not believe in the Devil, in that same moment I did not believe in the Devil, and was wholly thine, and I loved thee, without knowing that thou wast the poet of whom the world expected so great things, *that* I heard later, *then* I only knew that people blamed thee and my heart said, "No, he is greater; he is more beauteous than all."

Yesterday the sky was blue, to-day ruby died, and emeraldy, and there in the nest where it covers the earth, it chases the light in saffron garb out of its couch.

For a moment desirous love may disport seeing whole nature slumbering soak.

Walk over a meadow's carpet in stillful star-fulgid night, there when thou dost bend down to the green, thou wilt perceive the millions of dream-visions, which crowd there, where one often borrows from the other whim, oddness and hues, then thou wilt feel that this dream-world soars up into the bosom of the advesting one and mirrors itself in thy spirit as revelation.

(*On seeing the Duke of Weimar and Goethe together.*)

To view the two friends walking to and fro, elevated in mind and benevolence, that was a solemn aspect for the people and they all whispered to one another, *what a seldom couple!*

The deeper the well forth-springs, the sweetlier they become bousy by the draught; the more ebriety wafts them aloft, the more ardently for the well they pant; till once peering above the stars they do not return, for all will return there above by their own inspiration again to be found, the tunes gulping from the well are silence — drunken — and this is the pause-swaying music with silence to inebriate the tunes.

"Thou whimsey moon," said I, "givest whims that like yon catching clouds impetuously roll on, after each other to veil my hap, and as thy vapour dividing light victoriously breaks forth, to defy the nubiferous gale, thus darts on me the glance of him whose knees I here embrace. — So moon thou art the secret divine, and like thee moon he is the secret divine, who like thee, one-sided moon, pours down his light over

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the want of love." And now in the dazzling glimmer of my tears I see him cloud-compelling with a silver-lining path casting a chain to me to follow. I lack! — hard before he stepped this cloudy style, his breath agrees still with the air, I might drink it, I dare not, I am not strong to bear the violence impassionate that prances ov'r the bounds. Oh lead me ov'r the plain, where once my genius led me to meet with him, in the season, where youth gemm'd its blossmes when first the eye opened to light and he fully darting engaged my look and darkened each other light to me."

After Goethe's Death.

His pride! his sacred pride in his beauty. They say, it were not possible, he having already been sixty years of age, when I had firstly seen him, and I a fresh rose — Oh there is a difference between the freshness of youth and that beauty by the divine spirit inculcated to human features, through which inspiration perspires a halo, and unhurt by lowness its fragrance freely evolves.

Beauty is secluded from what is low, and isolated by what is noble, being in itself and having its own sanction, to keep vigil between it and the world. Beauty fades not, its bloom only loosens from the stem that bore it, its bloom sinks not in dust, it is winged and ascends to Heaven. They who saw *him*, must yield, that beauty which by other men only invest the outer shape with a higher spirit, here in its appearance withal, streams forth from it, and rules over it, and so *bails* his claim to the celestial.

Goethe, I yield to thy beauteousness and would not a second time tempt thee as then in Weimar in the library at the pillar fronting thy bust, which in the fortieth year of thy age evolved the full harmony of thy immarcessible beauty. There thou hast led the young maiden, and thou, wrapt in thy green mantle leanedest on the pillar sounding if in these rejuvened features, she should remind the present friend, but I would not mind it; — alas, cheery love, visions secret merriment would not let it 'scape from out my lips. — "Well" he impatiently asked, — "he must have been a beautiful man" I said, "Yes! forsooth, he could say in his time he was a beautiful man," — said Goethe irritated; — I would come near him and with soothing implore him, he escaped he held me aloof, and when I touched his hand, he slung me from him, for a moment I was perplexed, — "stay, like this image, I cried; then I will woo thee calm again, wilt thou not? well! then I forsake the living one, and kiss the stone so long, till grudgingly thou hast snatched me from it." I embraced the bust, I bent my brow on this majestic brow, I kissed these marble lips, I lent cheek to cheek, suddenly he raised me from it in his arms, "'t is time said I for nearly I had abandoned me to this stone," he lifted me high in his arms, this man of threescore years, he looked up to me, and gave me sweet names, "child of my good stars! child of my Gods! thou liest in the cradle of my breast." What beautiful words were that in which he harboured me, what a hallowed music by which he immortalized me! After having awhile thus ardently beheld me he let me down, wrapt my arm into his mantle, and held my hand on his throbbing breast, and so with lingering paces we went home. I said "how thy heart beats!" "it beats not for me" he replied "the seconds that with such a throbbing assault my heart they with impassionate violence rush upon thee, thou also thrivest the irretrievable time for me to forego."

Lo! so finely he snatched the impulse of his heart with sweet expressions, he, the irrefragable Poet.

Here is Bettina's translation of Goethe's poem: —

"DU SIEHST SO ERNST, GELIEBTER! DEINEM BILDE," ETC.

"Thou look'st so stern, Beloved! with thy styled
Marble bust here I 'd like thee to compare;
As this, thou givest no sign of living air;
Likening it to thee, the stone seems mild.

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"The foe doeth parry with his shield for best
The friend to us, shows openly his brow.
I strive to thee, whilst thou wilt 'scape for now;
Oh brave it out as does this artful crest.

"To which of these should I now have recourse?
Must I of both here suffer cold and wrong
As this is dead, and thou alive 't is said?

"Brief, not to lose more words or make it worse,
This stone, I shall caress and woo so long
Til thou art jealous, and wilt me from it led."

A Description of the Monument.

"TO THE FRIEND."

Ten years after this event which remained so clearly printed in my memory gave way to the inventing of Goethe's monument. Moritz Bethman from Frankfort on the Main had ordered it, he wished the undeniable true character of the poet to be expressed. He thought me able of performing the idea, though at that time I had never interfered with the arts. Then I remembered Goethe, as he had stood at the brink of the Mountain, his cloak thrown round me on his bosom. . . . . A glorified production of my love, an apotheosis of my inspiration and his glory, thus did Goethe call it, as he saw it for the first time. Goethe sitting with naked breast and arms. The cloak fastened at his neck, thrown back over the shoulders and gathered from beneath his arms to his lap, his left hand which had then pointed to the thunder-storm, now lifted, reposing on the lyre, which stands on his left knee; his right hand which held my flowers, posing in the same manner, carelessly holds, forgetful of his glory, the full laurel-crown downwards; his look turned to the clouds. Young Psyche stands before him, as I then did, she lifts herself up on the point of her feet to touch the chord of the Lyre, and he sunk in inspiration, suffers her to do so. On one side of the throne is Mignon, in the garb of an angel with the inscription "Thus let me look till I be so."* On the other side a nice childlike Maenade stands on her head, with the inscription, "Stretch forth thy little feet up to Heaven and care not! We praying, stretch up our hands but not guiltless like thee!"*

It is now eight years, since with the help of an artist I made a model in clay of this monument; it stands in Frankfort in the museum, they were much inclined to have it executed. At this time Goethe gave up his time as citizen of Frankfort, which maimed the interest for him, and the exertions for the erection of his monument, that till now remained undone. I myself have often thought what my love to him might signify, what would proceed from it, or if it *should have been* quite in vain; then I remembered in these last days, that as a child I had often considered, if he died what I should begin, what should become of me, and that I then ever thought: on his grave I would fain have a place on his monument be petrified like those stone-images, which people would erect to his eternal fame, ay, I saw myself in fancy as a little dog, which commonly lies sculptured at the feet of celebrated men and heroes, as a symbol of faithfulness. . . . .

To the history of the monument I have still to add, that I brought it myself to Goethe. After having for long looked at it, he burst out a laughing; I asked "Why, canst thou do nothing else than laugh?" and tears choked my voice.—"Child, my dearest child," he exclaimed, "it is joy which loudly shouts in me that thou lovest! lovest me, for love alone could do so." And solemnly laying his hands on my head: "If the power of my blessing can avail anything, then let it be transferred to thee in thankfulness for this love." It was the only time that he blessed me in the year 24, on the 5th of September.

BETTINA.

Her translation is dated 1838, and was printed at Berlin.

* Wilhelm Meister, song of Mignon.

* Epigrames of Goethe.

M. E. W. S.

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LOST.

HE was lost in the edge of the Adirondack Wilderness. It must have been the sound of the flail. Thud, thud, thud, came the beat of the dull, thumping strokes through the thick, opaque, gray fog. Willie was hardly four years old; and when once he was a few rods away from the barn, off on the plain of monotonous, yellow stubble, he could not tell where he was, and could not detect the deceptive nature of the sound and its echo. He could see nothing; whichever way he looked, wherever he walked, there were the same reverberations; and the same narrow dome of watery gray was everywhere shutting close down around him. As he followed the muffled sound, in his efforts to get back to the barn, it seemed to retreat from him, and he ran faster to overtake it. He ran on and on, and so was lost.

That night and the next day a few neighbors, gathered from the adjoining farms, searched for Willie. They wandered about the fields and the margin of the woods, but found no trace of the lost child. It became apparent that a general search must be made.

The fog had cleared away on the second morning after Willie was lost, as about a hundred woodsmen and farmers and hunters, gathered from the farms and forest and settlement near by called Whiskey Hollow, stood and sat in grotesque groups around the little farm-house and barn, waiting the grand organization into line, preparatory to sweeping the woods and finding Willie.

During all the hours of the two previous nights, the lanterns and torches had been flashing in and out behind the logs and brush of the fallows; and the patches of snow, that lingered in spite of the April rains, gave evidence that every foot of the adjacent clearing had been trampled over in the search. But the men were not yet satisfied that the search about the farm had been thorough. Standing by the house, they could see the field of the night's work, — the level stubble of the grain-lot, and the broad, irregular hollow used as pasture and filled with stumps and logs and brush. Here and there could be seen men still busy poking sticks under the logs and working around bog-holes in the low ground. "You see it stands to reason," said Jim, addressing a group by the house, "that a little chap less than four years old could not get out of this clearing into the woods."

A white-haired patriarch remarked with great confidence and solemnity, "The boy is within half a mile of the house, and if I can have command of six men I will find him." The patriarch continued to press his suggestion until he secured his company and started off, feeling that he carried a great weight of responsibility. He joined the log-pokers and bog-explorers, but nothing came of his search.

The morning was wearing away; the men, gathered from a great distance, were impatient of the delay to organize the line.

Willie had been out nearly forty-eight hours: could it be that he had passed beyond the stubble-field into the forest, nearly half a mile from the house? If he had managed to cross the brook at the edge of the woods, he had the vast Adirondack Wilderness before him. It was time to search thoroughly and upon a large scale, if the boy was to be found alive.

But a reason for delay was whispered around, — the fortune-woman was coming. Soon a rough farm-wagon came up the road and through the yard-gate and stopped in front of the door of the farm-house. There was a hush of voices and a reverent look upon the part of some of the men, and a snicker and digging of their neighbors' ribs upon the part of others, as

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a large, coarse-featured woman was helped out of the wagon by the driver of the team.

This female was the famous fortune-woman. Some of these dwellers on the edge of the wilderness were no better than the classic Greek and noble Roman of ancient times, for they believed in divination.

The fortune-woman went into the house where the mother of Willie sat, crying. The men crowded the room and windows and door. Some of the men looked solemn, some jeered. Out at the door Josh explained apologetically to the unbelievers that, "inasmuch as some thinks as how she can tell, and some thinks as how she can't, so it were thought better for to go and fetch her, so as that all might satisfactory themselves, and no fault found, and everything done for the little boy."

After a brief *séance* with the teacup in the house, the fortune-woman, urged by the men, went "out of doors" and walked up along the hollow with her teacup, experimenting to find the child. About half of the men straggled after her. Jim declared to the group who lingered at the house that he would sell out and leave, if the entire crowd disgraced the town by following after that "old she-devil."

To a stranger coming upon the field at this time, the scene was curious and picturesque, and some of it unaccountable. In the background was a vast descending plain of evergreen forest, sloping away from the Adirondack highlands to the dim distance of the St. Lawrence Valley, where could be seen the white, thread-like line of the great river, and still beyond the Canada woods melting away to a measureless distance of airy blue. In the foreground was a vulgar old woman waddling along and snatching here and there a teacup full of water from the puddles formed by the melting snow; and fifty vigorous men in awe-struck attitudes were gazing at her, and when she moved they followed after.

Odd as this grotesque performance seemed, it had in it a touch of the old heathenish grandeur belonging to the ancient superstitions. The same strange light that through all time has shone from human faces as souls reach after the great infinite unknown shone from the faces of some of these men. There were fine visages among them. Burly Josh and a hunter with dark, poetic eyes would have been a match for handsome, pious Æneas or the heroes of Hellas, who watched the flight of birds and believed in a fortune-woman at Delphos.

But the simple faith of these modern worshippers was not rewarded: after the Greek pattern, the oracle gave ambiguous responses. The old woman proclaimed, with her eyes snapping venomously, that there was "a big black baste a standin' over the swate child." She announced, with a swing of her right arm extending around half a circle, that "the dear, innocent darlin' was somewhere about off that way from the house." She scolded the men sharply for their laziness, telling them they had not looked for the lost child, but were waiting around the house, "while the blessed baby starved and the big black baste stood over him."

Dan caught at this and declared that the "old hypocrite" was no fool. She knew enough to understand that "it was no way to find a lost boy to shell out a whole township of able-bodied men and set them to chase an old woman around a lot."

The fortune-woman came back to the house, held a final grand *séance* with the teacup divinity, and declared that the "swate child" was within half a mile of the place, and if they would only look they would find him, and that if they did not look, within two days, "the big black baste would devour the poor, neglected darlin'." After this the fortune-woman was put into the wagon again, and Josh drove her home. It was fully in accordance with the known perversity of human nature, that the faith of the believers in her infallibility was not in the slightest degree shaken.

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The company, having been increased by fresh arrivals to more than one hundred men, organized for the search. The colonel ranged the men in line about twenty feet apart, extending across the wide stubble-field and the pasture. The men were directed by the colonel to "dress to the left"; that is, as he explained it, for each to watch the man at the left and keep twenty feet from him and observe all the ground in marching.

The word was given, and the line, more than half a mile long, began to move sidewise or platoon fashion, sweeping from the road by the house across the clearing to the woods. It was a grand charge upon the great wilderness. The long platoon, under the instruction of their commander, swept the woods bordering the clearing, and then, doubling back, made semicircular curves, going deeper and deeper at each return into the primeval forest. The limit of their marching and countermarching in one direction was a river too broad to be crossed by fallen trees; it was sure that Willie could not have crossed the river. The termination of the marches in the other direction was controlled by the judgment of the colonel. It was a magnificent tramp through the wild, wet woods, under the giant trees, each eye strained and expectant of the lost boy. Here and there, in advance of the line as it progressed, a partridge, aroused by the voices of the men, would start from the undergrowth and trip along for a few steps with her sharp, coquettish *quit, quit, quit*, and then whir away to some adjacent hollow, to be soon again aroused by the advancing line.

The afternoon was wearing away. The woods had been thoroughly explored for about two miles from the clearing, — far beyond what it seemed possible for an infant less than four years old to penetrate.

The colonel said he could think of nothing more to be done. The men returned in straggling groups to the farm-house, tired, sad, hungry, and dispirited. There were many speculations whether Willie could be still alive, and if alive whether he could get through another night.

"You see," said Josh, "such a *little* feller, and three days and two nights a wettin' and a freezin' and a thawin' and no grub, why he could n't, don't you see?"

It was never found out, not even at Whiskey Hollow, where the men unveiled all their iniquities, who the wretch was that first started the dark suggestion about the *murder* of little Willie. Dan became very angry when the men, fatigued and famished, straggling back to the farm-house from the disorganized line as above narrated, began to hint that "things was tremendous queer," and that "them as lost could find," and that John, Willie's father, was a perfect hyena when he was "mad."

Dan, for the only time that day, became profane as he denounced the sneak, whoever it might be, who had started such a suggestion. He expressed the conviction that the fortune-woman had her foot in it in some way. Superstitious fools, he said, were likely to be suspicious.

But Dan's anathemas did not stay the rising tide. As the searchers came back, suspicious glances were turned upon the father, who sat with his afflicted family at the house. Some of the searchers stealthily examined under the barn, believing that Willie had been "knocked on the head" with a flail and concealed under the floor.

But John, the father, was no coward, and he had neighbors and friends who believed in him. They told him of the suspicions arising against him. On the instant he called a meeting at the little hovel of a school-house, a few rods down the road. The hundred searchers gathered there and filled the room, sitting, lolling, and lying upon the benches. The father of the lost child, almost a stranger to most of the searchers, took his place at the teacher's desk and confronted his accusers.

It was plain, direct work. Here were a hundred men who had exhausted all

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known means of finding the lost boy; and more than fifty of them had said in effect to the man before them, "We think you killed him." All were looking at John; he rose up and, facing the crowd with a dauntless eye, he made a speech.

If this were a story told by Homer or Herodotus, I suppose John's speech would figure as a wonderful piece of eloquence; for a man never had a grander opportunity to try his strength in persuading others than John had. But in fact there was nothing grand about the matter, except that here was a straightforward man with nerves of steel, who had been "hard hit," as Dan said, by the loss of his boy, and was now repelling with courage and almost scorn a thrust that might have killed a weaker man.

His speech was grammatically correct, cool, deliberate, and dignified. He said he had no knowledge of the black-hearted man who had originated so cruel a suspicion at such a time, and he did not wish to know who he was. He asked his hearers to consider how entirely without support in the known facts of the case the accusations were that had been suggested against him. It was a purely gratuitous assumption, with not a particle of evidence of any kind to establish it. He had understood that he was supposed to have killed his child in anger and then concealed the body. Such a thing could not have happened with him as killing his own child or any other child in that way, and if it had so happened he would not have concealed it. He only wished to brand this creation of some vile man, there present probably, as a lie. That was all he had to say upon that point.

In continuing his speech, when he alluded to what he had suffered in losing the boy he loved the best of anything on earth, there was a twitching of the muscles of his face, which, however, he instantly controlled as unworthy of him. He closed his speech by appealing to his friends, who had known him long and well, to come forward at this time and testify to his integrity.

As he ceased, the men rose up from the benches and conversed together freely of the probabilities about John. A group of three or four gathered around him, and, placing their hands upon his shoulders, told the crowd that they had known John for twenty years, and that he was incapable of murder or perfidy or deceit, and as honest a man as could be found in the county.

It was decided not to search any farther that day, as there was no prospect now that Willie would be found alive. The men went home, agreeing to come again after three days, by which time the sleet and light snow that had fallen would have all melted, and search for the body might be successfully made.

John went to his house. As he met his afflicted family and realized that little Willie was now gone, that the search was given up and his child was dead, his Spartan firmness yielded, and he wept such tears as strong, proud men weep when broken on the wheel of life. The last cruel stab at his moral nature and integrity hurt hard. He was a pure, upright man, a church-member, and without reproach.

As the three days were passing away that were to elapse before the search for the body should begin, it became apparent in the community that John's Homeric speech had done no good. The wise heads of Whiskey Hollow declared that at the next search there would be first of all a thorough overhauling about the immediate premises. Their suspicions found some favor in the community. Some were discussing indignantly and some with tolerance the probability of John's guilt. Even good Deacon Beezman, a magistrate who "lived out on the main road" and who was supposed to carry in his own person at least half of the integrity and intelligence of his neighborhood, declared that he would not spend more of his precious time in searching for the boy. He made it the chief point in the case that John "acted guilty." He had noticed that this rustic Spartan sat in his house and read his newspaper with apparent interest as in ordinary

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times, on the day of the last search, and this indifference was evidence of his guilt. It was apparent that any color of proof, if there had been any such thing, might have served as a pretence for an arrest of the afflicted father.

The morning appointed as the time to seek for the body came. The excitement was high, and men came from great distances to join in the exploration.

Eight miles away, up across the river that flowed through the forest, dwelt Logan Bill, a hunter. At an early hour he left his cabin, and took his course down the stream toward the gathering-point. There was an April sun shining, but in the wilderness solitudes it was cold and dreary. He kept along the margin of the stream, to avoid the tangle of brush and fallen trees.

At nine o'clock Logan was still three miles from John's clearing. He was passing through a hollow where the black spruce and pine made the forest gloomy. He came upon a bundle of clothing; he turned it over: it was Willie!

And thus alone in the wilderness Logan solved the mystery. Through three miles of trackless forest, under the sombre, sighing trees of the great woods, through the fog and falling rain and snow, the child had struggled on, feeling its way in the night along the margin of the river, until it grew weak and sick, and fell and died.

There was a choking in Logan's throat as he lifted the cold little body and carried it onward down the stream, and noted the places where the infant must have climbed and scrambled in its little battle for life. It was a strange two hours to him as he bore the pure, beautiful, frozen corpse toward the settlement.

At eleven o'clock he reached the clearing. He saw the scattered groups of men gathered about John's house and barn. Some of the men seemed to be searching about the barn to find the body of the boy they believed to be murdered. Logan felt his frame tremble and his temples throb, realizing as he did the weight of life and death wrapped in the burden that he bore. He spoke no word and made no gesture, but, holding the dead child in his arms, marched directly past the barn to the door-yard and up in front of the house. There he stopped, and stood and looked with agitated face at the farm-house door.

The shock of Logan's sudden coming was so great that no one said, "The body is found," but all the men stopped talking, and some, pale and agitated, gathered in a close huddle around Logan and looked at the little, white, frosted face, and in hushed tones asked where Logan had found the body.

A blanket was brought and spread upon a dry place in the yard, and Logan laid his little burden upon it.

John came out and approached the spot where his little Willie was lying. There was a deeper hush as the crowd made way for the father; and the rough men, some of whom were now crying, looked hard at John "to see how he would take it." John stood and gazed unmoved and lion-like; not a muscle of his strong face quivered as he saw his boy. He called in a tone of authority for his family to come, and said to his wife in a clear, calm voice as she came trembling, weeping, fainting, "Mother, look upon your son."

He turned and surveyed the crowd with the same dauntless eye he had shown in making his Homeric speech at the school-house. To some of the company that eye was now a dagger.

John was cool, calm, and polite. He uttered no reproach, and was kind in his words to all. A half-hour passed. The crowd went away in groups, discussing the amazing wonder, "how ever it could be that such a little feller as Willie could have got so far away from the house."

The next day religious services were held, and in the afternoon little Willie was laid to rest upon a sunny knoll. John wept at the grave. A poisoned arrow was drawn from the strong man's heart, and a great grief was there in its stead.

P. Deming.

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EDIBLE FUNGI.

PREJUDICE is stronger than reason, and it is often impossible to persuade men to do what is manifestly for their own interest, if there is any lingering memory or superstition which attaches a bad odor to the thing we want them to do. The tenacity with which we cling to prejudice is illustrated by nothing better than the contempt and dread with which the community treats the Fungus family, condemning all varieties as unfit to eat, excepting the *Agaricus campestris*, or common mushroom.

English and European fungi have been carefully studied and classed, and their edible and poisonous qualities ascertained by a few men of science and enterprise. Badham, Berkley, Cooke, Johnson, Smith, Bell, and a Mrs. Hussey have devoted a great deal of time to the subject, and have published books with profuse illustrations, showing to the eye by color and form what words fail to convey. No American has as yet published any treatise on the subject, which leaves our inquirers in the dark. We have distinguished mycologists who doubtless have arranged our fungi scientifically, and can give the name to any form they may see; but their labors have not yet been published in such a form as to become a common guide, nor do we know whether those who have made their classification a science have ever demonstrated by actual experiment their edible value.

The writer has tried the edible qualities of forty kinds of fungi, but is ignorant of the specific names of American fungi, so that possibly to the scientific ear his descriptions may seem incorrect. Armed with plates of English and French fungi, and works giving their scientific names, he has collected some very bad and poisonous kinds, and some which were very delicious. Many of those eaten have resembled the named European kinds; others differ widely from them, and lack a name; with diffidence then he gives scientific names, but can vouch for the accuracy of the physical facts. When names of European kinds are applied to the American fungi, it is because the resemblance is so close as to seem to warrant it.

The edible qualities of various Agarics are well known on the continent of Europe to the common people, who eat them freely and make money by their sale, whilst in Great Britain scientific men only have ventured to explore the field and the forest in search of additions to the table.

On the continent, eaten fresh, dried, preserved in oil, vinegar, or salt, fungi constitute, for weeks together, the food of many people; and in Rome there is an inspector of fungi who daily examines the supplies which come in from the country, and condemns all that are unsound or unsafe, to be thrown away; and, curiously enough, the law points out by name our favorite *Agaricus campestris* as poisonous, and orders it to be thrown into the Tiber.

It is commonly supposed that fungi are the consequence of decay, and we do find the greatest number on decaying substances; but we find them also on glass, flints, metals, in poisonous solutions, in pure and undecomposed water. An instance is given of a blacksmith who threw aside a piece of iron at night fresh forged, and found it in the morning covered with an Ethalium two feet in length. Gun-barrels and sword-scabbards left in damp, close rooms have become covered with a blue mould in a few days. The rapidity with which many if not all fungi grow baffles calculation; the great puff-ball, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, will grow as large as a peck measure in forty-eight hours; and specimens of *Agaricus campestris* have devel-

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oped from the button which is a bud of the size of a pea to a mushroom as large as a coffee-saucer in a night; but it must not be supposed that all this increase of size is a single night's actual growth. Agarics are many weeks forming under the surface; their cells are small and closely packed, and ready to expand when the moisture and temperature are favorable. When the auspicious moment arrives, the cells absorb abundant moisture, and, stimulated by heat, swell out to their full size.

Any vegetable productions which can increase so fast, and are so omnipresent, are worth studying to find out their good and bad qualities; and it is probable that amongst the poisonous fungi there are many which are as valuable to the pharmacopœia as others are to the table. The poisonous effects manifest themselves very soon after the fungi are eaten, causing heat and pricking in the fauces of the throat, burning and severe sickness at the stomach. In light cases the sickness is relieved by vomiting before any serious injury is done, but at other times the victim is sick for many days, and occasionally dies from the dose. One species, *Amanita muscaria*, is used to cause intoxication. "Upon some it produces ludicrous effects; a talkative person cannot keep silence or secrets, one fond of music is perpetually singing, and if a person under its influence wishes to step across a straw or a small stick he takes strides or jumps sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree." The juices of *Agaricus muscarius* will kill flies; the fumes of the dried puff-ball, when burned, will stupefy bees and small animals; even a few of the spores of the *Agaricus vellereus* made one experimenter very sick; a few grains of a freshly gathered *Amanita verna* will kill a dog. *Rupula emetica*, as its name shows, is a violent emetic, and a large dose will kill.

With so much that is dangerous, there is little real risk attendant on the use of varied forms of fungi, for they can be easily classified, and are quite distinct in their appearance and effects. There are certain simple rules which, carefully applied, greatly reduce the chances of mistake, and simplify choice. Any fungus which smells disagreeably should be avoided; for although there are a few bad smelling which are good kinds, they are very rare. It may be asked, what is a bad-smelling fungus; it will be easier answered by saying that a mushroom has a good smell; it has a decided earthy fresh odor, reminding one of cool shady nooks in the forest, amongst the ferns and lichens. To describe the odor in words would be impossible; find a good mushroom and smell of it, and the standard will be forever established. Every good fungus will smell like a mushroom, though often with a difference, but no one will ever call the odor unpleasant or impure. Bad kinds will have a peculiar sharpness in their woody smell, or a dirty smell like decaying flesh; thus, *Phallus impudicus*, *Rupula fœtens*, and *Clathrus cancellatus* are so bad smelling that their presence cannot be endured in a room. If the odor of the fungus is satisfactory, look at its color; nearly all the edible fungi are pleasant colored,—white with tints of rose, delicate shades of yellow and orange, light brown and gray; but the majority are white, pink, and orange or drab.

All of the fungi have a general resemblance in form, but differ considerably in detail; they all have a stem and cap, but no true root; they grow from what is called spawn, or mycelium, a white, thread-like substance which spreads through the earth, and is often seen in old sods, decaying wood, and dried manure; when this spawn finds suitable conditions of warmth and moisture, there appears first below the surface a little knob or bud and a stout, short stem, — the knob or future cap, — which with the stem is in the early stages covered by a thin epidermis, which, as the plant develops, separates at the edge of the cap, and shows a surface under the cap quite different from the top. The under part is di-

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vided in the Agarics by a multitude of thin gills or plates, which radiate from the centre to the edge, and are close together or separated according to the species. These gills are generally of a different color from the outer skin, and are the seed-bearing part of the plant. On the sides of the gills a myriad of minute, dust-like seeds are borne, almost microscopic in size, and appearing, when shaken down in quantities on white paper or plate, like delicate dust. The spores commonly take the color of the gills which bear them; minute as they are, each spore is a true seed, and will produce perfect plants. The difference in the gills marks the species more distinctly than any other single feature, and we may make the distinctions of genera more obvious if we class together Agaricus, Cantharellus, Lactarius, Marasimus, Coprinus, Rupula, which have gills that are thin and blade-like, and either begin at the centre and radiate to the edge, or at the edge and converge towards the centre, — their color, contiguity relative to the stem, the edge, or centre, make specific distinctions.

The *Boletus* is unlike the Agarics in color, particularly in its gills, which are small tubes closely packed together; these gills will break across in any direction without separating, and can be taken out from the cap, leaving a flat receptacle, just as we can take out the centre rays from a white-weed or aster, and leave the smooth disk below. There are but few Boleti fit to eat, and as a family they are not attractive looking, are viscous, and not very pleasant smelling; few will care to try them.

The *Hydnums* are entirely unlike the Boleti and the Agarics; their gills are awl-shaped spines, and are easily distinguished; most of this group are good to eat. *Helbella* and *Morchella* differ from all the rest; they seem like Agarics turned inside out, bearing their gills on the upper or outer surface. *Fistulina* may exist in this country, but must be rare. The *Lycoperdon* are puff-balls, which have no inner and outer surface, no cap and stem; they seem like bundles of different sizes tightly compressed in thin linen or cotton cloth, and set securely on the ground; and few realize that, whether small or large, this bunch of fungitic growth, commonly kicked to pieces by every traveller, is a delicate article of food.

The treatises on fungi give many methods for cooking them to make them palatable, and most of the processes are so compound, and require so many additions of condiments, or spices, butter, etc., that a piece of sole leather so cooked would probably be very good. The simplest method is the best for real relish, and is an easy way of ascertaining whether any fungus which seems safe is flavorous enough to be worth eating. Peel off the outer skin, break out the stem, and set the cap top down on a hot stove. In the spot where the stem formerly stood put a little salt, and, if desired, a small bit of butter. Scatter some salt over the gills. When the butter or salt melts, the cooking is done; and as soon as it is cool enough the fungus should be eaten, carefully saving the juice. *Agaricus campestris* cooked in this way and eaten hot will make one wish that he was all mouth and palate, and that his mouth might never be in want of a "mushroom."

This is the simple Irish way of cooking the mushroom, and all its allies can be treated in that way. Some fungi which do not seem particularly delicious when thus cooked will, when slowly stewed with a little butter, and flour dredged in, with salt and pepper, make most delicious stews.

The mushrooms, Cantharellus, Marasimus, Boletus, indeed all of the fungi named, will stew together, and form a dish that, alone or as an *entrée*, cannot be surpassed in delicacy of flavor and gastronomic satisfaction.

In testing new fungi one eats a little of the cap with salt to ascertain whether it tastes good, and whether it affects the fauces of the throat disagreeably; when a burning or stinging sensation accompanies or follows the swallowing, eat no more, but take a copious

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dose of common salt, which generally neutralizes the poison. Some species which are unpleasant or slightly injurious when raw lose their harsh qualities in cooking; but as there are so many that are delicious, it is as well to give up the doubtful kinds. The common mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, sold in our markets, used for ketchup and flavoring, is cultivated very extensively in England and France. In Paris vast caves under the city, whence building-stone has been quarried, are now devoted to growing mushrooms, and thousands of pounds a year are grown and sold, making large revenues for those who grow them. This is not the place to give details for their culture, as it is rather our object to show that there are many kinds equally good but neglected, which might be gathered wild, or cultivated for the table. To begin the enumeration, using, as before said, the scientific names of English species to describe like American species, we will name firstly the *Agaricus campestris*. This mushroom is decidedly white in general appearance; "*bona fide* mushrooms are known by their beautiful pink gills (in which state they are best fit for use), ultimately becoming deep brown, and not reaching the stem, which carries a well-marked, white, woolly ring; by the very fleshy, down-covered top, the delicious and enticing fragrance, and firm, white flesh, sometimes inclined to change to pink when cut or broken." Some persons suppose that a distinctive mark of the true mushroom is the ready separation of the skin of the cap from the flesh; but that is really no distinction at all, as any fungus which has a decided cuticle on top, with a fleshy part below between the skin and the gills, will readily peel. The peeling has been thought important, because unless peeled when broiled on the stove the mushroom is apt to be a little tough. The common mushroom is very abundant in autumns which follow a rather dry summer; and old pastures, particularly those which have been fed by horses and sheep, will be dotted with them every morning for several weeks, especially after light showers. The clay pastures of the shores of Lake Champlain, well-manured lawns and kitchen-gardens, avenues, parks, and commons, are annually enriched with this most delicious vegetable.

In some parts of the country in the autumn we find old ploughed fields which have been well fertilized with horse-manure whitened with *Agaricus arvensis*. This Agaric is very nearly allied to the meadow mushroom, and frequently grows with it, but is coarser, and has not the same delicious flavor. It is usually much larger, often attaining enormous dimensions. "The top in good specimens is smooth and snowy white; the gills are not the pure pink of the meadow mushroom, but dirty brownish-white, ultimately becoming brown-black. It has a large, ragged, floccose ring, and the pithy stem is inclined to be hollow." It is not uncommon to gather one or two bushels at a time of *Agaricus arvensis*, which, though not so highly flavored when boiled or stewed as *Agaricus campestris*, is very good and makes a first-rate ketchup. Where *Agaricus arvensis* grows we often find two quite distinct varieties, one having a collar around the stem where the skin of the cap broke as it expanded, leaving the cuticle like a ragged fringe, the stem rather bulbous near the ground and gently tapering; the other variety has no collar, the stem is more nearly solid, not bulbous, and quite straight.

Agaricus procerus. — This Agaric is tall, has a movable ring round the stem; its stem and cap are a light buff; its gills yellowish white, the cap a little rough or scaly; it is not common, and is usually found on roadsides and under pine-trees; it is autumnal like the preceding kinds, and very highly flavored. There is a similar species of most beautiful orange-yellow color, which looks, smells, and tastes well, but the only time we have known it to be eaten it made all who tried it slightly sick. The bad Agaric grows in clumps; a dozen or more, in all stages from the

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bud to the full-sized plant, being found in the same place. *Agaricus procerus*, so far as we know, comes up singly, only two or three being found together.

Agaricus ostreatus grows on old elm trunks, "although it is far from particular as to its habitat, often appearing on other trees, and sometimes on the ground. It usually grows in large masses, one plant above another, forming a very handsome object on old tree stems. The gills and spores are white, the former running down the stem, and the top dingy, sometimes nearly white. The flesh possesses a certain amount of firmness, and produces an abundant and savory juice; it is a species of least value for culinary purposes."

Agaricus nebularis "comes up late in the autumn, on dead leaves in moist places, principally on the borders of woods; the top is lead-color or gray, at first clouded gray, hence its name; the stem is stout, elastic, and straight, with the white gills running considerably down the ringless stem. When gathered it has a wholesome and powerful odor, and when cooked the firm and fragrant flesh has a particularly agreeable and palatable taste."

Agaricus dealbatus is a little fungus which commonly grows in or near the neighborhood of fir plantations, but will occasionally come up elsewhere. Its top is white, smooth, and exceedingly like ivory. It is shining, waved, fleshy, and inclined to be irregular; the gills are thin, white, and run down the stem. When clean, young, and fresh specimens are broiled with butter, it is a delicacy of the very highest degree, at once tender and juicy.

Marasimus oreades, or the fairy ring, is better than the last, and no recommendation can be too strong for it. "It is firmer than the meadow mushroom, and, whilst having its peculiar aroma, it possesses it in a concentrated form." They may be pickled, used for ketchup, or dried for future use. They grow *in rings* in old pastures and by roadsides everywhere (but never in woods). They are somewhat tough, the solid stem particularly so, the gills wide apart and cream-colored. This species has no downy hairs at the base of the stem. Certain species of Marasimus, frequently found growing on dead leaves in the woods, and possessing this hairy down, are to be avoided. The fairy ring has been the subject of poetry and superstition. Coming up in nearly the same place, the circle widening each year, the peasantry of Europe believed they marked the place where the Fairies dance by night; they are as familiar to every countryman as buttercups, and as little esteemed; but they are, when stewed, equal to the mushroom, and may be dried and preserved for winter if desired. Some species which grow in the woods, with yellowish stems, rather dark or greenish at the base, and slightly hairy, the line of the edge of the cap quite circular, the gills fine and even, sting the throat when eaten raw, and should be avoided.

Coprinus comatus is unlike the others we have described in shape, being in the form of a rather long egg, the stem inserted in the large end; where the stem enters the cap, the cuticle is broken, leaving a ring, and showing the gills, which are light pink when fresh, but soon turn black. The Coprinus is dirty white, its cuticle being torn or split into long and pointed patches, as if the cone burst the skin by expansion. This fungus deliquesces as it grows old, and should be eaten fresh. It is found in rich garden soil, old lawns, bottoms of manure heaps, and on manure piles. All the fungi, so far described, are white or yellowish with a tendency to buff, the true mushroom alone having pink gills. The next to be noticed are the Lactarians.

Lactarius deliciosus. — There are but few species of Lactarius, or milk-bearing group, that can be recommended for culinary purposes. This species, however, and *Lactarius volemum* are exceptions, and there can be no fear of mistaking the orange milk-mushroom for any other species; it is

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at once known by the orange-colored milk it exudes on being bruised, cut, or broken, this milk soon becoming dull green. The plant is solid, almost corky, and the richly colored top is commonly, but not always, marked with deeper colored zones. It is somewhat local, and cannot be called a common fungus, although at times it grows in large numbers, but always in the woods. Like several other excellent species, the taste is at times rather sharp when raw. When cooked with care, it is one of the greatest delicacies of the vegetable kingdom, its flesh being more crisp and solid than many other species. One or two milk-mushrooms bear brimstone-colored milk, or milk that changes to a brimstone or burnt sienna color, — they had better be avoided; but *Lactarius deliciosus* can never be mistaken for anything else, if the deep orange (or red) and ultimately green milk be observed.

Next the *Cantharellus cibarius*. The Cantharellus is not abundant in many districts; its solid, ringless stem, fleshy body, thick, swollen veins in place of gills, and its brilliant yellowish color, at once serve to distinguish it from every other species. "Its smell," says Berkley, "is like that of ripe apricots." Cantharelli are oftenest found in this country in beech woods, particularly on sloping banks under beech-trees, and though not so highly flavored as their English congeners, are very delicious.

Rupula heterophylla is a very common species in the woods, found mostly in July, "known by its sweet, nutty taste, white, rigid, sometimes branched gills; white flesh; white, solid, fleshy, ringless stem; and firm top, variable in color, which is at first convex, becoming concave. The color of the thin, viscid skin covering the top of the fungus is commonly subdued green; but (as its name indicates) the color is variable; at one time it approaches greenish yellow or lilac, and at another gray or obscure purple; but it is so common and well marked that there is no fear of mistaking it. It is certainly one of the sweetest and mildest species we have."

"*Rupula alutacea* is a very abundant fungus in the midsummer woods, and when found in a perfect condition is excellent eating. Its thick and almost rich tissue exposes it to the attacks of insects, and it is often too wormy for use. It is easily recognized by its thick gills, which are of a subdued, but decided buff-yellow color, and the somewhat viscid red or rather pale crimson top. The stem is stout, white, or rose-color, ringless and solid; the whole plant fleshy and frequently very large. The gills distinguish it from the emetic mushroom, as in the latter they are pure white and always remain so."

"*Rupula emetica* is one of the most poisonous fungi, and is at the same time so handsome and inoffensive in its smell, that it should be described. The skin is scarlet, and may be readily peeled off, showing the white flesh beneath; the gills are pure white, and do not reach the stem; the top is highly polished, and varies from scarlet and crimson to a faint rose-color, and may now and then be found shaded with purple. It attains a large size, loves damp places in the woods, and is acrid."

Boletus edulis is one of our commonest, and a very delicious, species. It grows in woods and forests; it is generally very stout, with a smooth, umber, cushion-shaped top; tubes at first white, and ultimately pale yellowish green; stem whitish brown, bearing a minute white and very elegant reticulated network, principally near the top of the ringless stem; when cut or broken, the fleshy body of the plant remains white. In this as in every other species, sound young specimens should be selected, and it is perhaps as well to scrape away the tubes before preparation. All the Boleti that are bad, when broken across, oxidize as it were, and soon take a purplish or green lurid color. *Boletus edulis* when broken, like any other fungus, grows dark colored, but there is no particular change in the character of the color.

Hydnum repandum. — There is little

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fear of mistaking this for any other species, as the awl-shaped spines on the under surface are a characteristic feature of the very small group of Hydnums. *Hydnum repandum*, the only one commonly found, is slightly pungent when uncooked; when stewed its flesh is very firm and delicious, yet, being somewhat dry, the addition of some sauce or gravy lends an improved relish to the stew. The color of the fungus is exactly like that of a cracker; the smooth top is frequently irregular, and the solid stem often at one side of the centre. Hydnums come about July 1st, and may be dried for winter use.

There are two species of Lycoperdons, or puff-balls, equally good to eat, but varying in size and shape. The smallest is found mostly in woods in groups of four or five, pure white, and covered with minute rugosities that give it a warty appearance. When dry, the top opens, and clouds of spores blow into the air like smoke whenever the skin is pressed, whence the name, puff-ball. This species is not sufficiently common to attract attention or to be much used; its flesh when fresh is rather viscous like the Boletus.

Lycoperdon gigantum, though called a giant, is frequently and most commonly found about the size of a man's fist; it sometimes grows as large as a water-pail, and we have known specimens twenty-four inches in diameter, and nearly round. These large Lycoperdons are covered with a thick, tough skin or shell, which can be peeled off like leather; the interior resembles a hard custard, and can be cut in thin slices and fried in a little butter, when it closely resembles an omelet, only it is not as tender. It makes a good, though not highly flavored stew.

With the Helvella and Morel we shall close our enumeration of the kinds of fungi which we have found good to eat. These are very peculiar and at first seem to bear no resemblance to the usual type of edible fungi.

Helvella crispa has a stem full of wrinkles and holes, seeming to be semi-decayed, looking like a piece of wood affected by dry-rot and bored by worms; on top of the stem is a ragged, much-lobed, and deflexed collection of gills without any cap; all parts are brown in color, but the gills are rather darker than the stem; this is very flavorous, and retains its qualities when dry, and may be preserved for winter use.

The Morel, *Morchella esculenta*, of America, differs very much from the European varieties in size and color. They are the earliest of the fungi, coming up in the woods before the trees are in leaf, and are so nearly the color of the dried leaves of the last year as to be easily passed by. The Morel we have found and eaten in New England is about four inches high, the stem hollowed and pitted like the Helvella, but the top or cap is conical, and has its gills on the upper surface in a kind of network spread over the surface; the reticulated gills are on the edges of pits, which make ear-shaped cavities all over the top, but which do not communicate with each other or the hollow of the centre. The stem and cap are hollow inside; the stem is light brown, the cavities light yellow-brown, but the edges a dark brown. The English species is a golden orange cap on a light brown stem; and in the Western United States a Morel abounds which is more like the English than the American in color.

There is a good field for investigation in the fungi; and as the edible fungi are very numerous, both as individuals and species, and might add a great deal of food as well as flavor to our culinary resources, we hope some other inquirers will carry our experiments further. There is no more reason for rejecting the good fungi because of the bad species than for declining to eat apples, pears, peaches, and strawberries, because strawberries poison some people, and bitter almonds everybody. There is hardly a family of edible plants that is without some offending member; and were the bad to exclude the good, the list of useful plants would shrink into very narrow compass.

Robert Morris Copeland.

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THE TELEGRAPH AND THE POST-OFFICE.

AT the present moment the Post-Office Department, ably administered by Sir Frank J. Scudamore, is the most successful and progressive branch of the British government. Its chief stations are postal banks and annuity offices. It pays out a million sterling yearly in subsidies to steamers. It has set in motion at least four hundred steamships, established a system of money-orders extending through the British Isles and pervading both continents; it has effected a purchase of the whole telegraphic system of the United Kingdom; it has paid for it more than thirty millions of dollars, and now controls the wires and cables which connect the central office of London with more than five thousand offices in all the important municipalities of the British Isles. After doing all this it exhibits a net income of more than seven millions of dollars.

Before this purchase the British telegraphs were controlled by separate companies; one of which, the International, like our Western Union, had been eminently successful, and, like it, strongly opposed a purchase by government both before the committees of the legislature and in the public journals. It had obtained a monopoly of the lines in a large part of England. If a new company started in an English district it reduced its rates to all competing points until it broke down its rival. It then advanced them. When called upon by the public to lower them permanently, it insisted that its rates were not remunerative; but when the act for the purchase of the telegraphs, upon the basis of their previous net income, had passed Parliament, it changed its tone and exhibited profits it had previously studied to conceal. The chief cities of Great Britain, especially the city of Edinburgh, gave important aid to government in effecting the change; and on the 5th of February, 1870, the purchase was consummated, and the wires of the British Isles, with several ocean cables, came under the control of government. The average charge for the transmission of a message was then thirty-eight cents, and the programme of the deparment was, —

First. To reduce the rates for telegrams to one uniform charge of a shilling per message of twenty words, besides the address, and to accompany this with a liberal reduction to the press.

Second. To extend the system to many important towns and villages not reached by the existing lines.

Third. To discontinue the duplicate offices of rival companies in the same towns and cities.

Fourth. To bring the lines under one administration, and to connect them as far as possible with the post-offices.

Fifth. To educate new corps of electricians.

Sixth. To pave the way for an early reduction of the charge for telegrams to *sixpence*, in place of a shilling.

The opponents of the purchase confidently predicted a failure in each of these essays. The department was environed with difficulties and watched intently by its foes, but moved boldly and steadily onward.

Its first step was to discontinue useless offices, and transfer the wires and instruments from stations often in the suburbs to more central post-offices, while it retained the ablest clerks and electricians of the companies it superseded.

Its second step was the reduction of its charges to the uniform rate of a shilling. Its third was the extension of its lines into the rural districts.

At first its foes were elated. There was much friction incident to the change, and its foes insisted that their predictions were verified.

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The messages received for transmission were greatly increased, and the Irish cables and many of the wires proved insufficient; time was consumed in providing new wires and implements; messages were for a few weeks delayed by changes of officers and offices; time was required to teach new electricians and new bands of messengers, and to lay down new cables and extensions. The public were impatient and ready to give credence to the reports of failure industriously circulated. But the triumph of those who opposed the movement was of short duration. By the 1st of April, 1870, business was organized, and new and efficient cables were laid across the Irish Channel. A corps of females was educated in public schools; the wives and daughters of the village postmasters, encouraged by premiums, acquired the language of the wires; the extensions were utilized and new offices came into play. And Mr. Scudamore, now Sir Frank J. Scudamore, in his first report has announced the success of the department in its great undertaking, and exhibited the fruits of that success for the year ending April 1, 1871, as follows, namely: —

An increase of messages of sixty-three per cent. An increase of telegraph-wires from 51,311 miles to 63,319 miles; an increase of instruments from 1,869 to 4,104; an increase of offices from 2,159 to 3,997; an increase of messengers from 1,471 to 3,110; and of clerks and operators including postmasters, from 2,638 to 4,913.

The press, too, is supplied more liberally and cheaply with news now than it was before the change. In place of 6,090 words before the change, from 15,000 to 20,000 were sent for the press over the wires daily at the close of the first year.

The telegraph companies supplied with news but one hundred and seventy-six journals; the post-office has supplied four hundred and sixty-seven journals. The charge for separate wires has been lowered forty per cent.

The rents of offices have come down from $ 118,500 to $ 58,430.

The chief instruments used are those of Morse and Hughes, American electricians.

The department took possession of the telegraph-wires and cables in February, 1870, and dates its first year from the 1st of April following. The telegrams it sent during the first year have been as follows: —

First quarter,	April 1 to	July 1	2,306,350
Second "	July 1	" Oct. 1	2,610,237
Third "	Oct. 1	" Jan. 1	2,646,438
Fourth "	Jan. 1	" April 1, estd.	2,700,000
			10,263,015

The department realized from its business during the above twelve months a revenue of £798,580, and incurred an expenditure of £470,000, and received a net revenue of £328,580 which already exceeds the interest upon the outlay, and supplies means for new extensions.

Since April 1, 1871, the telegrams sent by the British post-office have increased at the rate of twenty-five to thirty per cent annually, and are estimated this year at more than sixteen millions, or more than twice the number sent in 1870 by the Western Union. Many extensions are now progressing in England, and will reach rural districts which were neglected as unprofitable by the telegraph companies. Their wires reached but one hundred and sixty-five towns; the wires of the department at the close of 1871 reached three hundred and sixty-five towns. The Post-Office Department has found it politic to train a large number of ladies as electricians; they are drawn by the same wages that are paid to males from a more highly educated class of society. As the space in the present post-office of London would not suffice for the clerks and instruments, the department has thus far occupied the large rooms of the International Telegraph Company, and London messages are delivered in the average time of ten minutes from their receipt. To facilitate their delivery, messages are stamped and received

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through the pillar-boxes of the streets. Corps of boys are trained for the delivery, are furnished with caps, shoes, and uniforms, and paid a small fee for each message.

The government is now erecting a large edifice near St. Martin le Grand in London, a central-station, to which the wires, tubes, and electricians will soon be removed. Upon the completion of this edifice, the department is expected to take another step in advance, and to reduce its charges between any points in the two islands to the uniform rate of sixpence per message. The present charge of a shilling is in striking contrast with the average rate of that great monopoly the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose average charge was seventy cents last year, and ninety cents in the year preceding.

Our Post-Office Department has been able to carry letters through our States for three cents each, in paper long equivalent in specie value to the English penny; and the question naturally arises, is it absolutely necessary to pay a successful monopoly seven times, or even three times, the telegraph rate in Great Britain for the transmission of our telegrams?

In Switzerland the Alps prevent the construction of many railways; but few trains are run and but few mails despatched, the telegram is often substituted for the letter. In 1867, there were two hundred and eighty telegraph stations in Switzerland, and seven hundred and nine thousand messages were in that year sent by telegraph. In the preceding year one message was sent for every sixty-six letters mailed, — a larger proportion than is found in other European states.

The customary charge in Switzerland is twenty cents per message of twenty words, and this meets the interest on the investment and the cost of transmission. It covers also the cost of delivery at any point within three fourths of a mile of the telegraph office. Money orders are often sent by telegram. The lines are owned by the Republic, and ably managed.

The Belgian telegraph lines are connected with the post-offices. For ten years messages were sent to any part of Belgium for twenty cents per twenty words, with somewhat higher charges for foreign messages crossing the country; but some seven years since all inland messages were reduced to ten cents, while former rates for foreign messages were continued. After the reduction, the number of foreign messages remained nearly stationary, but the number of inland telegrams rose more than an hundred per cent; the whole system proved to be self-sustaining and beneficial to the country.

Switzerland and Belgium have set the pattern which England so zealously follows. France, too, copies the example of the states upon her borders in adopting telegraphy as a national enterprise. She will doubtless erelong follow their example by lowering her charges. In England, as on the continent of Europe, the average annual cost of conducting a telegraph line is not far from twenty-five dollars per mile of wire; and as timber for poles is cheaper here than in Europe, we may infer that the cost of maintenance and management of our lines is nearly as low as it is in Europe. Assuming this to be the case, the cost of maintenance and management of a system of a hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire, which is the length of the wires of the Western Union in 1871, would fall below four millions of dollars. Mr. Dennison, our late Postmaster-General, in his report to the Senate of June 6, 1866, stated the cost of constructing a three-wire line as $ 300, and rated the cost of maintenance, including salaries, etc., at eighteen per cent, or $ 18 per mile of wire.

When ocean telegraphs were first introduced, the charge was so high that none would use them except upon some momentous question; but as charges have declined from $ 100 to $ 15 or less per message, the business which formerly sustained but one line now supports three and demands more.

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The able Secretary of the Post-Office Department, while introducing the Swiss and Belgian systems into England, had an eye to future extension. He has already laid down several cables connecting England with Ireland, and now has four cables crossing the Irish Channel, and seven connecting England with the Isles of Wight and Man, Jersey and Guernsey, and other adjacent isles; he expects also soon to have the control of the cables leading to the Orkney, Shetland, and Sicily Isles, which are worked by companies. He has either bought or erected large shops for constructing and repairing instruments. He has in hand many extensions. His department has in London nineteen pneumatic tubes of 2¼ to 1½ inches in diameter, measuring in length in the aggregate more than nine miles. These radiate from the central office to important points around it. Through some of these fifty messages are often sent or received in one "carrier," but a few seconds on the way. Eleven such tubes have also been placed in the commercial cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow. How successfully might not such tubes be laid down in New York from a central office to stations half a mile apart from one end of Broadway to the other, or in Boston between the new Post-Office and Charlestown, Cambridge, and the Highlands!

The Secretary of the Post-Office Department has conferred a great boon upon London by giving to that city fifty new offices, and connecting it with nearly all its environs and suburban villages. He has conferred a further boon upon the public by establishing several free schools to teach telegraphy to both males and females, whence they are transferred in two or three months to clerkships; he has thus trained more than five hundred women for his offices, and opened to their use an important branch of business. In one of his messages, after stating that complaints are diminishing and that the average is but one for six hundred messages, he alludes with some humor to those which were rife a few months since, during the transition from corporate to national management. He observes "that it is probable and not remarkable that the complaints against us in the newspapers were more numerous than those against the companies, for it was useless and even dangerous to complain against bodies that are proof against any attack. A government department is more open to assault, and therefore more often assailed; although the assailants have not always more reason, they have at least gained one privilege by the change, the privilege so dear to an Englishman, the privilege of complaining.

Although telegraphy is an American invention, our telegraphs lag far behind those of Europe. In 1859 we sent over our American lines 5,000,000 telegrams: and the British Isles sent in the same year 1,575,000 telegrams: the excess in the United States was 3,425,000 telegrams.

We sent then three messages for one English message. But under the new system the number of telegrams in the United Kingdom increased in 1871 to ten millions and a quarter, an amount twenty-five per cent more than the messages in the United States under the administration of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

In 1859, the average charge per telegram was in Great Britain eighty-five cents against forty cents in the United States. In 1870, if we include extra words, it has been twenty-seven cents in England against ninety-three cents in the United States. The position of the two nations has been thus reversed, and the change is adverse to the commerce of our Republic.

According to the reports of 1871, the lines of electric telegraph in the United States were as follows: —

	Length of lines in miles.	Length of wires in miles.
Lines of the Western Union Company and its Tributaries . .	62,996	127,182
Other Lines	10,275	27,701
Aggregate	73,271	154,883

We had then in 1871, 73,271 miles

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of telegraph, and 154,883 miles of wire, more than five sixths of which were controlled by a single company. Against such a company there can be no successful opposition by any organization except the nation. It can fix its own rates. If opposed in one State it can reduce its charges there until it has beaten its adversary, and then dictate its terms and buy up its discomfited foe. There is no account of the cost of the lines of the Western Union to which we have access, except that given by its officers in their annual reports or published letters, from copies of which we learn that this remarkable company, which now seems to overshadow the land, was originally organized twenty years since, in April, 1851, with a capital of $360,000. The length of its lines was then 1,140 miles. For nearly seven years it paid no dividends; all its earnings were used for the acquisition of new lines. In 1857, when it its capital had reached the sum of $500,000, it began to pay large dividends, so that in thirteen years, from its birth in 1851 to 1864, it divided upon the average seventy-one per cent, — of which thirteen and a half per cent were in money and fifty-seven and a half per cent in stock, — a yearly average of seventy-one per cent on a capital averaging $758,461. In 1863, the annual receipts of the company rose to $1,274,214.84. It went on expanding and purchasing the stock of other companies until the spring of 1864, when its stock issued rose to $10,053,200, and it was then reputed to be entirely free from debt, with surplus assets after payment of its dividends.

Down to this period, its issues of stock were apparently based upon the idea that each mile of telegraph line should be represented in stock by a sum equal to the original cost of the first mile; since that period, the capital has been increased still more rapidly, for, in 1867, the capital and debt of this company were reported as high as $45,827,000. Nearly two years since, the length of line held by this gigantic company was stated to be 62,996 miles; and if we apply this to its nominal capital and bonds, we deduce from it, as a result, a cost of $700 per mile of line, averaging about two wires to the mile.

The report of 1871, as published in our journals, furnished other facts; it states that the Western Union Telegraph Company realized for the year ending July 1, 1871, a revenue of $7,321,000 drawn from 8,000,000 of messages and business for the press, and with its income had reduced its bonded debt from five millions to four millions, and its capital stock from $41,000,000 to $35,000,000, thus bringing its capital and debt to $39,000,000. It then held 120,000 miles of wire and 7,000 miles of tributary wire, and its average charge on each telegram was ninety-three cents, or ten cents less than its charge in 1867. Since 1867 it had increased its wires 23,000 miles, and added 1,139 offices to the 3,061 offices which it previously held. That it had effected this at a cost in 1867 of $415,000; in 1868, of $355,000; in 1869, of $678,000; in 1870, of $400,000, — an aggregate of $1,878,000.

These, certainly, are important disclosures, for they give us some data for determining the cost of such a system at the present hour. Were we to deduce it from its nominal capital and debt by the obvious method of dividing the dollars by the number of miles of wire, namely, 120,000, we should arrive at the result, that each mile of wire, with the offices, cables, and instruments that appertain to it, had cost $325 per mile. But if we take the new miles of wire erected since 1867, or 23,000 miles, and divide by them the cost of $1,878,000 reported by the company, we shall arrive at a very different result, namely, a result of but $82 per mile; and this result includes a due proportion of new offices and new wires in place of those deteriorated by use.

This standard is thus furnished by the company itself; and, tested by this, the cost of replacing its hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire at eighty-two dollars a mile with new wires, accompanied by new offices and instru-

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ments, would be but $ 9,640,000, or little more than this company and its rivals now extract from this country annually, and, if we add to it $ 360,000 more for river cables and other expenditures incident to a new line, we might apparently replace with ten millions of dollars the thirty-nine millions of dollars which constituted the capital and debt of this colossal Company. This result of $ 82 per mile of wire strongly confirms the report of Mr. Dennison, the Postmaster-General of June 2, 1866, Executive Document of the Senate No. 49, based on the computations of a telegraphic engineer. In this he sets the cost of a single-wire line at $ 150, and the cost of a six-wire line at $ 580 per mile, making an average cost of $ 105 per mile; this, under a decline in gold of more than than twenty per cent, would now probably not exceed eighty-four dollars per mile of wire. The ninety-three cents per message, which the company admit was the average charge for each message, is three and a half times the sum now charged by the Post-Office Department of England for a telegram, and in a few months more it will be nearly eight times the uniform charge of sixpence which England will make for a telegram. The report of the company in 1871 gave its net income as $ 2,352,750; and we might infer from this income that its annual cost was close upon five millions of dollars, as its revenue for the year was stated in the report to amount to $ 7,320,000; but it has reduced its debt, extended its lines, and increased its offices during the year, and does not state what part of the sum invested in stocks and improvements is included in the expenditures it reports, and we are left to look to other sources for information; and we find it in the report of Sir Frank J. Scudamore for April, 1871. In the place of eight millions of telegrams sent by the Western Union Telegraph line, he despatched more than ten millions and a quarter, and has sent them at a cost of £ 470,000, in our currency $ 2,350,000, in place of $ 5,000,000. It is true that he had not as many wires to sustain, but he had about as many offices and operatives; and the great expense of telegraphy is not in the maintenance of the wires, it is incurred at the stations. In England and on the Continent, before the late increase of messages, five pounds or twenty-five dollars per mile have been the ordinary standard of expense for the maintenance of telegraphic lines and conducting their business. Mr. Dennison in his report sets it at eighteen per cent upon the cost of construction, which, upon our computation, would give a still lower annual charge upon each mile of wire. In Great Britain, in 1871, where so many messages were sent, the cost of maintaining and managing each mile of wire, had risen to thirty-seven dollars per mile of wire; and were we to apply this cost to the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company, we should materially reduce its reported cost of maintenance, and might make further deductions for less messages per mile. We have shown that the British Post-Office Department conducts 63,319 miles of wire and cable, or one half the miles of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and sent over them in an expensive year more than ten millions of telegrams, and yet maintains and conducts its wires at a cost of $ 37 per mile.

Let us picture the results to the United States, should it adopt the policy of the Swiss, Belgian, and British nations, and invest ten millions of dollars in the construction of the telegraphic system, and manage it by commissioners under the Post-Office Department, as our lighthouse system is now conducted. The nation might issue, for this outlay, ten millions in five per cent bonds, either to the freedman's or postal banks, or the Treasury Department. The interest on this would not exceed half a million, and the annual expense, at $ 37 per mile of wire, would not reach four millions and a half of dollars. The new system would become a candidate for a business exceeding nine millions of

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dollars; for the receipts of the Western Union Telegraph Company last year rose, according to its report, to $8,457,095.77, drawn from 12,444,499 messages, and have been progressive.

If England, with sixty-three thousand three hundred and nineteen miles of wire, can send sixteen millions of telegrams yearly, this nation, with one hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire, could easily send thirty millions of telegrams at a cost of less than six millions of dollars, or twenty cents per message, and with a profit of one or two millions yearly.

Should the nation, guided by the experience of Europe, pursue this course, no American company would have a right to complain. It would be the policy as well as the duty of the Post-Office Department to tender to existing companies the cost of replacing their lines in payment for those they have erected. The nation would also undoubtedly sanction a moderate payment for the good-will of their business: they can reasonably ask no more. The interests of commerce and society imperatively demand a reduction of telegraph rates in conformity to the policy of the most liberal and enlightened nations of the globe. We must have, and that soon, in connection with the general post-office, not only the postal card, but the double letter, the sample package, and the twenty-five cent telegram.

Our President and the Postmaster-General have recommended the assumption of the telegraph by the state. The report of Mr. Cresswell, presented since this article was written, is a well-reasoned document, and we sincerely hope it may receive the sanction of Congress. This able report apprises us that the revenue of our Post-Office Department has risen to $21,915,426, or nearly to the standard of England, and is gaining more than nine per cent a year, that our foreign letters last year numbered 24,362,500, and are increasing at the rate of twenty per cent a year, yielding an annual revenue of $1,871,257. But the great measure recommended by Mr. Cresswell is the adoption of telegraphy in connection with the post-office. His estimate of the outlay required, namely, $11,880,000, is a little in excess of ours, while his estimate of the telegrams to be carried, namely, thirty millions, is the same. He shows, by very liberal estimates of cost, that the net revenue to be drawn from a uniform rate of thirty cents for any distance, will cover expenses, return ten per cent upon the investment, and thus soon extinguish the cost by the excess of income over interest.

He also informs us that the new Dominion of Canada has already taken the lead on this continent in telegraphy, and increased its revenue from messages by a uniform rate of twenty-five cents per message, and that last year the average charge for messages of any length was, in Great Britain but twenty-nine cents, in Germany but twenty-two cents, and in Belgium and Bavaria but sixteen.

In a brief essay like this, our space will not permit us to do justice to this able message, in which Mr. Cresswell demonstrates that it will be best both for the people and the press to have the telegraphs assumed by the nation; in which he instances the refusal of the Western Union Telegraph Company to transmit the storm signals, so useful to the country, at reasonable rates; and illustrates the importance of a control of the system in time of war, and the insufficiency of any company to do the work of the nation. He contrasts also in a striking manner the low rates of Europe with the average charges of the Western Union Telegraph Company, — ninety-three cents two years since, and seventy cents the present year. We cordially unite with him in his conclusion, that the hour has come for the nation to connect the telegraphs with the post-office, and reduce the rates to one uniform standard.

E. H. Derby.

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RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE second volume of Mr. Forster's Life of Dickens is not so interesting as the first. It does not reach the period of Dickens's separation from his wife, and it gives no facts of his *vie intime* to compare in effect with those already related of his childhood. On the other hand, it has all the disagreeable qualities of the first volume: it is even more bragging in tone, feeble and wandering in analysis, and comical in criticism. It tells the story of Dickens's life from 1842 to 1852, — a period of great literary activity and of varied experiences; for during these years the American Notes, Martin Chuzzlewit, The Christmas Carol, The Chimes, Pictures from Italy, Dombey and Son, and David Copperfield were written, and the author spent much time abroad, residing at Genoa for a year, then for a long time in Switzerland, and then at Paris.

In 1842 he had just returned from America, and was busy with those Notes in which he stated as mildly as he could his displeasure with this Republic, but which our exacting population of that day refused to find lenient. It seems all a very droll business to us, who are so much wiser than our fathers, but perhaps we should not have liked it ourselves. We do not like the patronizing letter which he writes to Mr. Forster in 1868 from America: "I see *great changes* for the better socially. Politically, no. England governed by the Marylebone vestry, and England as she would be after years of such governing, is what I make of *that*." We do not like it, but we do not care much about it, and our predecessors cared a great deal. That is the difference. Still, great as was the clamor the ill-advised Americans of that day made over the Notes, Dickens amusingly exaggerated it; he really thought that the whole course of business and pleasure upon this continent was suspended in order to let the public rage about his book. But it is plain that he always felt himself an object of universal and unceasing interest: he wrote his books as we celebrate our Fourths, with the eyes of the world upon him. As to us poor Americans, he never changed his mind about us; he never liked us; and it is a pity that we cannot get over that vice of wanting other people to like us. There are some forty millions of us now; is it not enough if we like each other? It is impossible that a man should like any nation besides his own; the best he can do is to like here and there a person in it. Dickens did this, and so does his biographer after him. Mr. Forster thinks there is no higher type than the accomplished and genial American, just as we think there is nobody so charming as the thoroughly agreeable Englishman, though even he has his little foible: for example, he does not exist. But it was not merely his dislike that the Americans of old complained of in Charles Dickens; it was his unfairness, his giving only the truth that told against them, and his downright misrepresentations. Who shall say if they were right? Some things in this book support their side. Dickens pretends that he met five Americans on a Genoese steamer, and one of them called out, "Why, I 'm blarmed if it ain't Dickens!" and having introduced the others all round, added, "Personally, you and my fellow-countrymen can fix it pleasant, I do expectuate." Honest Mr. Forster sets down this frantic rubbish, and seems to believe that it reports the parlance of the American people. We can well imagine, however, that Dickens found the Italians much smoother and more agreeable than he found us, and that he felt it the greatest injustice to call the Swiss "the Americans of the Continent," for they saluted people whom they met very politely. It must be owned that in point of manners we are perhaps the least successful people on earth, and to be ranked with none but the English.

Beyond the superficial observations of Italian life which afterwards took more perfect form in Pictures from Italy,

* *The Life of Charles Dickens.* By JOHN FORSTER. Volume II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

Liza. A Russian Novel. By IVAN S. TURGÉNIEFF. Translated by W. R. S. RALSTON. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Myths and Myth-Makers: Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B., Assistant Librarian, and late Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

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Dickens's letters from Genoa contain little but the usual extravagant statements of his own conditions of mind, his achievements, and his purposes. Something prodigious, or horrible, or enormous, or petrifying, or terrible, or magnificent, or astounding in a superlative degree happens to him so often, that at last it becomes fatiguing. The letters throughout the book are nearly always to Mr. Forster; as if Mr. Forster did not like to connect any other name with Dickens's. It is true that he quotes some passages of the letters to President Felton from Mr. Fields's Yesterdays with Authors, and these are so much better than any written to himself that one wishes his biographer had cast about him a little to see if he could not discover some other correspondent of Dickens. Though the letters given are not easy reading, though their fun seems often pitilessly forced, and their seriousness of the blackest midnight hue, and their fervor of the very red hottest, they are extremely useful in possessing us fully with an idea of the pressure under which Dickens felt, joked, wept, wrote, lived. His whole existence was a prolonged storm and stress, and the wonder is, not that he died so young, but that he lived to be so old. This pressure told upon his quality. A man of unquestionable genius, his material, at its finest, was never of the finest. The melodramatic was his notion of the dramatic, the eloquent was his idea of the poetic; his humor was burlesque; his pathos was never too deep for tears. It seems that he could not like anything better, if we are to judge from his estimate of Hawthorne's matchless romance: "I finished the Scarlet Letter yesterday. It falls off sadly, after that fine opening scene. The psychological part of the story is very much overdone, and not truly done, I think. Their suddenness of meeting and agreeing to go away together, after all those years, is very poor. Mr. Chillingworth ditto. The child out of nature altogether. And Mr. Dimmesdale never could have begotten her." This failure to understand the subtle perfection of art so far above his is all the more sadly amusing when one thinks, in connection with it, of the shapelessness of his own plots, the unnaturalness of his situations, the crudity of his treatment of characters similar to those he censures. Indeed, when you go back to the most popular of the Dickens romances, you marvel at the effect the earlier books had upon the generation in which they were written, and question whether there is not some witchery in the mere warmth and novelty of a young author's book that makes it captivating to his contemporaries. In this biography you read with amazement the letters of Lord Jeffrey, in which the old reviewer bewails himself over little Nell and Paul Dombey. Does any peer of the realm now shed tears for their fate? Dickens, full of his Chimes, came all the way from Italy in midwinter to read it to Carlyle, Forster, Jerrold, and other intimate friends, and made them cry; but he could hardly do that with any literary company now if he came back from the dead. And is it then all a fashion only?

The tireless industry of Dickens continued throughout the years recorded in this volume, but he performed no such feat as the simultaneous production of Pickwick, Nickleby, and Oliver Twist. Yet he wrote always with the printer at his heels, and in one of his letters he tells how it startled him to hear, in a stationer's shop, a lady inquire for a certain number of David Copperfield when he had just bought the paper to write it. His literary history is very fully given, and amidst much that is not important there is a great deal that is very interesting. His method of publication was adverse to any exactness of plot; and as he wrote from month to month his romances took shape from the suggestions and exigencies of the passing time. It is easy to see how he padded when he could not otherwise fill out the due number of pages; in some of his books, as The Old Curiosity Shop, he wholly changed his plan, and in Our Mutual Friend it is hard to believe that he had any plan. For this reason we are not persuaded, in the matter of Mr. Cruikshank's claim to have suggested the idea of Oliver Twist, that Mr. Forster has all the truth upon his side. Doubtless the artist claims too much in saying that he furnished the principal characters and scenes, and implying that the letter-press merely illustrated his pictures; but it is not at all improbable that Dickens, who was then writing Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby, as well as Oliver Twist, may really have changed his plot after poring over a series of sketches in the artist's portfolio. The letter of Dickens, which Mr. Forster prints with so much emphasis, he merely declares at the time of

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writing that he had just seen "a *majority* of the plates for the first time." Nobody will ever believe that Mr. Cruikshank originated Oliver Twist; but Dr. Mackenzie's statement of the matter was so far within the range of possibility, that, after all but calling him a liar, it seems a grudging reparation for Mr. Forster to say that he is not guilty of "the worst part of the fable." But, then, graciousness is not a characteristic of this odd biography, in which the unamiable traits of the biographer combine with the unamiable traits of his subject to give the book as disagreeable a tone as a book ever had. We behold in one case a high-pressure egotist, living in a world pervaded by himself, eager for gain, and dismayed by smaller profits than he expected, suspicious of those whom he dealt with in business, relentless in his own interests, a dreadful machine capable of walking ten miles every day and writing a chapter of fiction, quoting himself continually, and behaving himself generally in a manner to be wearisome to the flesh and spirit of all other men; and, on the other hand, we have a jealous and greedy intimate of his who insists upon representing him solely from his own personal and epistolary knowledge. But we feel sure that this is a false view of Charles Dickens. The letters to Mr. Forster are of less value than his other letters, because they have the stamp of an exaggerated and exacting friendship on them; they are all of the operatic pitch; and latterly they appear to have been written with a consciousness that they were some day to be used as literary material. It is not credible that these letters alone were accessible to the biographer, and it is strange that he seldom or never gives any reminiscences of Dickens besides his own. The closest friend cannot see the whole character of any man; but this biography seems to be written upon the contrary theory, and it renders another life of Dickens necessary. It must always remain as a most entertaining mass of material, but there could be no greater misfortune to Charles Dickens's memory than that it should be permanently accepted as his history.

— The reader who is curious to note the difference between a tragedy written by a man of great talent and one by a man of great genius should compare Joseph Noirel's Revenge (which we noticed last month) and the Liza of Turgénieff. The first is a book of singular power and of fascinating interest: it thrills you by its masterly management of the strangest facts and situations, its audacious subjection, not merely of improbabilities, but impossibilities to its effects. The other is — life; nothing more, nothing less; and though life altogether foreign to our own, yet unmistakably real. Everything is unaffected and unstrained. Here is not so much of the artificer as even his style: this author never calls on you to admire how well he does a thing; he only makes you wonder at the truth and value of the thing when it is done. He seems the most self-forgetful of the story-telling tribe, and he is no more enamored of his creations than of himself; he pets none of them; he upbraids none; you like them or hate them for what they are; it does not seem to be his affair. It is hard to reconcile the sense of this artistic impartiality with one's sense of the deep moral earnestness of the author's books: he is profoundly serious in behalf of what is just and good, even when he appears most impassive in respect to his characters; one feels the presence, not only of a great genius, but a clear conscience in his work. His earnestness scarcely permits him the play of humor; his wit is pitiless irony or cutting sarcasm.

Liza is the story of Fedor Ivanovich Lavretsky, whose handsome wife is, after his discovery of her unfaithfulness, left to lead the life that pleases her at Paris, at Baden, and elsewhere, while he goes back to Russia. He has had a strange and unnaturally secluded childhood; his wife was the first woman of his own rank that he had met, and he loved her; now that is past; but though he is a man who has suffered greatly, it is not a ruined life that he brings home, for he is a man of sense as well as strong affections. Lizaveta Mikhailovna is his distant relation, a young girl of nineteen when he comes to live on his estate near the town where her family resides. She is of a pure, high, religious nature, sensitively conscientious, and of a reserved and thoughtful temperament. Before either is aware they are in love. A paper comes to Lavretsky with the announcement of his wife's death; and he shows it to Liza. That night they meet by accident in her mother's garden, and are surprised into the acknowledgment of their love. It is a moment of rapture to him and of doubt and trouble to her; and the next night Lavretsky's wife, who is not dead, returns. Then all is over; he rids himself of her, but Liza

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goes into a convent; old friends die, children grow up into men and women; Lavretsky's wife leads her old life in Paris; Lavretsky becomes forty-five; Liza remains in her convent; and that is the way the story ends.

The action scarcely begins till the story is two thirds told; all that precedes is devoted to the work of accounting for the characters and placing them and their ancestors and kindred, by a series of scenes, anecdotes, and descriptions, fully before you. In the mean time you come to know also a great deal of Russian life in general, though apparently no study of it has been made for your instruction: you Russianize, as you read, till you wish to address your acquaintances by their Christian names and patronymics. But suddenly, at a certain point, the threads which seemed to lie so loose in the author's hand are drawn closer and closer, till the interest is of the most intense degree. Everything that went before, tells: the effect of character, passion, situation, deepens and deepens; as the climax approaches, the light touches with which the tragedy is darkened are added one after one, till it appears impossible that you should bear more; then the whole work stands complete before you in its transcendent, hopeless pathos. It is sorrow that commands your reverence as well as your pity; Liza is so good, Lavretsky so worthy of happiness, that you can make their grief your own without losing your self-respect.

It is hard to say which of the numerous personages is best painted, and fortunately it is not necessary; it is enough that they are all done with consummate art, consummate naturalness. The same is to be said of the different scenes, unless, indeed, we single out the evening at the house of Liza's mother, when Lavretsky's wife has returned to be pardoned, as she calls it, and flatters the selfish sentimental old woman into a belief in her repentance, and flirts with Liza's rejected lover Panshine, and makes fun of all of them without their knowing it, and so rides home with the old gossiping Gedeonovsky.

"Panshine bowed gravely to all the party; afterwards, as he stood on the steps after seeing Varvara into her carriage, he gave her hand a gentle pressure, and exclaimed, as she drove away, '*Au revoir!*' Gedeonovsky sat by her side in the carriage, and all the way home she amused herself by putting the tip of her little foot, as if by accident, on his foot. He felt abashed and tried to make her complimentary speeches. She tittered and made eyes at him when the light from the street-lamps shone into the carriage. The waltz she had played rang in her ears and excited her. Wherever she might be she had only to imagine a ball-room and a blaze of light, and swift circling round to the sound of music, and her heart would burn within her, her eyes would glow with a strange lustre, a smile would wander around her lips, a kind of bacchanalian grace would seem to diffuse itself over her whole body. When they arrived at her house, Varvara lightly bounded from the carriage, as only a *lionne* could bound, turned towards Gedeonovsky, and suddenly burst out laughing in his face. 'A charming creature,' thought the councillor of state, as he made his way home to his lodgings, where his servant was waiting for him with a bottle of opodeldoc. 'It's as well that I'm a steady man — But why did she laugh?'"

This scene is perfect in its way, and yet we are not sure that it is finer than some closing passages of the drama, wherein Lavretsky, long years after the ruin of his hopes, returns to the house of Liza's mother, and finds it full of gay young people, the friends and relations of her younger brother and sister, who have grown up and married. All the old people are dead.

"'Won't you go into the garden?' said Kalitine, addressing Lavretsky. 'It is very pleasant now, although we have neglected it a little.'

"Lavretsky went into the garden, and the first thing he saw there was that very bench on which he and Liza had once passed a few happy moments, — moments that never repeated themselves. It had grown black and warped, but still he recognized it, and that feeling took possession of his heart which is unequalled as well for sweetness as for bitterness, — the feeling of lively regret for vanished youth, for once familiar happiness.

"He walked by the side of the young people along the alleys. The lime-trees looked older than before, having grown a little taller during the last eight years and casting a denser shade. All the underwood, also, had grown higher, and the raspberry-bushes had spread vigorously, and the hazel copse was thickly tangled. From every side exhaled a fresh odor from the forest and the wood, from the grass and the lilacs.

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"'What a capital place for a game at Puss in the Corner!' suddenly cried Lenochka, as they entered upon a small grassy lawn surrounded by lime-trees. 'There are just five of us.'

"'But have you forgotten Fedor Ivanovich?' asked her brother; 'or is it yourself you have not counted?'

"Lenochka blushed a little. . . . .

"But Lavretsky returned to the house, went into the dining-room, approached the piano, and touched one of the notes. It responded with a faint but clear sound, and a shudder thrilled his heart within him. With that note began the inspired melody, by means of which, on that most happy night long ago, Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such raptures. Then Lavretsky passed into the drawing-room, and did not leave it for a long time.

"In that room, in which he had seen Liza so often, her image floated more distinctly before him; the traces of her presence seemed to make themselves felt around him there. But his sorrow of her loss became painful and crushing; it bore with it none of the tranquillity which death inspires. Liza was still living somewhere, far away and lost to sight. He thought of her as he had known her in actual life; he could not recognize the girl he used to love in that pale, dim, ghostly form, half-hidden in a nun's dark robe and surrounded by waving clouds of incense.

"Nor would Lavretsky have been able to recognize himself, if he could have looked at himself as he in fancy was looking at Liza. In the course of those eight years his life had attained its final crisis, — that crisis which many people never experience, but without which no man can be sure of maintaining his principles firm to the last. He had really given up thinking about his own happiness, about what would conduce to his own interests. He had become calm, and — why should we conceal the truth? — he had aged; and that not in face alone or frame, but he had aged in mind; for, indeed, not only is it difficult, but it is even hazardous to do what some people speak of, — to preserve the heart young in bodily old age."

Is not this exquisitely, penetratingly sad in its simple truthfulness?

— To the essays on The Origin of Folk-Lore, The Descent of Fire, Were-Wolves and Swan-Maidens, Light and Darkness, Myths of the Barbaric World, and the Primeval Ghost World, which we have had the pleasure of giving our readers in these pages, Mr. Fiske has added an excellent review of Gladstone's Juventus Mundi, in the delightful book which he has just published with the title of Myths and Myth-Makers. We use the glowing adjective after due reflection, for no colder word could express the charm of studies which lack none of the graver merits. It seems to have been Mr. Fiske's "mission" as a lecturer on Cosmic Philosophy to take the recent opinions and researches of the metaphysicians, the philologists, and the other unalluring scholars, and by original criticism and analysis make them and their subjects as attractive as if he were some mere popularizer of philosophy and science, and not one of the most thorough, sincere, and cautious of inquirers. With the capacity for profound research and the power of critical consideration, he has a singular grace of style and an art of clear and simple statement which will not let the most indifferent refuse knowledge of the topics treated. In such a field as the discussion of old fables and superstitions affords, we have not only to admire Mr. Fiske for the charm of his manner, but for the justice and honesty of his method. He may be right, or he may be wrong, but he is neither by prejudice; every opinion is a conclusion from facts industriously sought out and conscientiously examined. It is an easy thing to make an entertaining book on such a subject. You have only to collect from very accessible authorities a sufficient number of tales and anecdotes, and garnish the result with the speculations of well-known philosophers and poets. But it is hardly necessary to say that this has not been the light labor of Mr. Fiske, though what he gives us is so pleasant and is offered with so much ease. A continuous purpose runs through his apparently desultory essays, and while he is entertaining us with heroes and demons, clouds and sunshine, were-wolves and fairies, monsters, dreams, and ghosts, it is his effort to show the essential unity of all myths in origin, and to prove that this origin is the instinctive tendency of the childlike primeval man to endow inanimate nature with his own dimly understood attributes. He believes that myths are the first efforts of the human imagination, and not decayed religions or systems of faith. This, very thinly stated, is Mr. Fiske's theory, which he founds rather upon the results of psychological inquiry into the mental habits of savages than upon purely

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philological research. But a full idea of his theory is to be gained only by perusal of his book, — a pastime in which the reader will find himself sufficiently instructed and interested, even if he gains no idea of a general theory at all.

French and German.*

— Gradually the French book-lists are beginning to resume the fulness which they had before the war, and the reader can now find much to read beside the stories of the campaigns and the apologies of unfortunate generals, which have been almost the only books, or rather the most interesting ones, that have appeared during the last eighteen months. To-day we have before us a volume by Victor Cherbuliez, not, we are sorry to say, another story, but a collection of essays, *Études de littérature et d'art*, which will be found more entertaining than very many novels. The literary essays are three in number: one on Lessing; one on Strauss, the author of the Life of Jesus; and the third is entitled *Les Poètes militants*. These have all appeared in the *Revue*. The most interesting is that upon Lessing; it goes without saying that it is well written, and more than this, it gives in a comparatively short space as good a picture of the man, and more especially of the nature, importance, and merits of the various divisions of his work, as one can find. Perhaps the most interesting section is that in which Lessing's *Dramaturgie* is discussed, for at the present date the controversy with Goetze has lost its claim to general interest, and seems but a small affair compared with some of the theological quarrels which this century has seen; and the *Laocoön*, too, valuable as it was in its day, and still is, concerns itself with what was a greater novelty a hundred years ago than it is now when we reap the good fruit it created in the discussion and criticism of works of art. As Cherbuliez says, "A petty man of to-day is more of a philosopher on many points than was a great man born in 1729." But philosophy has still a large field open to it, and the sun has yet to rise upon a generation of English or German speaking people intelligently admiring the classical French tragedy; we say intelligently, in order to rule out the now almost forgotten pseudo-classical fervor of the Germans against which Lessing fought so bitterly and so successfully. As Schopenhauer said, to be sure about pictures and statues which are acknowledged masterpieces, — but it is true *mutatis mutandis* of books as well, — we should comport ourselves before them as before the great ones of the earth, we should stand in respectful silence waiting for them to speak to us. If it be answered that life is at the best but short, and that art is nowhere longer than in these plays, we might argue that whatever has been called good by competent persons should be read with a certain faith, not, of course, with blind superstition, but without the frivolity which we are all very ready to show to the French classical tragedy. Any one who contented himself with judging of Shakespeare's merits as a tragedian by his geographical accuracy in putting seaports in Bohemia, we should think deserving of death at the stake; we should hold him as but little better than the eminent Jedediah Buxton, a young mathematical wonder of the last century, who, being taken to see Garrick act in one of Shakespeare's plays, brought home with him no impression of the play nor of the actors, but the total sum, made in his head, of all the words spoken that evening upon the stage. Is it not our duty to ourselves to try to find out the beauty which has been so keenly felt by a nation so sensitive to various merits as the French? But without beating the air, more from a feeling of abstract justice than from any passionate admiration for, say Corneille's *Cinna*, we would warmly commend this essay of which we were speaking as containing a very good statement of the matter as it stood before Lessing and his contemporaries. The question will never arise again in just that shape; but, for one way of looking at it, it is worth while seeing one case in which criticism was able to produce good results. In speaking of Lessing's own plays, Cherbuliez shows the same intelligence and appreciation as in the other part of the essay. For example, in discussing *Emilia Galotti*, he quotes one of Emilia's last speeches: "O father, I am made of flesh and blood like any other woman. My senses are senses. I can answer for nothing." And goes on, "Ah, madam, generally women do not see their failings so long beforehand. Goethe pretends that in the bottom of your

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Études de littérature et d'art. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris. 1873.

Alsace. Par Edmond About. Paris. 1873.

Tarass Boulba. Par Nicolas Gogol. Roman traduit du Russe par Louis Viardot. Paris. 1872.

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heart you love the prince; if he is right, you do not long for death; if he is wrong, what do you fear? And think of this: your sad end will distress us because you are so amiable, but we are here at the theatre, we are expecting a real tragedy; where will be the grandeur of the spectacle? Virginia bedews with her blood the altar of liberty; Rome has trembled with horror and with hope; this fertile blood is going to give it its franchise, its tribunes, and its pride; but when you shall have fallen beneath the knife, there will be no change in the world's destiny, and the thoughtful spectator will go home saying, 'The old Odoardo committed a crime in order that in history there should be one less woman's fall. In fact, have we had our money's worth?'"

The essay on Strauss, although interesting and instructive, seems to us to be much less valuable, still it will be found to be very well worth reading. The third essay, *Les Poètes militants*, treats of a number of verse-makers who set themselves the task of being poetical about the recent war. They fall easy victims to Cherbuliez's criticisms. Among others he speaks of Geibel, who has done some good work, reminding one, however, of what a German Tennyson might be. But even he was so patriotic as to wish *das Welschthum auszumerzen in Glauben, Wort und That*, — a wish that Cherbuliez does not share. The rest of the volume contains some letters on that *salon* of 1872. They are charming reading. Every French writer seems to be obliged to win his spurs in some artistic criticism, and it is generally well done, but we have not space to quote from them.

— Another well-known man, who has written a new book, is M. Edmond About, and his book is entitled *Alsace*. It contains his contributions, written to the *Soir*, from the lost French provinces. One does not need to be Prince Bismarck to find the book distasteful. And worse than that, it is, we regret to say, rather dull. Not that he had an enlivening subject for a French writer or for any writer for the matter of that, but there is too much expression given to his own melancholy, which was well-grounded enough, but is of less interest to the world at large. He tells us many very sad stories of the sufferings he saw, of the general distress which the war and the annexation of their province brought upon the Alsatians, and many stories of the clumsiness of the Germans and of the patriotism of the French as shown by their ingenious insults to the Germans. Then, too, one's sympathy for the people is lessened when one reads that part of their sufferings is due to the alleged absence of the pocket-handkerchief among the Vandal hordes who have conquered them, and to the fact that in the hotels walking about is dangerous at night because the shoes of the officers, being placed outside of the door, block up the passageways. We are also told that when the Germans entered Strasburg they were surprised to find the cathedral standing, and that they said, "What, did n't we do it any more harm?" Every one can judge for himself of the value of a book which so confounds seriousness with a petty credulity and undignified abuse as childish as making faces at a national enemy. At the end is the account of M. About's arrest, which will be forgotten by a careless world that only worships success, before it is by him who languished in the German dungeons.

— Instead of saying as we did last month that the new edition of Gogol's *Turass Boulba* was announced, we should have said that it had appeared. It is a fierce picture of the bloody wars of the Cossacks in the sixteenth century. Tarass Boulba is the father of two sons, whom he takes to the military head-quarters as soon as they return from their schooling. Soon, by his influence, war is declared against Poland, or, at least, war is made against it, and a Polish city is blockaded by the Cossack troops; the younger son enters the city secretly, out of love for a Polish woman, and turns traitor to the Cossack cause. In a *sortie* he is slain by his father; the other son is taken prisoner by the Poles, and put to death by torture in the sight of the father, who has stolen into the city to see his son die. But Tarass avenges himself by devastating half of Poland; finally, however, he, too, succumbs and dies at the stake, firm to the last. As a powerful sketch of the period it describes, this novel will be found as interesting as it is unpeaceful. Gogol tells the story as if he were a bard singing some old battle. Readers of Turgénieff will read this novel with interest as one of the few novels in Russian literature before he wrote.

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ART.

THE readers of Mr. Eastlake's handsome and pleasantly written book on "Household Taste" must — some of them at least — have shared with us the feeling that the pleasure it gives would have been more complete if, after having been stirred up to enthusiasm over chairs and tables, side-boards and bookcases, and made zealously in earnest to learn the whole duty of man in the house-furnishing way, and to do it, we could have found a place where the things we ought to have could be bought for money. But the people with ideals do, by dint of everlasting harping on their favorite topics, get other people interested, worked up to a white heat of desire, and of consequent effort to get their desire satisfied; out of which ferment comes, in every case, some tangible improvement, some approach, if it be no more, to the sought-for perfection. Thus, since Pugin in England began to laugh and scold at the desolation of the average London drawing-room, and since Downing, here at home, tried to light a little fire of enthusiasm for more poetical and individual home surroundings, to the present times, when Mr. Eastlake, with more knowledge than Downing and more practical sense than Pugin, comes to us with his helpful hints as to what to do and what to avoid, if we would make our houses beautiful, there have been constant efforts making to supply the demand, all the time growing, for prettier and more sensible furniture, and for household utensils that should please and not vex the eye. It would be long if we were to catalogue in detail all the improvements: the cheap wall-papers with designs as good as those of the dear ones, — a work Pugin started, since taken up by several hands, notably by Owen Jones, who has lately made some first-rate designs and had them carried out; the glass and crystal of to-day, much of it, especially the French crystal, being better than has been made for a hundred years back, and within the reach of very humble purses; the earthen-ware, not yet quite out of the imitative stage, but fast learning to think for itself, and even now pleasanter to look at than the best to be had twenty years ago; stuffs of all sorts for furniture-coverings and curtains, oftener with good designs than bad; and so forth and so on, improvement being evident everywhere but in furniture, properly so called. Here the world has never been quite so badly off, so at its wit's end, as it is to-day. Yet there is good furniture to be had to-day, and of to-day's make, too, if we only knew where to go for it. And this is the case with many things beside furniture. One principal reason why we see so much bad, or, at best, indifferent, uninteresting furnishing is, that the art of getting good things together is so long, and time so short and so taken up with more serious things. If only somebody would bring the good things together into one place, combine them, set them off, and let us see how these fine theories of Pugin, Eastlake, Downing, Walter Smith, look, put into practice! That is what the young couples who have houses to furnish, and middle-age couples who have houses to refurnish, are anxiously asking for this long while.

And, at last, we have a scheme fairly set on foot for giving us what we want. "The Household-Art Company" — a modest association of a few men of taste and energy, whose business it will be to bag all household gears of a picturesque nature that may be found flying — has settled itself comfortably down into pleasant quarters in Boston, and offers the public the fruit of its second year's gleaning of England and the Continent. The collection of objects is not an ambitious one, and whoever has travelled much, and seen the great *bric-a-brac* shops of London and Paris, with the workshops of the Salviatis and Decks, the Collinets and Castellanis, may easily sniff at the contents of these unpretending, pretty parlors. But this, as the visitor will soon learn, is only the beginning; the undertaking is an experiment, and if it succeeds, the measures have been taken to extend operations in many directions. If people like, or can be taught to like, the pretty things, the quaint things, the artistic things, that are already here, there are plenty of the same sort where these came from, and better and better, and the supply can be made equal to the demand. And how can people, — young folks with fresh eyes and taste as yet unspoiled by fashion, or older people, well rid of fashion, and with expe-

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rience of what there as in the world of truly beautiful, — how can either of these sets *not* like instinctively, or be easily taught to like, the greater number of the things the Household-Art Company has to show them? Last year, when the company's ship came home, it brought great store of the beautiful English furniture of the last century, and the eagerness with which it was bought up should have led, some thought, to more coming this year; but Holland was the field chosen to be scoured by the last foraging party, Holland and Friesland; and we, for our part, find Holland as much to our taste as the England of '76. These Holland cabinets, covered with surface carving, and ample closet above and below, or a single closet supported on pillars which rest on a platform raised a few inches above the floor, are, practically, very convenient things in a house, beside furnishing a room well, standing out boldly from the wall, and filling the eye with their solidly picturesque proportions. We never saw two of them exactly alike, and the usual variety obtains in the specimens in the company's rooms. Another strong point in the collection this year is the pottery, Majolica, Delft, Chinese, and Japanese, all being represented, not, indeed, by many splendid, or even by any very remarkable specimens, but by a large number of good pieces, some old, but more of modern make, and consequently more easily compassed by moderate purses. Among these specimens are many pieces of the material called Flanders gray ware, clever copies of the real old *grès de Flandre*, and certainly very attractive substitutes for the common pitcher of the crockery-shops, which cost more and are not so strong. There is also a small but well-chosen collection of old *grès de Flandre*, and two or three complete tea-sets of old Worcester ware which ought to have magic enough in them to bring back the very ghosts of our grandmothers, if once the fragrant Hyson should be poured from these tiny teapots and circulate through these bits of cups. But old Worcester is getting as rare as real grandmothers, and a man is lucky who owns either of these precious products of art and nature working in harmony. We would like to call attention also to the good stock of tiles imported by this company. They are not all from one manufactory, but represent several works, and offer us some choice, where, hitherto, we have been shut up to the productions of one house, an excellent one, it is true, and well deserving its name, but — we are glad to see what other people can do! Tiles are not half as much used as they might be; they are always decorative, and can take a variety of expressions, cheerful as a rose-and-rosebud paper, grave and respectable as Spanish leather, picturesque as tapestry, neat as a check apron; and then they last forever, and can be kept as clean as a dinner-plate. Among these tiles are two sets of the old Wedgewood *plaques*, to our thinking as satisfyingly lovely as anything in modern earthen-ware, designed to serve as panels in mantel-pieces. Let these be set into a well-designed mantel-piece made of oak, or maple, or mahogany, that out-of-fashion but most beautiful of all woods, and what marble mantel of to-day's make could compare with it? These brass sconces, too, — here is another old fashion come back again, and a pretty, cheap, useful fashion it is! What modern gas-fixture would look so picturesque with a bit of Christmas-green about it as one of these same sconces of beaten work (to English the technical phrase *repoussé*), with the soft shimmer of the candles reflected in broken light from its surface? These sconces are of modern make, the old ones are becoming scarce, and are much sought for, much affected in Paris by artists, and thought pretty in an antechamber, with a bit of tapestry, if one can get it, on the wall. And, speaking of tapestry, here are a half-dozen remarkably fine pieces of old Gobelin in excellent condition, worth, for decorative effect, as every artist knows, acres of wall-paper; and if we think the brass sconces not fine enough, or too picturesque for modern surroundings, here are magnificent specimens of electrotypy, copies of the Shakespeare Dish, of the Milton and the Dante Shields, and the Amazon Dish, and the Siege-of-Troy Dish, brilliant ornaments for dining-room or entrance-hall.

One want which this company offers to meet is that of architects, and of all of us, too, who are fitting up our houses, for ornamental brass and iron work, sometimes elegant or even rich, but oftener serviceable, comely, and yet low in price. It is at present almost impossible to get well-designed hinges, door-plates, key-plates, knobs, and closing-rings made in this country without going to great expense; and though the manufacture of these things is now carried to great perfection in England, very few of the articles are imported.

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Yet how welcome they would be is shown by the fact that somebody here having hit upon the device of covering flat hinge-plates and plain door-knobs with thin pieces of electrotype copper, ornamented with designs in low relief, there has been such a demand for them that they are being used everywhere, though the effect of even the best of them is mean and mechanical. The English iron and brass work for these "hardware" purposes is well and solidly made by cutting the plates out of boiler-iron or even out of thick sheet-iron, and the same for brass, while wrought iron and brass are very much in use. It is not at all uncommon to see handsome new houses in England fitted, all through, with hinges, door-latches (not mortice-locks), key-plates, and the rest of the hardware, of wrought iron and brass, — handsome to look at, well made, and serviceable, not possible to get out of order with ordinary usage, and always looking better the more it is rubbed and handled. All this English hardware the Household-Art Company is prepared to import, and they have on hand a small supply of it, together with some very attractive specimens of the French brass-work, fire-dogs, fire-irons, etc., etc., copied literally from old renaissance and Gothic examples, and made to do service, not merely to look at. We wish this enterprise may thrive, for though there is a real desire to furnish our homes more picturesquely and cosily, and, at the same time, usefully, for every-day living, and not for stage effect, there has thus far been no way in which this could be done without giving a great deal more time to it than most people can afford. And, oftentimes, the result was not satisfactory. Now there is a place promised us where one can go for advice and assistance, can see what others are doing, and learn the best way of infusing a little of the artistic, the poetic element into our too mechanic and monotonous ways of living. But we shall not think the Household-Art Company has done the best it can for us, until it gives a fillip to the arts here at home; does its possible, however little that may be, to set our own mechanics at work, and to develop the capacity, which is here abundantly, if one will look for it, of making beautiful things, glass, pottery, iron-work, carpets, and stuffs, as well as steam-engines and reapers. However, the taste must be formed first, we admit, and this new association can do a good deal to that end.

— Our quarrel with the Nation over the measurement of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare has at last reached Touchstone's "seventh cause," and the Nation accuses us bluntly and insolently of not telling the truth when we asserted that we had measured Mr. Ward's statue. "The Atlantic, however, supports an untenable theory with a humorous juggle of measurement. Its own words show that it has not had the head of the Shakespeare measured at all." We certainly should not be at the trouble to contradict this were it not that we are under an unquestioned responsibility to the public, and have not the right to choose whether we will allow ourselves to be misrepresented or not. The Nation, pretending to a sincere desire not to misunderstand our words, represents us as saying *that, having found the distance from the point of the chin to the bridge of the nose of the statue to be six and a half inches*, we did not proceed to examine if this be half the head, but simply took it for granted that it is, and, *without further measuring*, settled the height of the head to be thirteen inches. We will now say that, having found the dimensions of half the head by the ordinary rule, *we proved the correctness of the rule by measuring from the bridge of the nose to the summit of the skull for the other half and found that this also was six and a half inches.* This is what our words always meant, and not what the Nation, desperate for an argument, and catching at any straw, affects to believe they meant. We shall not resume the discussion, of this matter until the Nation shall bring forward the name of some sculptor as well known and as worthily known as Mr. Henry K. Brown, who will say that the Nation's method of measuring is correct, or who will say that, by his own habitual way of measuring statues, Mr. Ward's Shakespeare, measured from the statue itself or from the cast, *is less than seven and five thirteenths of its heads in height.* We considered ourselves no authority on such a point, and we called in the aid of the best trained sculptor in the country to settle the fact. The Nation is no authority; let it therefore call in a professional opinion. Let it take that of Mr. Marshall Wood, a distinguished English sculptor now in New York, or that of Mr. Launt Thompson; we wish it would call upon either of these gentlemen, or any other sculptor. We feel sure, however, that it will do nothing of the kind, but will prefer to abide by the injustice it has done Mr. Ward.

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MUSIC.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS'S concerts have been, as usual, most interesting. At every hearing of this wonderfully drilled orchestra, each performance seems more perfect than the last; certainly Mr. Thomas has this year cured what few technical defects there might have been in the performances of past seasons, and his orchestra seems as nearly perfect as well may be. The somewhat too pronounced and strident quality of his brass instruments, that used to make it an unthankful task for the strings and reeds to try to hold their own in *fortissimo* passages, is now judiciously toned down; and he has at last succeeded in obtaining a perfectly even *pianissimo* from all his wind instruments, such we have never heard equalled in any but the finest French orchestras. Even the unmanageable bassoon has been brought to play as softly as the *celli*, and the usually irrepressible flutes and oboes vie with the violins in delicately subdued tones. In addition to this, Mr. Thomas's flutes and reeds have an advantage over those in French orchestras, in that they *can* play loud when necessary. In France, the players of wooden wind instruments rarely succeed in going beyond the quiet, pastoral character of their instruments, and in passages of passionate intensity, as, for instance, the famous monologue of the clarinets that immediately follows the grand outburst of the horns in the overture to the *Freischütz*, they commonly show great want of power. German players, on the other hand, cultivate almost exclusively the heroic character of these instruments, and seem to find themselves at home only in strong passages, rarely succeeding in playing softly enough where a real *pianissimo* is required. Mr. Thomas's artists show themselves equally acquainted with both the heroic and pastoral characters of their instruments. The bowing, phrasing, and purity of intonation of the strings is as fine as ever, and the dynamic balance of the whole orchestra is as perfect as is possible in one of its very moderate size. Of new music, Mr. Thomas has presented to us this season much that is interesting. His programmes have been, perhaps unavoidably, of a somewhat mixed character; and he seems to have an eye to strongly marked contrasts, rather than to any logical system of development in the succession of pieces performed. The character of much of the music on his programmes, especially the preponderance of music of the so-called "future" schools, has given rise to some quite lively discussion in the daily papers, (would that such public expression of individual opinion on musical matters were more common with us!) one writer contending that the production of music of a bad, or at least a not yet universally sanctioned school, must injure the popular taste, whatever chances such music may afford of displaying a highly developed executive power and brilliant virtuosity; his opponent, on the other hand, holding that Mr. Thomas was doing the public a good service in impartially performing music of all schools. If we mistake not, Mr. Thomas is as far as possible from wishing to make his orchestra the means of indiscriminately bringing all schools of music under the notice of the public. He is, if anybody ever was, a confessed admirer of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, and has, as far as we can find out, a definite object in view in the formation of his programmes, namely, a wish to advance the cause of "the future," even though the cause of classic music by the acknowledged great masters suffer by it. The different spirit in which both he and his orchestra take hold of the new music, from that in which they play Haydn, Mozart, and the earlier works of Beethoven, can be seen at a glance by any one who takes the trouble to listen critically to his performances. To be sure the same care and attention to even the minutest details is noticeable in the drilling of his orchestra, whether they be playing a Beethoven Symphony or a Liszt Symphonic Poem, a Mendelssohn Overture or an orchestral bit from one of Wagner's musical dramas; but the degree of interest in his task that he displays is vastly different, and however perfect his performances of classic music may be in all technical details, we must admit that they show neither the fire nor the sentiment that is so marked in his renderings of more recent music. But be his musical convictions what they may, so long as they are honestly come at, which we see no earthly reason to doubt, he has a

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perfect right to them and to do all in his power to propagate his ideas, — happy he who has such means of doing so! — and we cannot think him open to the charge either of aiming at the mere display of brilliant virtuosity on the one hand, or of an indolent and too lukewarm catholicity on the other. Whether his object, namely, the introduction of the new music, be one which will benefit the cause of art or not, is another question, and one, if the truth must be told, about which we ourselves are by no means sure. It may even be doubted whether Mr. Thomas has taken the right measures to secure his own end. It seems to us that many of his selections from the later composers are more calculated to frighten away than to fascinate and interest all listeners who are not already attracted towards such music. When a man wishes to interest the public in a school of music with which they are unacquainted, he will find it an object first to conciliate his public, and, if possible, to impress them favorably with the music he is trying to introduce; not by means of eulogistic handbills and much talking, but by first playing to them such things of the new school as they are pretty sure to like. After an audience has once received a favorable impression of a composer, they will be much more inclined to appreciate those of his works which would at first have frightened them away by their unaccustomed style and strangeness of form, than if they knew the composer only by hearsay. When the Music Hall organ was first put up, some most admirable musicians tried to interest the public in Bach. In those days, Bach was a composer whom the most of us had, at best, only heard of; of his music and style we knew nothing or next to nothing; his greatness we were willing to take for granted. The first pieces of Bach that were played at the Music Hall were the Tocata in F, and one of the great Fugues (we think the great one in G Minor), — compositions which can be ranked with all that is greatest and most glorious in music, but whose first effect upon nearly the whole audience was as if some Juggernaut-car had mercilessly rolled over them. The music simply crushed them, and if they had no very unkind feelings toward the organist when the piece was over, it was on that queer principle of gratitude which prevents us from doing some violent personal injury to a dentist after undergoing a painful operation, because we are so grateful to him, when he stops, for kindly bringing our torture to an end. After the first few weeks of organ concerts, the general impression that Bach's music had made upon the public was that of unparalleled noise and confusion worse confounded. "Sehr gelehrt, aber sehr hässlich," as an impromptu critic once said. It was not for some years that this first impression was wiped away. People now feel about the new music much as they then did about Bach. To most of our public, Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz are only known as men whose sole delight is in the braying of brass, the clashing of cymbals, and the tinkling of triangles; as men who make so much noise that ordinary mortals cannot hear what they say. Something over a century ago, the good Londoners thought the same thing of Mr. Handel. When we think of such compositions as the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," the *Hunnenschlacht*, or the overture to the *Carnaval Romain*, we do not wonder that many people have a prejudice against the "future." We do not mean to say anything against the actual merit of the compositions, but merely that they are in no wise calculated to enlist the sympathies of an unprejudiced audience. There is enough music by Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz that is interesting without being painfully abstruse, passionate and intense without being almost absolutely annihilating, and which, while it sufficiently shows the habitual train of thought and modes of expression of the respective composers, does not so widely depart from the musical forms to which we are accustomed as to seem at first either strained or ugly. The first four movements of the *Symphonie Fantastique* by Berlioz would, we think, be deeply interesting, with their beautiful, finely marked theme and masterly orchestration. The fourth movement (*La Marche au Supplice*) does, to be sure, make a good deal of noise, but its well-defined and very characteristic march-theme, both dignified and brilliant as it is, can hardly fail to interest all listeners. Liszt's *Les Préludes* has already become a tolerable favorite with most of us, and we think that hearing it oftener would do more toward endearing the composer to us than such things as the *Hunnenschlacht* or the *Racoczy March*. In making selections from the works of Richard Wagner, the task become a more difficult one, as there is little of his music that will well bear performance separated from the dramas of which it is a part. But if concert arrangements from Wagner are to

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be played at all, we think transcriptions of separate scenes, such as the Finale from *Tristan* (played here last year), or "Odin's Farewell," from the *Walküre*, with its ever-recurring lullaby-melody, more repaying than "selections" in *potpourri* from such as were played here this season.

Mr. Thomas brings with him this year a more than usually attractive array of soloists. Miss Anna Mehlig, the pianist (if we may be pardoned for striking off the final *e* from her title), shows more genial sentiment than before, even something very like passion in her playing, which used to strike us as too purely intellectual, though she sometimes evinces a tendency to over-sentimentalize, and to pay too much attention to the elaboration of separate passages, thus injuring the impression of the piece as a whole. In the two movements she played from Chopin's F-minor Concerto, these traits, both of them new in her, were strongly marked. She played the beautiful *Larghetto* with a passionate earnestness of sentiment that we have never before felt in her, and, although she took the *tempo* remarkably slow, the interest was grandly sustained to the very end. In the final *Rondo*, on the other hand, her performance lacked totality of conception as well as *élan*, and, in spite of the exquisite finish she gave to all the various details, there was hardly a thought in the whole movement more than two or three bars long.

Mr. George L. Osgood, the young tenor, satisfies all the expectations which we have been led to entertain of him, which is saying much. He has a pure tenor voice of fine sympathetic quality, rather than of great power, and he uses it like a consummate artist. His singing is characterized by true musical sentiment and great artistic finish of style, uniting a thoroughly developed *technique* of the best Italian school with a manly, German spontaneity of expression equally removed from lackadaisical sentimentality and ungenial coldness. It was indeed a comfort to hear his rendering of Mozart's delicious air, *O, wie ängstlich! O, wie feurig!* from the *Entführung*, after the lovelorn efforts of other *tenorini di grazia*, who usually give the little gem of passionate melody either with that calm self-satisfaction of manner which the possession of a tenor voice can alone impart, or else in such tones of sombre despair as to make us for the moment fancy we are listening to Bellini or Donizetti, instead of Mozart. We would, however, caution Mr. Osgood against singing in so large a hall as the Music Hall, where it evidently costs him much exertion to make himself heard. These finely cultivated light tenor voices are too precious to be strained in large halls, and Mr. Osgood's large repertory of German *Lieder* by the best masters increases our wish to hear him in a smaller room.

We cannot close our inkstand without saying a few words about Mrs. Charles Moulton's first appearance in oratorio, in the Christmas performance of Handel's *Messiah* by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mrs. Moulton's singing of the grand old music was, in many respects, different, in some respects, perhaps finer, than any rendering we have yet heard here. She has an unaffected, almost childlike simplicity of style which lets the music tell its own story easily and naturally. If she does not give evidence of very deep sentiment, she is yet wholly free from all spurious sentimentality; and the beauty of her voice together with her easy and masterly use of it, her finished style and cultivated enunciation, combine to make her renderings of this class of music most genuinely enjoyable. In her recitatives she makes the music wholly subservient to the meaning of the words, as it properly should be. Her rendering of "Rejoice greatly" was perhaps the most perfect of her efforts. The masterly ease and joyous brilliancy with which she carried through Handel's long, florid *roulades* was in strong contrast to the manner in which we usually hear them sung, which is, if anything, more indicative of the bursting of a bloodvessel than of triumphant joy. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth," her singing showed the song of songs in all its greatness and power. She is to be particularly commended for her rigid adherence to Handel's music *as he wrote it;* we do not remember her introducing a single embellishment of her own. Upon the whole, Mrs. Moulton is one of the most satisfying oratorio singers that we have heard.

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SCIENCE.

IF the International Scientific Series, which we owe to the disinterested labor of Dr. Youmans, proceeds as it has begun, it will more than fulfil the promise given to the reading public in its prospectus. The first volume, by Professor Tyndall, was a model of lucid and attractive scientific exposition; and now we have a second,* by Mr. Walter Bagehot, which is not only very lucid and charming, but also original and suggestive in the highest degree. Nowhere, perhaps, since the publication of Sir Henry Maine's Ancient Law, have we seen so many fruitful thoughts suggested in the course of a couple of hundred pages.

The principal aim of Mr. Bagehot's book is to point out some of the conditions essential to progress in civilization, and to show how it is that so small a portion of the human race has attained to permanent progressiveness. It has been customary to contrast man with inferior animals as alone capable of improving his condition from age to age; the implication being that while none of the inferior animals show any capacity for progress, on the other hand all men, without distinction save as to degree, possess such capacity. And some metaphysical writers have gone so far as to describe progressiveness as a tendency inherent in humanity. The gulf between man and other animals, wide enough in any event, has in this way been unduly exaggerated. In reality it need not take a very long survey of human societies, past and present, to assure us that beyond a certain point stagnation has been the rule, and progress the exception. Over a large part of the earth's surface the slow progress painfully achieved during thousands of prehistoric ages has stopped short with the savage state, as exemplified by those African, Polynesian, and American tribes which can neither work out a civilization for themselves, nor appropriate the civilization of higher races with whom they are brought into contact. Half the human race, having surmounted savagery, have been arrested in an immobile type of civilization, as in ancient Egypt, modern China, and in the East generally. It is only in the Aryan race, with the Jews and Magyars, that we can find evidences of a persistent tendency to progress; and that there is no inherent race-tendency at work in this is shown by the fact that some of the Aryans, as the Hindus and Persians, are among the most unprogressive of men. The progress of the European Aryans, like the evolution of higher forms of life, has been due only to a concurrence of favorable circumstances.

It is one of the puzzles of sociology that the very state of things which is pre-eminently useful in bringing men out of savagery is also likely to be pre-eminently in the way of their attaining to a persistently progressive civilization. "No one," says Mr. Bagehot, "will ever comprehend the arrested civilizations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all, and lived in confused tribes, hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty. Those who surmounted that difficulty soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not. And then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline, which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society the propensities to variation which are the principle of progress."

A word to the wise will suffice to show that Mr. Bagehot has here struck nearer to the explanation of the arrested civilizations than any previous writer. Among numerous tribal groups of primitive men, those will prevail in the struggle for existence in which the lawless tendencies of individuals are most thoroughly subordinated by the yoke of tyrannical custom, — the only yoke which uncivilized men can be made to wear. These communities will grow at the expense of less law-abiding tribes until the result is a strong nation ruled by immovable custom, as in the case of Egypt or China or India. The problem now is how to get beyond this stage, and to relax the despotism of custom without entailing a retrogression toward primeval lawlessness. This problem has never been successfully

* Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By WALTER BAGEHOT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

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solved except where a race, rendered organically law-abiding through some discipline of the foregoing kind, has been thrown into emulative conflict with other races similarly disciplined. And this condition has been completely fulfilled only in the case of the migrating Aryans who settled Europe.

This is but one of Mr. Bagehot's many bright thoughts. We have barely room to hint at another. It was formerly assumed that, instead of mankind having arisen out of primeval savagery, modern savages have fallen from a primeval civilization, having lost the arts, the morals, and the intelligence which they originally possessed; and in our time some such thesis as this has been overtly maintained by the Duke of Argyll. Mr. Bagehot shows that in every way such a falling off is incompatible with the principle of natural selection. Take, for example, the ability to anticipate future contingencies, — to abstain to-day that we may enjoy to-morrow. This is the most fundamental of the differences between civilization and savagery. Now, obviously, the ability to postpone present to future enjoyment is, in a mere material, economic, or military aspect, such an important acquisition to any race or group of men, that when once acquired it could never be lost. The race possessing this capacity could by no possibility yield ground to the races lacking it. Or take the ready belief in omens by which the life of the savage is so terribly hampered. Could a single tribe in old Australia have surmounted the necessity of searching for omens before undertaking any serious business, it would inevitably have subjugated all the other tribes on the continent. So, because the men who possess the attributes of civilization must necessarily prevail over the men who lack these attributes (and this is always true in the long run, though now and then a great multitude of barbarians may temporarily overthrow a handful of civilized men), because this is so, it follows that there cannot have been, in prehistoric times, a general loss of the attributes of civilization.

To do justice to Mr. Bagehot's fertile book would require a long article. With the best of intentions, we are conscious of having given but a sorry account of it in these brief paragraphs. But we hope we have said enough to recommend it to the attention of the thoughtful reader. We are glad to see that the young science of sociology has received such an early and satisfactory treatment in Dr. Youmans's series of popular books.

Among the new books in the older departments of science, M. Figuier's Insect World * deserves some notice. Whatever M. Figuier's short-comings may be, — and they are certainly very great, — he must at least have the credit which belongs to an industrious writer. As an authority on scientific matters, he is far beneath contempt. He has no merit whatever which should make him, on his own account, worthy of mention even in such gossip about scientific matters as ours. Nevertheless, among his many crude and uncritical compilations from the works of better men, he has once or twice produced a readable book which is fairly serviceable. His Vegetable World was such a book; and the present work is another. The reader who wishes to obtain, without too much trouble, some rudimentary acquaintance with the structure and habits of the various orders of insects, may find this book useful.

Thermic Fever, or Sunstroke, by H. C. Wood, Jr., is a well-arranged account of the clinical history, character, and treatment of this formidable disease. To rank it with such books as Dr. Wyman's on Autumnal Catarrh is to give it high praise; yet from a cursory examination of it, we are inclined to regard it as a book of like merit with the latter.

Johnson's Natural Philosophy† is a work which meets a popular desideratum. It contains an excellent account of the phenomena and laws of mechanics, heat, light, sound, and electricity; with a chapter on physical astronomy. It is an anachronism, however, to entitle such a book Natural Philosophy. Hegel's sneer at the Englishman who called a barometer a "philosophical" instrument ought, by this time, to be heeded. The science which deals with the various subjects just enumerated is already well known as "Physics," and an adherence to the old style of nomenclature can only serve to help perpetuate an old confusion of ideas which cannot too soon be cleared up.

* The Insect World, by LOUIS FIGUIER. D. Appleton & Co: New York. 1872.

† Johnson's Natural Philosophy, and Key to Philosophical Charts. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.: New York. 1872.

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POLITICS.

THE delays of justice which occur in courts nowadays are not those which gave our English ancestors trouble. Delay caused by the unjust spirit of the sovereign, or by his indifference to the wrongs of his subjects, came to an end with end of individual sovereignty. Though the history of Barnard's and Cardozo's court shows that for a time, at least, the popular sovereign may be as unjust and indifferent as any other, these instances are exceptional. There are few cities like New York in the world, and matters of private right in most courts throughout the United States are still adjudicated without flagrant and open denial, delay, or sale of justice. It is in matters of public right that most of the trouble takes place. It is the thieves and murderers for whom justice is delayed, and this delay in nine cases out of ten occurs without fault of the court which grants it. The legislation of the various States on the subject of criminal jurisprudence has been so hasty and ill digested, that at every stage between the commission of a crime and the termination of judicial proceedings the criminal finds doors of escape ready to his hand. The popular idea that courts of appeal grant new trials and writs of error out of pure love of the thing is not founded on fact. They generally have no discretion in the matter, and the remedy must be found in the revision of the slipshod legislation which is gradually making a thieves' paradise out of every court of justice. To be sure, there is great weakness in the appellate courts themselves, which comes from the influence of politics; strong courts have a wonderful way of finding principles of construction in doubtful cases which advance the ends of justice, but even strong courts cannot repeal the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; for centuries it has been the policy of our law to make hanging and incarceration difficult; a policy which found its origin in a deep-seated jealousy of arbitrary power, and also in a deep-seated and religious respect for life. By a curious irony of events, our jealous devotion to the interests of the accused subject, and our desire to protect him from the tyranny of courts, has ended in the establishment of a worse tyranny, — the lives and liberties that we protect best are those of thieves and assassins. It must take a long time before we succeed in striking a just balance between the protection of individual rights and the maintenance of social security.

Meantime, there being no doubt that our panel-thieves, pickpockets, burglars, and car-hook murderers are carrying things with a high hand, the press has arrogated to itself the function of making life less agreeable to them by frequent, and we wish we could say searching, criticisms of the judicial proceedings instituted against them. The indictment, the jury, the plea, the verdict, the exceptions, the motions in arrest, and indeed every action of the judge, the jury, the prosecuting and defending attorneys, are appealed to the self-constituted tribunal of journalism, and there retried. On the whole, it cannot be denied that in most cases the press has used its influence on the side of order and security. Without displaying much legal acumen, it has generally succeeded in discovering and making known to the public the guilt of the criminals whom it has attacked; and it has shown little or no disposition (in cases in which politics were not involved) to persecute the innocent. As a general rule, when it has attacked courts, it has done so with good motives; and although we firmly believe that the judiciary in its present weak state needs the support of all honest people, we are not at all inclined to think that a crusade against the press will in the end secure it any solid or valuable power. Every now and then attempts of the kind are made, but they always fail. We find an apt instance in some recent proceedings of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

A man named Rafferty had been tried for murder in the county in which Chicago lies, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His counsel had obtained a writ of error which was still pending. There was at the time a great deal of excitement in Chicago with regard to unpunished crime; public meetings had been held, and committees had been appointed, and the papers had called general attention to the subject, when (in October last) the Chicago Even-

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ing Journal published the following editorial article.

"THE CASE OF RAFFERTY.

"At the time a writ of *supersedeas* was granted in the case of the murderer Chris. Rafferty, the public was blandly assured that the matter would be examined into by the Supreme Court and decided at once, that possibly the hanging of this notorious human butcher would not be delayed for a single day. Time speeds away, however, and we hear of nothing definite being done. Rafferty's counsel seems to be studying the policy of delay, and evidently with success. The riff-raff who contributed fourteen hundred dollars to demonstrate that 'hanging is played out,' may now congratulate themselves on the success of their game. Their money is operating splendidly. We have no hesitancy in prophesying clear through to the end just what will be done with Rafferty. He will be granted a new trial. He will be tried somewhere within a year or two. He will be sentenced to imprisonment for life. Eventually he will be pardoned out. And this in spite of all our public meetings, resolutions, committees, virtuous indignation, and what not. And why? Because the sum of $1,400 is enough, nowadays, to enable a man to purchase immunity from the consequences of any crime.

"If next winter's session of the Legislature does not hermetically seal up every chink and loophole through which murderers now escape, it will deserve the bitter censure of every honest man in Illinois. We must simplify our mode of procedure in murder trials. The criminal should be tried at once, and, when found guilty, should be hanged at once, and the quicker hanged the better. The courts are now completely in the control of corrupt and mercenary shysters, — the jackals of the legal profession, who feast and fatten on human blood spilled by the hands of other men. All this must be remedied. There *can* be found a remedy and it *must* be found."

The scurrility of this article naturally attracted the attention and the anger of the Supreme Court. It plainly insinuated, although it did not in so many words charge, corruption; such at least must have been its meaning for any casual reader not bent on a favorable construction. The judges, whose reputation is perfectly good, determined to make an example of the offending newspaper, and attached the publisher and editor for contempt of court. By a bare majority the judges determined to pass sentence, and fined the respondents three hundred dollars and costs. This absurd result filled the Chicago Evening Journal and all the other papers of the Northwest with great delight, and afforded them an opportunity of perpetrating editorial contempts of the most open kind, of advertising themselves as martyrs, and of enlisting the sympathy of the press all over the country. Waiving all question as to the policy of proceeding against the newspaper in the first place, and also as to the power of the court to punish for contempt not committed in its presence, it is obvious that the punishment imposed was ridiculously inadequate. The offence was "the impeding and embarrassment of the administration of justice" by the publication of an article tending to bring the Supreme Court of the State into public contempt; such an offence, if punished at all, should have been punished very severely. The fine of three hundred dollars certainly produced the impression on the mind of any one who had followed the proceedings that the article had produced its effect, and that the court was really frightened.

Very likely it is the last attempt of the kind we shall see, because it only adds one more to a list of experimental attacks which have been made upon the press within the last few years, no one of which had been attended with any success. During the rule of Tweed in New York, the Ring introduced into the Legislature at Albany a provision for the restoration of the common-law rule as to contempts, the effect of which would have been to give to Barnard, Cardozo, and the other rascals who happened to have seats on the bench, the power to prevent all discussion of their action. The common law on the subject was that which appears from the decision of the court in the Journal case to be in force in Illinois, but three hundred dollars and costs would not have been the penalty imposed on newspapers in New York. The proposal, however, was too monstrous for consideration, and even the Albany Legislature was forced to decline having anything to do with it. The next attempt to make use of the power to punish for "constructive" contempt was made by Congress, which has the same rights in this matter that are enjoyed by courts of law. Two members of the press were in-

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carcerated for publishing proceedings of the Senate when the publication had not been authorized. Nothing came of it however.

These instances serve to show how extremely improbable it is that the power to punish for contempt by "construction" can ever come much into vogue as a means of bolstering up the dignity of courts. The punishment of actual contempts committed in open court is a different matter. Judges must have that power for the purpose of preserving order, and it would be well if they exercised it much more severely than they now do; but the press has become far too powerful an engine to make it possible for judges to silence or frighten it back into the attitude it once held towards those in authority. As it is evidently supposed, however, by some people, that this is not so, and as it is impossible not to sympathize with the desire of any honest court, however mistaken it may be in its choice of means, to strengthen its position in the fight which it is perpetually called upon to engage in against popular clamor and stupidity, it may be worth while to trace in a few words the history of "constructive contempt"; the briefest retrospective glance will serve to show how completely it belongs to an age and system of society which has gone by.

A "constructive contempt" is "any publication, whether by parties or strangers, which concerns a cause pending in court, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning its merits and to corrupt the administration of justice, or reflects on the tribunal or its proceedings, or on the parties, the jurors, or the counsel." The power to punish is very wide. Short of torture or execution, it may be said to have no limits. It is in the discretion of any court, which either by statute or common law has the power, to prevent absolutely all discussion of any pending case by the press. There is no appeal from its decision; the proceedings are summary and final. Outside of England and America the power does not exist among civilized states. In France and in Germany there is an active supervision of the press, but it is by the administration, not by the courts; and, what is particularly worthy of notice, the power rests primarily, not on the danger that public discussion may lead to resistance of judicial decrees, but on the danger to the *dignity* of the court. No one will deny that the dignity of courts ought to be preserved, and that general respect for them and for their decrees is a great safeguard against disturbance and civil commotion; but then so also is the dignity of other branches of the government important. Respect for the proceedings of the Treasury Department is a great safeguard against the depreciation of the national credit; and if a newspaper publishes an article showing that Mr. Boutwell knows nothing about finance or political economy, it may very likely affect the price of government securities, and through these the fortunes of thousands of poor and helpless persons. But Mr. Boutwell has no power to punish for constructive contempts of the Treasury. So, too, the publication of articles calling attention to the unfitness of the President for his position, holding up to public scorn his ignorance of law, his indifference to public opinion, his lack of interest in specific measures of reform; all this has a very bad effect on the reputation of the country and its inhabitants; we have heard a sensible man express doubts as to the morality of caricature when it handled persons of exalted station; but General Grant cannot have Mr. Matthew Morgan locked up in the Old Capitol prison. We may say the same thing even of such a small branch of the government as the signal service. Constructive contempts of the weather reports might lead to all sorts of disasters by sea and land, the loss of much property and many lives; but the chief of the service cannot prevent the publication of such criticism as the press may see fit to make. It is only the courts whose dignity is of sufficient importance to be thus protected.

The explanation of this anomaly is to be found where the explanation of so many other anomalous features of our system of government are to be found, in the peculiar character of the growth of the English Constitution, the so-called principles of which we have inherited. The English Constitution, or rather the constitutional rights of the English people, have been obtained and established, not as a general rule according to any systematic plan, but accidentally, on the impulse of the moment, under the pressure of actual tyranny. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights were not well-considered reforms, introduced, like the Prussian reforms of Stein and Scharnhorst, from above, because they were seen to be necessary to the social progress of the people; they were liberties, wrung from unwilling superi-

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ors by aggrieved subjects. Down to the time of the American Constitution no system or scheme of government had been devised for any portion of the English race, and indeed it had hardly occurred to any one that such a thing was possible. The Federalist was the first modern essay on the art of government in our language which recognized any principles in politics. At that period even representation (in the modern use of the term), the freedom of the press, and the independence of the judiciary, were things unknown in England. Indeed, we may almost say that down to the time of our Revolution, the sum and substance of political wisdom among Englishmen was, that the contest for forms of government was a fool's contest, that the best government was the best administered government, that politics was a game by which power was won and lost, that every man had his price, but that Britons never had been and never would be slaves. In this century the subject has received a very different kind of discussion. The great principle, that government is the agent of the people, having been fairly adopted, the road is at length opened to systematic and scientific consideration of questions which have heretofore been mere questions of power or force. But though the road is opened, the goal is by no means reached. The continual struggle for liberty and rights in which our ancestors were forced to engage, left them, as we have just said, little time or inclination for making the charters they obtained consistent and complete. They were content with securing themselves from acts of oppression when oppression was attempted. The result is that the inheritance they have bequeathed to us is a strange compound of modern liberty, ancient and perhaps obsolete custom, and forgotten prerogative, some of it belonging to one century, some to another, some going beyond the memory of man, some rational, some irrational, some unintelligible. Every now and then, in the midst of these entangled constitutional strata, some fossil remains of a by-gone period are turned up in the course of judicial investigation, and it has been the custom with courts and legislatures which understood their duty clearly to remit them to the care and study of historical and antiquarian inquirers, and not attempt to adopt and declare them part of the organic life of the period.

One of these fossils is the power to punish for constructive contempt of court. It is a fossil which belongs to what might be called the arbitrary period, if politics were studied as geology is. To understand its being found as a deposit in the strata of English and American jurisprudence, we must go back to those very early times in which the king was the source of all power, the real sovereign. All states, England among the rest, which have steadily developed themselves from within, have at some period come under the domination of a single ruler, in whom all power was centred. Of course, at such a period, society is very simple. It mainly occupies itself with fighting. There is no legislation, no representation, small commerce, or domestic trade; there are no accumulations of wealth, no complicated questions of property rights, no great cities, no public meetings, in fact no public to hold meetings. In this rude state of society, the king performs a dozen duties which in modern times are performed by a dozen separate agents. Among others he administers justice. He sits in his hall, "throned and delivering doom"; the suitors come in to his presence, and obtain redress for what wrongs have been done them. We have in the Arthurian legend one of the first pictures of this sort of society in England. In Mr. Tennyson's last "Idyl of the King" may be found an imaginary record of a day's proceedings in one of these early courts, in which a simple *viva voce* order issued from the throne takes the place of all the cumbrous modern machinery of injunctions, writs of entry, mandamus, *ne exeat*, and arrest on mesne process; assumpsit, detinue, replevin, trover, and waste (to say nothing of "pleas of the crown") are all merged in the primeval action on the case in the *Aula Regis*.

It was the king sitting in the Hall of Doom who first discovered that he had the right to punish for contempt of court. It required no elaborate investigation into precedents to convince him of it, for he had complete power to do what he pleased. Nor did he make any distinction between actual and constructive contempts. If any one, whether in court or at some remote place, committed acts which seemed likely to bring the administration of justice, or, in other words, the king, into contempt, the most summary measures were immediately taken with the offender. The object of such measures was, not the preservation of the dignity of law or justice, but the preservation of the royal authority itself.

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The next step in the progress of society was the creation of courts, empowered to administer justice for the sovereign, but in his absence. These courts, however, were at first mere representatives of the king; they did work for him which he could no longer do for himself. The King's Bench and Exchequer and Common Pleas did not become courts in our sense of the word till a much later period. As the king's judicial doubles, they possessed an enormous amount of the royal prerogative. Among other things they could punish for contempt. The king had ceased to sit as a judge, but was still sovereign, and the sovereign's dignity must be maintained. During all this time, the power was nothing more nor less than a part of the arbitrary power of an absolute monarch, — the same sort of power which was exercised by Haroun Alraschid whenever he had a slave bastinadoed for disobedience.

By and by the administration of justice begins to be wholly separated from the other functions of government, and courts are looked upon as independent bodies. At the same time, the invention of printing makes perpetual public discussion possible, and discussion is soon turned upon the action of the courts themselves. The courts, determined to find some means of curbing the free expression of opinion, bethink themselves of the ancient prerogative we have been describing, and announce as a principle of law, that "any publication, whether by parties or strangers, which concerns a cause pending in court, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning its merits, and to corrupt the administration of justice, or reflects on the tribunal or its proceedings, or on the parties, the jurors, or the counsel, may be visited as a contempt." It was precisely as if the Secretary of the Treasury should to-morrow issue an order that any publication, whether by the brokers interested or by the press, which concerns a loan in the process of negotiation, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning the merits of the transaction, to hamper the financial operations of the Treasury, or impair its credit, or reflect on the department in any way, may be visited with fine and imprisonment to any extent which the Secretary for the time being may deem proper to inflict.

At the time of the separation of the United States from England, this extraordinary principle had been declared to be law, and has now been declared to be in force by the Supreme Court of Illinois in a strictly modern commercial community which has grown up within the last thirty years under a republican form of government, thousands of miles away from the country where the doctrine originated in a totally different state of society, centuries before, and where the doctrine itself was merely the formal announcement in legal phraseology of a single division of the old maxim, that he who could keep the power might have it, if some one else did not take it away.

The power to punish constructive contempt is, in short, a sovereign attribute of barbarous times, which in English history has, with the decline of the crown in power, been filched away from it by the courts. The legislature has also attempted to usurp it. It really belongs, if it belongs anywhere, to the sovereign, who in the former times was the king, but is now the people. In those states which, like Germany, do not recognize, or, like France, do not act upon their recognition of, popular sovereignty, we should expect to find this power lodged in the hands of the administration; and we do, in the censorship of the press, find something like it, though regulated by law. It is only in England and America that the power is arbitrary and really barbaric. That this is an obsolescent power, few people familiar with the position of the press in modern society will be disposed to deny; and the attempt to reanimate it for the sake of giving the judiciary support can only be regarded as one of those attempts at self-defence which does little but reveal the weakness of the position defended.

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